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JOURNEYS IN AND ABOUT ITALIAN CITIES

CONDUCTED BY

D. J. ELLISON, D.D.

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INTRODUCTION

The present work, "Italy Through the Stereoscope," I have read in the course of its preparation, and I am satisfied that it possesses certain unique features which make it the most valuable means of obtaining a knowledge of that land, particularly when it is impossible for the student to supplement information obtained from books by an actual visit to the places themselves. It certainly gives experiences which are very close to those obtained from actual presence in the places referred to. These satisfactory results are obtained by the combination here employed for the first time of the stereoscopic photograph with its natural and life-like effects, and the ingenious map system, which is a recent invention and very practical, and the conversational tone of the text — a feature not found in guide books — all of which render the experiences obtained definite and real.

JAMES C. EGBERT

Columbia University, New York

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A few years ago I spent a winter in southern Georgia, and there I had the good fortune to encounter a quaint but clever old negro whose philosophical observations were often both instructive and amusing. Standing one day beside him as he was working in the cotton-field, I asked him when and where he first heard of President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation — the best thing that ever befell his race. Graphically he described to me the circumstances under which the news reached him, and then he added with a serious shake of his head and a far-away look in his eyes, "Ah, massa, I knows now a heap moar 'bout what dat all means dan I did den. *I'se bin growin' in it!*"

Crude as was the old man's expression, it aptly describes my experiences with the stereoscopic photograph, "I've been growing in it." In common with most people, I always admired the marvelous *realism* of the stereograph, its mirror-like way of showing things, but I did not fully understand the scientific principles upon which it was based and hence I did not realize how fundamentally it differed from all other illustrations; neither did I realize the important nature of a person's experience in connection with it. Now, as the result of considerable study and careful observation, I am convinced that it is possible for a person to gain by the proper use of these stereographs the essentials of the experiences of actual travel. Naturally, then, I am convinced that

the stereograph must hold an indispensable place in the home and school.

Not only has the element of time entered into my appreciation of the value of stereographs, but the knowledge of the *best way to use them* has been a matter of growth as well. It soon became evident that just as it would be foolish to visit Italy without guide-books and maps, so also would it be foolish, and even more so, to use stereographs of Italy without such helps. Accordingly, the publishers have labored unceasingly and at great expense to devise a system of classification of stereographs and a method of treatment that would secure the desired results; and the universal testimony of those who have given the subject careful attention assures them that they have been successful.

In view of the fact that there is so much uncertainty and misunderstanding on the part of the general public, and even among the educated classes, in regard to the nature of stereoscopic photographs, the way to use them and the experiences to be gained from them, we have inserted toward the end of this volume the scholarly and comprehensive article by Mr. A. E. Osborne, entitled "Remarkable Results from Stereographs." No one who desires to know about this climax of all illustrations and the possibilities of its use should fail to give this article careful and painstaking study. To this article we refer all questions about the nature of stereographs and our methods of treatment. It is my object here to call attention merely to the main features of this publication.

The plan of this Stereoscopic Tour of Italy consists of four distinct parts:

First, the one hundred stereoscopic photographs,

by means of which we are enabled to stand in one hundred of the more important places in Italy. These standpoints are so chosen that, taking them together, it is made possible for us to gain a clear knowledge of each city visited as a whole and a near acquaintance with the buildings and objects of special interest.

Second, the patent maps, general and sectional, which are found in a booklet inserted in a pocket in the back cover. By means of these maps, both the point of view and the extent of vision in each stereograph are definitely shown, so that the relation of each stereographed scene to every other one and to the whole city can be seen almost at a glance. I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of getting a distinct experience of location in each of the different places in Italy by the help of these maps. In my judgment this map system is the most important invention that has ever been made to aid in the use of photographic illustration.

Third, the main body of the book itself, in which the stereoscopic scenes are treated in regular order. All of the text is given in the first person, and in such a form as to furnish, as nearly as possible, the help and inspiration of a personal guide talking to a person immediately in connection with the object or place seen. This method of procedure finds its justification in the very nature of the stereograph, which approaches so nearly to the reality that it should be accorded the same treatment.

Fourth, "The Story of Rome," found in the back part of this book, which aims to trace briefly but continuously the progress of the Roman people from the earliest times to the present day. It is believed that this will be much more interesting and valuable than an ordinary historical sketch, inasmuch as it is told

in connection with Rome as seen from the Janiculum Hill at Position 2.

In the preparation of this volume material has been gathered from every reliable source, the object being to utilize whatever would best serve to interpret to the mind of the beholder the scene before him — or, to put it more definitely, that would help him to get experiences nearest to those of the traveler.

The object of this Stereoscopic Tour is, then, to supply the best means of gaining at home a personal acquaintance with the Italy of to-day as a whole, and its wealth of historic remains, and a complete survey of its long past. As such I believe it will be of primary importance in connection with the study of any period of Italian history or any particular phase of the varied Italian life, whether art, architecture, politics or religion. There has been a tendency among those studying some one period or a special side of Italian life to use illustrations, if they use illustrations at all, of only such fragmentary parts of Italy as might be directly connected with their limited field of study. Such people might think, at first, that only certain ones of the forty-six stereoscopic scenes of Rome, for instance, could be of value to them. For example, if they, for the time being, were especially interested in the history associated with a particular part of the Forum, they would desire to see only that portion of the Forum, and would not realize the importance of a broad look over the city, which would give a clear conception of the setting of the Forum amidst its historic surroundings. Or, again, if they are studying the ancient periods of Roman history they think there is no advantage in seeing St. Peter's and the Vatican, the center of one of the most important of the later periods of Rome. But it is certain that

any of these historical sites or remains lose much of their value when they are studied by themselves apart from either their material surroundings or their historical connections. For this reason no little effort has been put forth to so plan this Tour that the person who follows it shall get a complete and comprehensive idea of the Italian cities, both geographically and historically. On account of this unity and completeness, it is impossible to omit any part without not only losing the value of that part, but also detracting vitally from what remains.

In conclusion, the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to James C. Egbert Ph. D., Professor of Roman Archæology and Epigraphy in Columbia University, whose revision of the original manuscript has served to eliminate errors and whose scholarly suggestions and criticisms have been most valuable.

D. J. Ellison

WHY WE SHOULD SEE ITALY

Travelers to Italy are so many, interest in the sights of Italy is so widespread, it seems at first thought superfluous to ask why we should see Italy. But the very wealth of a traveler's experiences sometimes keeps his mind so focussed on fascinating details, that he fails to realize the extent of the benefits that come to him as the result of his journey.

The land itself is one of the most beautiful on earth. Its head rests on the snowy Alps. The storied Mediterranean Sea has worn its shores into picturesque magnificence of line. Warm south winds and fertile soil make the country glow with verdurous color.

Italy is inexhaustibly rich in the works of a splendid past. Her classic architecture and her later mediaeval and Renaissance architecture include masterpieces that have never been surpassed in artistic feeling and artistic skill. Her treasuries of sculpture and painting hold some of the most glorious things ever created by human powers.

These are sights actually visible in material form to the eyes of one who visits Italy. But even greater still is Italy's historic past, which the traveler, at every turn, feels lingering in the air about him. One great purpose in seeing Italy is to get oneself in closer touch with the marvelous Latin race, that made Italy for more than a thousand years the working center of the whole civilized world. The great generals, the jurists, the engineers, the builders, the great philosophers and orators and writers of old-time Italy, were

among the strongest decisive doers that have ever shaped life for succeeding generations. These great characters and the events in which they were the moving force, which are so likely to be shadowy and unreal to the twentieth century man, gradually take on vital reality as one sees Italy, and so increase incalculably their power to instruct and inspire.

Own own life, now, wherever lived, is in positive debt to ancient and mediaeval Italy. The laws that to-day hold European and American society in their present shape were partially made for us in old Italy. The municipal system worked out in the Roman Empire twenty-two hundred years ago is the father of the modern municipal system, and, logically, of federal government. A surprisingly large part of the engineering skill of modern times is founded solidly on the common-sense and ingenuity of Roman engineers. We all speak the language of Rome. Any good English, French, or Spanish dictionary holds surprises for people who do not realize the classic pedigree of hosts of words they use every day. The masterpieces of Latin literature are immortal. Its children,— literary works inheriting from its spirit or its stock of ideas, are still being born.

Moreover, outside Palestine itself, no land was so significantly concerned with the early outward sweep of the Gospel of Christianity. Palestine was a part of the vast Roman empire. On Italian soil, still nearer the empire's heart, many of the earliest Christian churches were organized. No letter written in the whole history of the world has meant more to all men than one which Paul sent to a congregation in Rome; the writer died in Rome and lies buried there. Thousands of martyrs shed their blood on Italian soil, to water the new Faith and make it grow. The

martyrdom of Peter stands commemorated to-day by the central Christian church of the world, built over his tomb. We have to thank the political and social organization of Rome for the historic development of Christianity. The wide reach and splendid organization of the Empire were mightily instrumental in spreading and establishing the Gospel of the crucified Christ. The Empire already covered the whole known world around the Mediterranean. Conquering warriors or captive warriors and missionaries carried the Gospel into barbarian France, England, Germany, Scandinavia,— all over northern Europe. Moreover, it was the later political break-up of the Western Empire which gave the popes their historic opportunity to grow in the splendor and might of temporal power, with all the long train of divergent spiritual consequences thereof.

Seeing Italy thus means not only coming into temporary personal touch with noble monuments of the past, but through them with some of the greatest men and the greatest events in history. It means not only a vital quickening of one's old interests, but a multiplication of interests, the result of which in after years can hardly be foreseen. Much that would otherwise be passed by and lost will be seized and enjoyed because the traveler possesses the key to it. Books, magazines, daily papers, lectures, the talk of returned voyagers, all these, as they touch upon Italy's past or Italy's present or Italy's work for the world in general, will have ever new meaning and ever increasing significance.

ITINERARY

INSTRUCTIONS

(A) Experiment with the sliding rack which holds the stereographs until you find the distance that suits the focus of your eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

(B) Have a strong steady light on the stereograph. It is often best to be sitting with the back toward the window or lamp, letting the light fall over one shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

(C) Hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be the feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

(D) First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the maps* of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind when you look at a given view just where you are and what is before you. After looking on the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory notes. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in each case) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint (shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the same V. The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, and should make one feel, after a little, quite at home in Rome and Italy.

(E) Do not look over the stereographs too rapidly — this is the greatest mistake people make in using them. Each stereograph should be studied and pondered over. Usually illustrations and photographs serve merely as an embellishment or supplement to the text or reading matter of the book or article. In this case that order is reversed. The stereographs form the real text, and all that is given in this book is intended as a supplement to the stereographs, as a help to their proper use. Dr. Holmes well said: "It is a mistake to suppose that one knows a stereoscopic picture after he has studied it a hundred times. There is such an amount of detail that we have the same sense of infinite complexity which nature gives us." By taking time to note some of these numberless details, we are helped as in no other way to feel that we are in the very presence of the places or people represented before us.

ROME

I KNOW not when the desire possessed me first, but from my boyhood days, I longed to walk the streets and visit the palaces and behold the monuments of eternal Rome; and when, at length, what had been life's dream became a reality, my heart thrilled and trembled as I caught sight, for the first time, of the world-renowned Capitol.

And now again, together with you, I am to see Rome; to have the old feelings of being in the very presence of the ancient city's streets and ruins, beneath the Italian sky and sun. Not only may we see Rome before us, solid and substantial, not only are we to get the same clear, accurate visual ideas, as does the person who visits Italy, but with our eyes shut in by the hood of the stereoscope, we may have a distinct sense or experience of location here and there in Italy. This will mean that we may be thrilled with the very same emotions one would have were he actually on the spot. We shall not only see the ancient Arch of Constantine, even to the words inscribed upon it, but we may and should enjoy the very same feelings the tourist experiences after his journey of many thousand miles. The feelings and emotions which we may have in the presence of these marvelous representations may, and probably will, differ from those we might have in Italy in quantity or intensity, but not at all in kind. And, inasmuch as we may come to these representations many times

and ponder over them as long as we choose, it is possible for us to approximate, perhaps, to the full experience of the traveler.

First of all we shall need to obtain a very clear sense or consciousness of our location in each place represented before us by each particular stereograph. This means that we must know where on the earth's surface each place we see is located, and also our relation to this place with regard to the points of the compass.

Accordingly all of us who are not very familiar with Italy should turn first, to the general map of Italy (Map No. 1), in the pocket on the cover of this book, and get a clear idea of that section of the world and the places we are to see in it. Especially should we notice that in about the center of this peninsula on the western side, near the sea, is Rome. The red line which starts from that place, curving around through the country and over the sea, indicates the route along which the places we are about to see are located; the small rectangles in red mark out the territory that is shown on a larger scale on special sectional maps. We are to note that we go first in a southeasterly direction from Rome, about one hundred miles to Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii, then northwest some four hundred miles to Genoa; southeast again sixty miles to Carrara, then, twenty-five miles to Pisa, ten miles inland on the Arno River; then forty miles farther up this river to Florence, almost directly north of Rome. We are to go next to Milan, one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Florence; then about seventy-five miles to Verona; and finally about fifty miles farther east to Venice, the Bride of the Adriatic.

Map 1.

Now we are ready to turn to our large sectional map of Rome (Map No. 2). As soon as possible we need to get in mind the location of the great centers of interest here, not merely that we may know the position of any particular place, but also to be able more and more, in whatever particular place we may be, to *know* and *feel* the Rome all about us. We can see at a glance that this map (No. 2) just encompasses the walls of the city. There is scarcely a half inch between some part of the old Aurelian wall on every side and the map margin. Nearer the left hand side of the map is seen the Tiber winding in the form of an S down through the city from north to south. To the left of the Tiber, in the upper part of the map, we see the location of St. Peter's, called there Basilica di S. Pietro in Vaticano. To the right of St. Peter's on the very bank of the Tiber, are the triangle outlines and black center of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, or Castle of St. Angelo. A little below the center of the map, in the Tiber River, is the Island of the Tiber, and a few inches to the right or east of this island, we find what was the ruling center of the world for so many years — the Forum (Forum Romanum) with the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, and the Colosseum, grouped about it. The remaining five of the "seven hills," the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Caelian and Aventine, we see arranged in an outer half circle about the Forum from north to south. Now we are ready to locate our first position in Rome. Note a circle, with the figure 1 in it, both in red, a little below and to the right or southeast of the Island of the Tiber. At this place is situated the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Notice also two red lines which start from this point, and spreading

Position 1. Map 2.

apart, extend toward the northwest. We are to stand first at the place from which these two lines diverge, that is in the bell tower of the old Santa Maria in Cosmedin church, and look out over that particular portion of Rome which the lines enclose.

Position 1. The ancient Tiber and its island, from the southeast

And this is Rome! the city of the Cæsars, the home of the Popes, the once proud mistress of the world, the center of all that is most glorious, most remarkable in human history, all that is most enduring in art, all that is most memorable and inspiring in the lives of men. Rome! The land which Scipio covered with imperishable renown and in which he is buried; which gave birth to the Gracchi, and still "breathes, burns with Cicero."

Here we have another climate, another sky, another world whose historical perspective almost takes one's breath away.

We are in the very presence of the old city. There, beyond that embankment, scarcely fifty yards from us, is the yellow Tiber; and just above this nearest bridge is the historic Island, and looming up against the horizon some distance beyond and a little to the left of the Island, is the great dome of St. Peter's. Not only this part of Rome which we see so distinctly spread out before us, but all of Rome is overshadowed from almost every point of view by that peerless dome. It is to Rome what Vesuvius is to Naples, only a greater wonder for the hand of man hung it there. "I will place the Pantheon upon the Basilica of Constantine!" cried Michelangelo when he undertook the work of building St. Peter's, and

Position 1. Map 2.

right royally did he carry out this resolve. It was out there, too, below that dome, a little to the right, and hardly a mile and a half from us, that Michelangelo went in and out for eight years while painting one of his great masterpieces, *The Last Judgment.* Later on we must go to the Sistine Chapel and look at the picture. Further away, shouldering boldly against the sky, are the Tuscan Hills, and still farther away in that direction we know are Florence and Milan, and the great heart of Europe.

But all around us here is Rome. To the right and back of us are the "seven hills," though we cannot see them now. As we may find from our map, the Roman Forum with its historic surroundings is less than half a mile beyond the range of our vision, sharp to our right; then back of us is the Aventine Hill, while the Janiculum, an historic spot, but not one of the "seven hills," looms up in front of us on the left, extending from St. Peter's around beyond the limit of our vision.

It will reward us now if we observe more carefully and systematically this particular section of Rome before us, for every foot of this place is historic ground, though of course, where there are so many things to see, one can indicate only a few of the more prominent.

First we notice that there are but few people around, considering the fact that we are near the center of a large city. We can understand the reason, for by the shadows we note that it is not long past noon, and this is a time that people here in Italy stay in-doors. The deep, sharp shadows cast by the brilliant southern sun are so dense that they seem to be made of body and substance. If we should pass into them,

Position 1. Map 2.

when heated, from out the blinding glare and intensity of that almost tropical sunlight, we should probably be warned by the chill we experienced, that a possible fever might not be far distant.

Right in front of us, almost beneath our feet, lies the unique and artistic Temple of Matuta as it is now generally regarded, and, notwithstanding the fact that "time's effacing fingers" have been upon it for thousands of years, it still remains, architecturally, as delicate and exquisite as a conservatory flower in a marble vase. At one time this graceful structure was thought to be the Temple of Vesta, and by others the Aemilian Temple of Hercules, alluded to by Festus and mentioned in the tenth book of Livy. This temple is known to have existed in the time of Vespasian (69-79 A. D.), and probably dates from the days of Augustus. Together with the Regia, in the Roman Forum, it offers almost the only example of the use of solid blocks of marble in ancient Rome, the usual practice being, as in the case of the Pantheon, to face brick and stone walls with thin slabs of marble. In the early part of the nineteenth century it was discovered that this Augustan temple rested on a substructure of Republican days. A circle of remarkable white, marble, fluted Corinthian columns, much time-worn and some of them badly battered, although only one of them is missing, the one nearest the river, surrounds the enclosed interior, leaving a circular walk between it and the pillars. The circumference of its peristyle is one hundred and fifty-six feet, and the diameter of the cella or enclosed interior, twenty-six feet, and the height of these surrounding Corinthian colums, originally twenty in number, is thirty-two feet. Roman temples were built small because

Position 1. Map 2.

they were only intended for the use and functions of the priesthood. Observe that this temple has a window, in which respect it differs from Greek temples, which had none. The tiled roof is modern, the original with the entablature has disappeared, yet so pleasing is the effect that artists would be loth to have the marble roof restored. When new and snowlike there could have been no structure prettier in all Rome. When it was first dedicated as a Christian church, it was called the Church of St. Stefano delle Caraozze; it now bears the name of St. Maria del Sole, and it was its early use as a place of Christian worship that saved it from destruction.

Take a second glance at the temple. The first time I saw this temple I remember to have seen a fellow stretched out upon one of its steps sleeping in the sunshine, and of all the persons lingering about the structure he might be considered, in the light of modern ideals in vogue here, the noblest Roman of them all. If it were not for the iron railing set between the pillars in the front half of the temple, the circular walk would be a favorite resort for stragglers. We are reminded by this scene that time is of no account to these people, for it is the one thing of which they have abundant proof on every hand, and, considering how vast has been the amount bestowed upon the city, they may be pardoned, perhaps, for believing that the supply is inexhaustible and that they can afford to give way to inertia now and then. Certainly one is struck by this fact, that here, at least, "nobody seems to have anything particular to do, or if he has, he is anxious to quit the doing of it whenever possible." "We are bright enough and gifted enough," said one of them, "but,

Position 1. Map 2.

if in addition to that, we Romans had the industry of the Germans, we should need another world in which to display our talents, this one would not be large enough for us."

The people living here in Rome to-day consider themselves the superiors of all other Italians, glorying in an ancestry of which, like some others, they have but little proof. "I am a Roman of six generations of Romans!" cried a cabman proudly when he was accused of having charged excess fare. The low-born foreigner dared not dispute that, and so, apologetically, dropped the matter.

Some repairs have recently been made on the temple, under the personal oversight of an official well versed in archæology; nothing is done to any ancient structure in Rome without some man of learning overseeing it. Take a look at that old fence and those paths on either side leading up the embankment. Surely you would not have expected to find anything quite so rustic right here beside an ancient classic temple. The monstrous and incongruous mingling of the sublime and the commonplace seems nowhere to have been reduced to such a fine art as here in Rome. At our feet, down on the left, right between the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, in whose tower we are standing, and the temple we have just been examining, is a stable, and frequently in front of it can be seen, almost hidden away in the deep shadows cast by the building, a number of carts tilted in Romanesque idleness.

Now for a longer look at the old Tiber, hardly more than a stone's throw from us! You would not conclude, possibly, just from looking at it, that the embankment on either side of the Tiber cost the Italian

Position 1. Map 2.

government thirty millions of dollars. It was built in 1870 for the purpose of preventing the inundation of the lower part of the city in time of floods, for this classical river has done considerable damage in the last three thousand years. It has devastated the city one hundred and thirty-three times and the loss of property and of life has been appalling. Emperor after emperor tried to protect the city from its ravages, but all in vain. Ordinarily the depth of the river in the channel is twenty-six feet, but when it overflows its depth is greatly increased. In 1598, the greatest flood known in Rome, the Tiber rose sixty-two feet. In the most disastrous flood known in modern times the river rose fifty-six feet, and as recently as December, 1900, the river rose forty-five feet, overflowing the embankment, and notwithstanding the vast amount of skill and money put into the work, flooded a large part of the city off to our right; the water stood six feet deep in the Roman Forum, and the people rowed about in boats in the Pantheon, and in the beautiful church of S. Paulo fuori le Mura, both of which we are to see later. The arches of two bridges were swept away, and the King of Italy, who had just driven over the Ponte Quattro Capi (the old Pons Fabricius, the bridge seen directly over this temple below us), narrowly escaped being buried under a big landslide.

The Tiber is older than any work of man and, judging from the activity it has recently displayed, it has not suffered, as yet, from age. Amid all the changes that have swept over Rome during the long centuries, this river and the silent mountains yonder, buttressed so eternally against the sky, are probably the only things that remain practically unchanged. It was the

yellow, sluggish Tiber when Cicero and Pompey looked upon it, though, at times, it was rushing enough, and it was in one of those mad, swirling moods when Julius Cæsar swam its tawny flood. The Romans have a saying that it is "too large a stream to be harmless, and too small to be useful." From its source to the sea the river traverses a distance of two hundred and thirty-two miles. Far up in the Apennines it is a tiny rivulet, gay and rippling like any mountain brook.

Cast another glance at the river; surely it looks insignificant enough now, but history tells of its fearful relentlessness. How many lives it has remorselessly engulfed, not only brave defenders of the city, but countless victims of imperial tyranny! And what treasures of art and stores of untold wealth, spoils of vanquished nations, are buried beneath its billows that roll like molten gold in the bright Italian sunshine! The French once offered to divert it from its channel that they might dig in its present bed for the riches that no doubt lie buried there; but the Roman authorities, fearing an epidemic of fever as the result of such an enterprise, would not permit them to undertake the work.

The river winds so tortuously through the city that it seems to confront you everywhere. You catch sight of its waters, gleaming like a broad ribbon of yellow sand, from church tower and from balcony. Here and there the ruin of an old tower rises precipitously beside its water and frequently rows of steps are seen along the stone facing of the embankment leading down to the river. You can see one such flight of steps at the right-hand entrance of the Ponte Quattro Capi, the bridge we just referred to, over the roof of

Position 1. Map 2.

the temple of Matuta, which spans the arm of the Tiber to our right.

As we continue to study the landscape before us, we are impressed with the fact that one of its most curious and interesting objects is the Island of the Tiber. We might hardly realize that it was an island from this point if we had never moved around it, or if we had no map to help us. The time was, so the legend goes, when no island did exist here. The story is that when the Tarquins were expelled, in 509 B. C., they left fields of corn on the Campus Martius, the level stretch of land off to the right. The Romans thought the corn was polluted, that it would be sacrilegious to use it, and, accordingly, cut down the crop and threw it into the Tiber. Part of it accumulated here, obstructed the soil brought down by the river, and thus solid land was formed. On this island, as time went on, the Romans built three temples, namely to Veiovis, Faunus, and Æsculapius.

The temple of Æsculapius came to be built in this way. Nearly three hundred years B. C. a terrible epidemic devastated Rome. In the hope of stopping its ravages, messengers were sent to Greece who brought back here a statue of Æsculapius, the god of medicine. As the returning ship was sailing up the Tiber, a serpent, an emblem of Æsculapius, glided from it and landed upon that island. The Romans hailed the omen with delight, built a temple on the spot, and dedicated it to this god of healing. Every trace of the structure has long since vanished. Medicine as a science was of late development in Rome; the earlier physicians were usually Greeks, frequently slaves, and were not held in high esteem.

The sacred island stands out like a ship with the sharp point, the bow, pointed toward us. Originally, there were stone walls around the island which served for the purpose of an embankment. The walls were

covered with marble and gave the island the appearance of a marble galley. All of this has long since disappeared except the stern, but judging from what is left of the imitation, we should say that it was well-nigh perfect. An obelisk, pieces of which are now in Naples, was erected to represent the main mast, and thus still further carry out the nautical idea.

"In the reign of Claudius, sick and aged slaves were exposed and left to die on this island, that emperor making a law that any slave thus exposed should gain his liberty if he recovered." In imperial times it was used as a prison, and what had once been a lovely garden, melodious with the songs of birds and musical with the murmur of rippling waters, became a stern and dreary place, dreaded by all the people; and indeed very different is it even now from what it was in the days of its glory, when, as a marble galley with snowy sides, it rose from out the golden river bearing fig and olive and orange trees, amid whose rustling leaves and luscious fruits gleamed the domes of temples and the stony finger of the obelisk, while numerous fountains cooled the air as they poured forth their countless streams with all the flash and witchery of light.

Look carefully at that fine old brick tower that rises so majestically over the roofs of the houses crowding the sharp point of the island. That tower has great historic interest, as it is the remains of a castle built by the family of the Anicii to which belonged St. Gregory the Great. The castle was once occupied by the Countess Matilda, and to this place fled the two Popes, Victor III and Urban II, and there they lived protected by her.

Just back of the tower you can see the famous

Position 1. Map 2.

church and monastery of San Bartolomeo, built about the year 1000 by Emperor Otho III, in honor of S. Adalbert of Prague. He gave to the church what he claimed was the body of St. Bartholemew, hence its name. The church is erected on the site of the ancient Temple of Æsculapius.

Back of this church, on the site of the Temple of Faunus, is the church of S. Giovanni Colabita. The upper part of the church can be seen to the left of the tower. Beyond the church is a hospital under the charge of the brethren of S. Giovanni di Dio, who do all the work pertaining to this institution.

The bridges before us are especially worthy of attention. The spacious modern bridge nearest us is the Ponte Palatino, sometimes called the Ponte Rotto from a more ancient bridge that once stood a few feet above the present structure. The earliest bridge on that spot was the Pons Æmilius, begun in B. C. 181 and finished thirty-eight years later. There the body of the Emperor Heliogabalus was thrown into the river. That bridge was three times rebuilt, but two of its arches were finally carried away in the great inundation of 1598, and it was never again restored. Some of the existing remains of the ancient structure may be seen just north of the present bridge.

A little lower down the river and beyond the range of our vision on our left, as can be discerned by consulting the map, stood the Pons Sublicius, the oldest bridge in Rome. No iron was used in its construction and it was said to have been built by Ancus Martius. It was on that old bridge, that stood hardly more than three hundred yards from where we now are, that Horatius and his two companions "kept the bridge" against the Etruscan army of Lars Por-

Position 1. Map 2.

senna. Forsaken by his two companions, Horatius stood his ground alone until the Fathers had chopped down the bridge back of him; then, leaping into the raging waters, he gained the other shore.

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back;
And as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam. —MACAULAY.

The name Sublicius is derived from *sublica,* meaning a pile or stake, thus recalling the construction of the bridge, which probably was of timber on foundations of masonry, since these piers were seen in the Middle Ages. It was rebuilt several times, but was finally destroyed by floods and the remains of the structure were blown up in 1877 so as to remove the obstruction from the river.

Before we go on with the bridges let us take time to note that on the opposite bank of the Tiber, less than two hundred yards below us and too far away on our left for us to see, and almost completely covered with shrubs and ivy, are two gigantic Heads of Lions (see map), to which in ancient times chains, drawn across the river to prevent the vessels of an

Position 1. Map 2.

enemy from passing up to the city, were fastened. And there (just beneath the grass plot down to our left) the Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer of ancient Rome, empties into the Tiber. Agrippa cleaned it out and sailed up it in a boat. It belongs to the period of Regal Rome and was constructed by the Tarquins for the draining of the Roman Forum and the low ground about it. This grand work, you remember, is not only a marvel of scientific construction, but is the most ancient example of the use of the arch in Rome. It has withstood earthquakes, floods and the devastations of time for more than two thousand five hundred years, showing the marvelous solidity of its construction; for the uncemented arch is, in every respect, as strong to-day, two thousand years after the birth of Christ, as it was six hundred years before he was born.

It is somewhat singular that of the hundreds of antique drains discovered, no signs of any connections with private houses lining the streets through which the drains passed have been found. All side drains emptying into the Cloaca Maxima belonged to streets or public buildings, never to private dwellings.

Now turning to the bridges again, just observe how particularly time-worn and battered, like the scarred features of some grim warrior, those bridges look that connect the Island of Tiber with the mainland.

The one to the left is the Ponte San Bartolomeo, which is a modern bridge in place of the ancient Pons Cestius which was said to have been built by Lucius Cestius, one of the six magistrates to whom Cæsar entrusted the government when he left for Spain in B. C. 46, and the brother of Gaius Cestius, whose

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pyramidal tomb is near the Porta Paolo. This ancient bridge was rebuilt and dedicated in A. D. 370, as we read from an inscription on the inside of the parapet, and in 1886–89 it was altered completely, so that of the three arches only the middle one is ancient. We can distinguish the old and the new masonry by a little careful observation.

The Island of the Tiber must have been originally connected with the eastern bank of the river by a wooden bridge as early as B. C. 192, but in B. C. 62 Lucius Fabricius, a commissioner of roads, built that bridge which we have had occasion to notice several times — the one seen over the Temple of Matuta. A contractor was for forty years held responsible for the bridge he constructed and it was, therefore, to his interest to build it well. This enables us to understand better why that bridge has stood the vicissitudes of more than two thousand years. It was standing there in the days of Brutus and Antony, and part of the original inscription is still visible. It is somewhat peculiar, as you see, in having two arches and the smaller one between them. Originally, there was a fourth arch, but this is now concealed by the modern embankment on the right. As the streets of ancient Rome were from ten to sixteen feet lower than the present ones, of course the bridges were somewhat lower as well. Horace speaks of this bridge as the favorite resort of those who wished to commit suicide. It received its present name Quattro Capi, four heads, because there are at the extremities of its parapet, a couple of Hermes pillars with four heads, which, in the olden days, adorned the parapet. Two are still in place. It is noticeable that the river no longer flows under the bridge, for since the build-

Position 1. Map 2.

ing of the embankment the stream has sought the main channel.

The bridge we see beyond the Ponte San Bartolomeo, the third bridge on our left, is the Ponte Garibaldi, a modern structure, and the bridge we can faintly see beyond that is the Ponte Sisto, built in 1474 by Sixtus IV on the site of the Pons Aurelius, which was partially destroyed in the eighth century. That farthest bridge was the scene of many Christian martyrdoms. The bodies of Christians were there thrown into the river and usually drifted down to the Island of the Tiber, where they were recovered for burial by their faithful friends. It is an Italian superstition that you have no good luck if you cannot see a " white horse, an old woman and a priest " while crossing that bridge; not a difficult requirement anywhere in Rome.

Looking on up the river now, across the line of bridges and to the left of St. Peter's, we see again that long hillside, standing out boldly against the sky, the northern half of the Janiculum Hill or Mons Aureus. It was called Janiculum from the tradition that Janus, the sun-god, had formerly founded a city on the spot, and the upper formation of the hill, being a yellow sand, gave it the name of Mons Aureus, the mountain of gold, still commemorated in the word Montorio, as in S. Pietro in Montorio. On that hillside are a number of sites and buildings all crowded with historic memories. When Numa Pomilius, the second King of Rome died, he was buried there and the books of his laws and ordinances were buried in a tomb near him. It was over that same ridge, as the legend goes, that Tarquinius Priscus coming from Tarquinii, had his first view of the city over which he was to reign and it was there the eagle, afterwards the

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emblem of Roman power, replaced on his head the cap which it had snatched away when he set out on his journey.

It was there, also, though further to the left, that Lars Porsenna, King of Etruria, looked upon Rome and then turned back, terrified by the daring of Horatius and the heroism of Mucius, who burnt his hand to the wrist by holding it in the glowing coals; and it was from the foot of that hill that the hostage, Cloelia, swam the Tiber in order to reach her home. There, too, coming down to the last days of the Republic, Octavius, the friend of Sulla, was murdered, and it was near the base of the hill, not far from the river, that Julius Cæsar had his famous garden.

Just beyond the farthest bridge we see the beautiful Villa Farnesina (marked on the map Farnesina Palace), rising above a luxuriant orchard which extends down to the river. The palace was built in 1509 for the celebrated Agostino Chigi, merchant and banker of Pope Julius II, who gave there a most elaborate entertainment to Pope Leo X and his court. Fish while still alive were brought from Spain and Constantinople, and cost fabulous prices, while the gold and silver plates and spoons were so abundant that they were thrown into the Tiber to prevent their being used again. That villa contains some of Raphael's most beautiful frescoes.

Nearer to us, but further up the hill (our map will make its location plain), is the magnificent Palazzo Corsini. Cardinal Corsini there entertained Michelangelo, who remained in the palace for more than a year. Erasmus also lived there and Queen Christina of Sweden died there in 1689.

Extending up the hill from the Palazzo Corsini are

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the Botanical Gardens, while crowning the summit, among those cypress trees which we can see, is the Villa Gabriella, and to the north toward St. Peter's is the Church of St. Onofrius, built in 1439, in honor of St. Onofrius, a monk of Thebes, "who retired into the desert and lived in a cave for sixty years without seeing a human face or uttering one word of his mother tongue except in prayer."

But what has made that place memorable is the fact that the great poet Tasso died there. He came to Rome in 1594 to be crowned by the Pope in the Capitol. As he arrived at the beginning of winter and the weather was inclement, it was decided to postpone the coronation until the following spring. Tasso was in feeble health and was taken to the monastery of St. Onofrius. Here he became seriously ill and in two weeks died. Just before his death he remarked: "I believe that the crown I looked for in the Capitol is to be changed for a better crown in heaven." The last words he uttered were, "In manus Tuas, Domine." The garden of the convent beside the church, a lovely spot, contains an oak which Tasso planted, and there, every twenty-fifth of April, a musical entertainment of the Accademia is held in memory of the poet and his bust is crowned with laurel leaves.

Now let the eyes cross the Ponte Sisto, the fourth bridge from where we are standing. The building just this side of where the bridge joins the east bank of the river is a hospital, and back of it to the northeast is the Spada Palace which contains the celebrated statue of Pompey, believed by some to be the very statue at the foot of which Cæsar was killed. The dome to the right of the palace (shown on the map near the iron suspension bridge, one-half mile beyond), in this landscape of swarming domes, is the church of S. Giovanni de'Fiorentini, the handsome national church of the Florentines.

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The splendid Farnese Palace, the most magnificent of all the Roman palaces, of which Antonio da Sangallo and Michelangelo were the architects, is situated just beyond the Spada Palace.

It was constructed with material plundered from the Colosseum and from the Theatre of Marcellus, which accounts for the immense blocks of stone used, thereby giving the edifice an unrivaled appearance of solidity and grandeur. Its vast walls are all aglow with masterpieces of art. The Farnese gallery of sculpture was rifled of its greatest treasures by the kings of Naples, to whom the palace came by inheritance, and these are now in the Museum of Naples. That building was purchased in 1874 by the French government whose embassy to the Vatican is now established there. In the courtyard of the palace is an ancient sarcophagus from the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way, which we shall visit later, and the noble fountains in front of the palace pour their crystal floods into granite basins taken from the Baths of Caracalla. All Rome was sacked and plundered for the building and adornment of the palace, and nothing was so grand or so beautiful or so sacred as to be exempt. If it were good enough and could be used, these were the only considerations that prevailed.

That dome rising so proudly over the Temple of Matuta belongs to the church of S. Carlo a Catinari. The imposing white structure on the river bank is the Jewish synagogue.

Near the church of S. Carlo and a little to the left, as can be seen by consulting the general map of the city, are the principal remains of Pompey's Theater (see map of ancient Rome), numerous fragments of whose massive walls have been incorporated in the Palazzo Righetti and other buildings.

Pompey erected that theater, the first permanent theater in Rome, by a plausible bit of strategy worthy of more recent times. The Consul Scipio Nasica (B. C. 155) affirmed that

Position 1. Map 2.

a permanent theater would corrupt the people. The senate objected to a circus with seats, fearing, as Valerius Maximus states, "lest the manly practice of standing, a habit peculiar to the Roman people, might fall into disuse;" and even the Emperor Titus argued against such luxury on the ground that "whole days might be spent by the people in sitting in idleness," a remark which shows how thoroughly he understood the Roman character. Pompey did not fly in the face of this prevalent opinion, he was too shrewd a politician for that, but he deliberately hoodwinked them instead, for he erected on the summit of his magnificent theater, in such a way that the seats of the audience room formed the steps, a temple to Venus Victrix, and invited the people to its dedication, telling them that beneath would be seats from which they could behold the unparalleled spectacles with which the temple was to be inaugurated. "Thus," complains Tertullian, "he secured a censurable profit under the veil of religion." In honor of the opening of this temple-crowned theater many animals were slaughtered, and, in the reign of Augustus in the fights that took place there five hundred lions and twenty elephants lost their lives. Subsequently, Nero caused the whole interior of the edifice, and everything pertaining to it, to be gilded in a single day; he also caused the whole structure to be covered with an awning studded with gold stars, beneath which he placed an image of himself as Apollo guiding the chariot of the Sun.

This theater could accommodate forty thousand people, but, like the many buildings and countless works of art set up by Pompey in that plain, only its ruins remain.

It will be interesting for us to note in the different sections of Rome we visit what has come down to us from each of the five great periods of the city's history. (A sketch of these periods is given in the "Story of Rome," found toward the end of this book.) Going back to the time of the Kings, 753–509 B. C., we remember that according to the legend, Romulus and Remus were safely landed by the Tiber at this place at our feet. In those days, of course, all this

territory before us was uninhabited. It was later during that period that this island was formed, so the legend says, by the corn crop left by the Tarquins. A little later the Cloaca Maxima (the great sewer) was constructed from the Forum to the river at this point. During the Republic (509 B. C. to 31 B. C.) the Temple of Æsculapius was reared on the island, the Bridge of Cestius was built, and also the Fabrician Bridge and the Theater of Pompey.

During the Empire, 31 B. C. to 476 A. D., the Theater of Marcellus and the Ælian Bridge or Ponte S. Angelo were built, the Mausoleum of Hadrian, and the Circus Neronianus built by Caligula were constructed, the last on the site of St. Peter's. A look at the map of ancient Rome at the time of the Emperors will give you an idea of the location of these buildings.

During the Papacy, 476–1806, the city about St. Peter's on the west side of the Tiber, known as the "Leonine City," was settled and surrounded by a wall erected by Leo IV. Most of the churches and buildings we see before us date from this period, that of the Papacy.

Dean Stanley says that he learned from Arnold of Rugby when he visited a new place, always to see it from above. So pressing hilltop or tower into his service, he climbed up first. This is precisely what we have been doing, looking upon the northwestern part of Rome from above, from the bell tower of the Cosmedin church. We shall now press into service the Janiculum Hill, which has, up to this time, been off to our left, and look down on Rome toward the east.

Position 1. Map 2.

Let us turn again to the general map of Rome. About five inches to the left or west of the Cosmedin church, where we have been standing, we find on the Janiculum Hill, the church, S. Pietro in Montorio. It was for this church, you remember, that Raphael painted his masterpiece, *The Transfiguration,* and here it was preserved down to 1797. Near the church are two circles enclosing the numbers 2 and 3. From this place four red lines branch out towards the right, or east. If we follow the upper one of these lines and the third one from it to the right-hand margin of the map, we find the figure 2 at the end of each. We shall stand next at the point from which these two lines start and look east over all that part of Rome lying between these lines. We shall evidently be looking right over the Island of the Tiber and beyond to the Forum and the Capitoline and Palatine hills.

Position 2. Capitoline, Palatine and Cælian Hills—once the world's center—from the Janiculum

The Island of the Tiber is nowhere to be seen and the only suggestion of the Tiber itself is that stretch of white embankment in the middle distance on our left, and seen just to the left of that nearest tower. But beyond that strip of river embankment, ranging from left to right, are five of Rome's seven hills. We may be surprised, at first — most people are — at the level aspect of things here in Rome, the famous hills appearing more like billows or swellings, scarcely perceptible at times in the sea of countless structures, spreading and vanishing before us. But nevertheless we can get these hills pretty clearly in mind. The Quirinal Hill, the most northern of the seven hills, lies beyond the range of our vision to the left or to the

north. The Viminal Hill lies mainly beyond our vision range to the left; you cannot distinguish any particular elevation from here. We should constantly refer to the map in order to get a definite idea of these locations. Just over this near tower we see the Capitoline Hill. The dark foliage of trees shows its outline fairly well, and the tower of the present Capitol, built upon the remains of the ancient Tabularium, rises prominently above it. Farther to the right is another tree-covered elevation against which we see outlined a nearer tower with a pyramidal roof. That is the Palatine Hill. Against the skyline, seen over the cypresses on this hill, we can discover the massive walls of the Colosseum. Just beyond and between the two hills last pointed out, the Palatine and the Capitoline, lies the Roman Forum, extending, as our map shows, from the building beneath the Capitol Tower on the Capitoline Hill off to the right toward the Colosseum. We will not stop now to think about that spot, fascinating at it is. Later we shall go and stand among its crowded ruins. Between these two hills and a little beyond them, we can see the gigantic arches of the Basilica of Constantine, which stand on the farther side of the Forum. Beyond the arches, covered with buildings that make up part of the skyline, is all that is left of the Esquiline Hill. There, though we can hardly distinguish them, are the ruins of the Baths of Titus, built on a part of the site of Nero's Golden Palace; and on that hill, we remember, was the Villa of Maecenas where Horace was a constant guest; and from a tower in that villa Nero saw the burning of this city to the slow music of his own violin while he revelled in what he called "the splendor and witchery of the flames." When the line of Eurip-

Position 2, Map 2.

ides was quoted to him, "When I am dead, sink the whole world in flames," he replied, "Nay, while I live!" Vergil also lived on that Esquiline Hill, near the gardens of Maecenas.

To the right of the Palatine Hill and scarcely separated from it, is another mound which extends beyond our vision limit. That is the Cælian Hill. Farther to our right, entirely hidden from us here, is the Aventine.

During the course of the centuries the summits of these mound-like elevations have been levelled off, and the intervening valleys have been largely filled up. It is evident, though, that the hills were never very high. Their respective height above sea level is as follows:

Capitoline, 157 feet; Palatine, 166 feet; Cælian, 158 feet; Viminal (railway station), 187 feet; Esquiline, 177 feet; Quirinal (Porta Pia), 206 feet; Aventine, 150 feet.

But beyond all that comes within our present range of vision, is the land of Italy, stretching away on all sides of us. Off in front of us and to the left, not over twenty miles away, are the Sabine mountains, the foothills of the Apennine mountains; not more than fifteen miles toward the southeast, on our right, must be the Alban hills, and directly to our right, only fifteen miles away is the sea. Back of us, or rather over our left shoulder, are the hills of Tuscany; and still farther away in that direction are Florence and Milan; and still farther, three or four hundred miles distant, is Switzerland, a part of the Gaul of Cæsar's day. Greece, Asia Minor and the East, whither so many armies went from Italy, lie far away before us; while Carthage, toward which the Romans on these

Position 2. Map 2.

hills turned their thoughts in bitter hatred for so many centuries, lies not more than three hundred and fifty miles to our right. We are standing, then, not only in the midst of Rome, but also in the midst of the Roman Empire.

At present, however, we are to give most of our attention to this city of Rome itself, and in order to simplify what otherwise might be perplexing to the average tourist who looks out on this mass of buildings, we shall try to think of the objects of interest before us in the order of their antiquity; that is, in relation to the five different periods into which we have divided this city's past in our " Story of Rome."

There is probably no structure that we now see in the landscape before us which has come down to us from the old Kingly period (753 to 509 B. C.). The Tabularium on which is the Tower of the Capitol, just pointed out, belongs to the Republican period (509 to 31 B. C.). Of the buildings belonging to the time of the Empire (31 B. C. to 476 A. D.), we can see dimly the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine, the walls of the Colosseum (81 A. D.) just beyond, and the arches of the Basilica of Constantine (312 A. D.), between the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills.

Let us proceed to give our attention to some of the churches before us that were founded during the period of the Empire. For instance, notice again that noble, old square tower near us, a little to our left, pierced with windows and surmounted by a statue of the Virgin. That tower belongs to the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, supposed to be the first church in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. Tradition says Pope Calixtus I, A. D. 224, founded the church

Position 2. Map 2.

on this site because a spring of pure oil miraculously burst forth at the time of the birth of Christ and flowed down to the Tiber. From this came the name of the church, in early days, that of Fons Olei. A story is told that the tavern-keepers contended with the early Christians for this site, upon which the latter had reared a humble chapel, and that the matter being referred to the Emperor, Alexander Severus, he decided in favor of the Christians, saying, "I prefer that it should belong to those who worship God, whatever be their religion."

The church, the greater part of which extends toward us from the tower, has been frequently restored. The tower is ancient, being nearly one thousand years old. On one of the walls of this church is an old inscription supposed to date from the time of Trajan. Between the doors is said to be preserved the stone which was attached to S. Calixtus when he was thrown into the well. The nave is supported by Ionic capitals, some of which are decorated with heads of pagan gods. In this church are preserved some beautiful mosaics of birds found in the catacombs, and also an *Assumption of the Virgin.* It would be interesting to go down and enter this quaint old structure and hear the music roll through the "long-drawn aisles" and see the flood of light stream through the violet window panes and fall athwart the opus-alexandrinum pavement. In this church there is, at the side door, a marble slab built into the wall, which is said to have lain by Peter's cross, and in which marks like footprints are to be found. The sacristan of the church repeats the old story that these marks were left by the angels that stood around the dying Peter.

The tall buildings just to the right of the church,

Position 2. Map 2.

directly in front of us, enclosing a garden, are used by the Benedictine monks of St. Paul as a summer residence and monastery and the square tower with the peaked summit beyond these buildings belongs to the fine Church of S. Crisogono, supposed to date from the time of Constantine and certainly known in 499, though it has been restored several times. Near that church in 1866 an excubitorium or "station house" of the Seventh Cohort of Vigles, the Roman firemen and police guards of the early centuries, was discovered. The rooms are in a fair state of preservation and show numerous graffiti or wall inscriptions drawn by the occupants.

Now direct your attention once more to the Tower of the Capitol on the Capitoline Hill. Just to the left of this tower and almost directly over the bell-tower of the Church of S. Maria in Trastevere are seen in the distance the two domes and campanile of the Church of S. Maria Maggiore. That church or basilica stands upon a slight eminence, the northern spur of the Esquiline Hill where Servius Tullius had a palace, and is at once simple and sublime. We find its location on the map between the names of the Viminal and Esquiline Hills. That church ranks third among the great churches here, and is the largest and finest of the eighty churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. It is, in some respects, the most beautiful and harmonious basilica in the city. It is also one of the oldest church structures remaining in Rome and possibly in Christendom, having been founded in A. D. 352 by Pope Liberius to commemorate, it is said, a miraculous fall of snow on the fourth of August which covered only the site of the church. The Virgin, ap-

Position 2. Map 2.

pearing in a vision, announced that she had set apart this ground for a church to be called by her name.

In honor of this vision, on the fifth of August each year the feast of La Madonna Della Neve is held there, during which showers of white rose petals are thrown down through openings in the ceiling of the church, like a "leafy mist between the priests and the worshippers." The great campanile erected by Gregory XI in 1376 on his return from Avignon, is the highest tower in Rome. This church has a nave, two hundred and eighty feet long and sixty broad, supported by two rows of white Ionic columns, so chaste and simple that you might well imagine yourself in a Greek temple. The pillars are surmounted by a frieze of resplendent mosaic pictures representing Old Testament scenes which were executed in A. D. 440, and yet they are so fresh and glowing that he who beholds them might well believe that they were but finished that very morning. The mosaic pavement, with its crimson and violet hues, softens the white and gold of the ceiling and the walls, for the flat roof is gilded with gold from the first fruits of the Spanish-American invasion and presented to the church by Ferdinand and Isabella. The general effect viewed from the great entrance is entrancingly beautiful. It is said that the glistening columns, that add so much to the grace and purity of the structure, were brought from a temple of Juno. In this church is the Santa Culla, that is, the cradle in which our Saviour is said to have been carried into Egypt, and it is shown to the people every Christmas eve. The world does not hold many other such remarkable temples of Christian worship. Well worthy is it to be one of the five patriarchal churches of Rome!

Right in front of the church, at the summit of the old Vicus Cyprius, on the Via S. Maria Maggiore, in a little house previously occupied by the poet, Pedo Albinovanus, is where, the poet Martial tells us, Pliny lived.

We are able then to look out here upon the very first Christian churches built in the world. What multitudes of churches have grown up from these early

Position 2. Map 2.

beginnings! What a change these early churches inaugurated! Even when these seats of Christian worship were first established, and for years afterwards, temples to the old Roman gods were still standing in this city. For nearly a thousand years the heathen temples had been the centers of the religious observances of the people. What bitter persecution these first representatives of the new faith had to meet! In their struggles and oftentimes seeming defeat, they hardly realized how great was the movement of which they were the forerunners.

But before we turn from this place, we should give careful attention to the more modern district of the city at our feet. It is called the Trastevere, and is one of the most fascinating and characteristic parts of Rome. The people who live down under these roofs call themselves *Eminenti* and prove their right to the title by their stately and arrogant manners; and, indeed, some scholars hold that the residents of this district are the only lineal descendants of the ancient Romans, and much may be said in favor of this theory. Their language is a peculiar dialect containing a larger number of purely Latin words and phrases than the ordinary Italian. They are far more revengeful than other Romans. They dwell largely by themselves and rarely marry except among their own people. They are physically a magnificent race, being stronger, handsomer and more graceful than their neighbors. A Trasteveran girl is often an ideal of Italian beauty:

> "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks!"

A favorite expression of these people is "I am a Roman of Rome!" (Romano di Roma!)

Position 2. Map 2.

In this section of the city, more generally than elsewhere, the streets are sinuous, shadowy-like lanes, not unfrequently filled with odors of ancient vegetables and rancid oil. Into many of these tortuous thoroughfares the sun never shines. Open air cook-stalls are seen on every hand, for many of the people never light a fire at home; dealers in cooked vegetables display steaming turnips, cauliflowers and spinach; bakers' shops offer bread, looking as hard and round as paving-stones; lottery offices are everywhere, wine-shops in abundance, while diminutive donkeys pull creaking carts over the uneven pavement, and the air resounds with the shouts of men, the cries of women and the screams of dirty-faced, tangled-haired children.

Barber chairs are placed against the walls of buildings in the open air. It costs one cent to fell a beard of a month's growth.

Such street scenes were much the same as early as Domitian's time. In fact, open-air shops became such a nuisance that the emperor was compelled to do away with them. "The audacious shopkeepers," says Martial (vii, 61), "had appropriated to themselves the whole city and a man's threshold was not his own. You, Germanicus (Domitian) bade the narrow streets grow wide; and what but just before was a pathway became a highway. No column is now girt at the bottom with chained wine flagons; nor is the prætor compelled to walk in the midst of mud, nor again, is the barber's razor drawn blindly in the midst of the crowd, nor does the black cook-shop project over every street. The barber, the inn-keeper, the cook, the butcher keep their own places. The city is now *Rome,* recently, it was a great shop." It would seem as though another Domitian were now needed.

It is an interesting sight to see the Trasteverini going home from their work at the evening time, their jackets slung jauntily over one shoulder, as with stately strides they pass along the darkening streets with "the lights twinkling in the little cavernous shops."

Position 2. Map 2.

Here in the Trastevere, also, the famous and distinctly Italian game of "morra" originated, and here it can be seen played to the best advantage. The word "morra" expresses the idea of delay or check, and the game consists in presenting very suddenly to your opponent your right hand, keeping one or two fingers shut, and in crying at the same time the number of fingers extended. Your partner is required to seize your intention with lightning-like rapidity, and is compelled at the same time to imitate you and to pronounce the number quite as rapidly. Failure to do so loses the count, and, if repeated, the game. In the excitement which accompanies the playing the Trasteverini often assume attitudes of ferocious grace and beauty.

If a man is honest and straight, the Trasteverini have a saying, "So trustworthy, that one may play morra with him in the dark."

You must observe that these houses have an original aspect, which is interesting by itself. They are not simply piles of masonry, merely convenient and expressionless lodgings. The roofs of many of them are enclosed by a wall or balustrade, and answer as airy promenades, when they are not used for drying clothes, for which they serve, as the poles reared at intervals along the roof indicate. Ugly as many of these houses are, they still compel you to stop and take a second look at them.

Glance again at that monastery garden beyond the nearest roof, hemmed in by tall brick buildings, then notice over the roof of the building, at the further end of the garden, the pyramidal tower of the Church of S. Crisogono; well, to the left of this campanile, only farther away, and situated on the other side of the river under the hill was the Ghetto, the Jewish quarter of Rome, in a labyrinth of crooked streets and foul gutters, the dark courts discharging pungent

Position 2. Map 2.

odors and the crumbling steps clinging to walls reeking with the filth of centuries.

The word Ghetto comes from the Hebrew word "chat," broken or dispersed. The Jews first settled there in the time of Pompey the Great, after he had taken Jerusalem and brought the first Jewish slaves to Rome; and Vespasian, while always allowing Jews great freedom, taxed them the half shekel, formerly paid into the Temple treasury at Jerusalem, to Jupiter Capitolinus, and this tax, under another name, is still demanded of them. They attained fame as physicians long after their persecutions had begun; and even as late as the fifteenth century, the chief physicians at the Vatican were Jews. This district was enclosed by Paul IV by putting gates across the streets, and he compelled the Jews to remain in their quarters from sundown to sunrise. As a result of their restricted quarters the inhabitants of the Ghetto, about five thousand, performed all their vocations, commercial and domestic, in the streets. Their homes were so dilapidated and ill-kept that they were hardly endurable. You could never miss the Ghetto, for the odor was very marked even at a distance. So unbearable, at length, did it become that the Roman authorities have had the entire district leveled, but the soil is so reeking with filth that it still pollutes that part of the city. It has been laid waste for several years now, but no building will be permitted upon it until it is thoroughly purified by sun and rain, which will require some time.

We said not long ago that the Aventine Hill lay beyond the limit of our vision on the right. It is in that direction, too, some fifteen miles beyond the city limits, that the Alban Hills are situated, the site of Alba Longa, Rome's mother city. We will now look in that direction. That is, while remaining at this same place on the Janiculum Hill we shall turn so far toward the right, or south, that the solid building on the Cælian Hill now on our extreme right will

Position 2. Map 2.

then be at the extreme left of our field of vision. The general map of Rome will make this next position definite. We found before on the map that there were four red lines branching toward the east and south from our position on the Janiculum Hill. We are now to see that part of Rome which is included between the second of these lines from the top and the lowest line. At the end of each of these lines on the map margin we find the figure 3.

Position 3. Aventine Hill and distant Alban Mountains, southeast from Janiculum

We are looking somewhat south of east here, and there on our extreme left is the substantial building on the Cælian Hill. Now we can see the Aventine Hill, the last of the seven hills on the south. The little dark wood of cypress directly before us, about half a mile distant, marks the northern limit of this hill and its southern limit is farther to the right than we can yet see. In the distance to the right, about twelve miles away, dimly outlined against the sky, are the Alban Hills. The general map of Italy gives their location. It was near the summit of those hills, by the side of a small lake, we remember, that the very first beginnings of Roman history were made. As we find in our "Story of Rome," the earliest traditions go back to that place as the political and religious center of the Latin League. The more or less level tract of land all about Rome has been known for centuries as the Campagna or "country." The Latins inhabited all the sections of this Campagna which stretches to those hills before us and to the sea twenty miles away on our right. The spur of hills to our left is an offshoot of the main chain of the Apennines.

Position 3. Map 2.

They are called the Sabine hills from the people who inhabited them in the early history of Rome. The sides of all those hills in the distance have been dotted since the most ancient times with the homes of wealthy Romans. Tivoli out among the Sabine hills was the favorite summer resort in the time of Augustus and Horace, while visitors have been going out to the country homes and summer resorts on the north and northeast slope of the Alban Hills for centuries. Cato was born in that section, Cicero and Pompey had favorite residences there.

But again we want to examine this special part of Rome before us more in detail. Human life, from whatever standpoint it may be viewed, shows an infinite and wonderful variety; and yet, even where all is interesting, there are certain phases which admit of special mention and demand special attention. So it is in this strangely human and almost immortal city that lies at our fet. Almost every one of these structures sown so thickly over plain and hillside has a charm of its own, but we can consider only a few of the most important, the historical and architectural jewels, as it were.

But in our admiration for the historic and the sublime, we cannot afford to overlook altogether the beauties of what is modern and commonplace. Therefore it will repay us first of all to fix our eyes on those low, shingled roofs just below us; and then on these great, ponderous chimneys, some of which are covered with slightly raised slabs of stone to keep out the wind and rain — chimneys that never would draw and yet are most capacious. We shall feel nearer to the people living down in those houses after noticing the very roofs and chimneys above them. The houses

with the flat, parapet roofs are modern and, together with the wide, spacious streets, give an air of beauty and solidity to this part of the city.

Now observe that nearly in the center of our field of vision is a noble building surmounted by a clock tower which has a window just above the clock and a flag-staff on the top. The structure looks imposing enough to be an art gallery or a palace. It is a government institution, although neither a postoffice nor a custom house, but rather a tobacco factory, for in Italy the government has a monopoly of the tobacco business and derives a large part of its revenue from this source. In fact, while there are several others, this is the only large and successful manufactory in Rome. In this age, characterized as it is by an enormous and unparalleled productive energy, Italy is sadly behind the other great nations. For this state of things, there seem to be at least two causes. One is that Italy is practically without coal, and this is a great element in her industrial weakness. Another reason may be found in the temperament of the people. The Italian is not ostentatious like the Englishman and American in his receptions and in his sumptuous repasts; in his eyes a fine fluted column is worth more than fifty grand dinners. After he has acquired a fortune by a life of frugality, his idea of self-display is to build some grand public building, so beautiful and majestic, that, for all the years to come, it will be a dream or prayer or mighty oratorio in stone, perpetuating his memory in its faultless lines and imposing walls.

Yet it is to be regretted that, with all their intellectual refinement, they are not more practical. Have you heard the story of the shoemaker, who was summoned to the house of

Position 3. Map 2.

a French general, during the time of the French occupancy of the city, when Paris was several days distant? It illustrates the impracticability to which we have referred. "My man," said the general, "I want a fine pair of new boots but I fear that I cannot get what I want nearer than Paris." The shoemaker bowed, took the measure and left; eight days after, he furnished the general with an admirable boot as soft and well-fitting as a glove. "Peste!" exclaimed the general, "you are a capital fellow, the proof fits well enough, now let me try the other." "The other?" answered the workman, "you will have to get that made in Paris."

They boast, however, of an artistic industry that is not surpassed elsewhere. Near the fountain of Trevi, off in the northern part of the city, is the establishment of the jeweler Castellani, whose collection of Etruscan jewels is very famous. This Roman goldsmith traveled through Europe and Asia in search of the art of soldering which enabled the ancients to incorporate microscopic ornaments on an enameled surface by an invisible juncture. But all his efforts were unsuccessful. One day, during the Roman Carnival, he noticed a peasant girl on the Corso, who wore earrings like those found in Etruscan tombs. He stopped the girl and questioned her as to where she procured them, and found that they had been made by a village jeweler out among the fastnesses of the Sabine Hills; and strange to say, it was in the workshop of this obscure mountain-bred craftsman that the lost art of Etruscan soldering was discovered, thus perpetuated in those almost inaccessible wilds for over two thousand years. The man was brought to Rome, and a famous establishment took its rise from this curious beginning.

Back of this clear, bright array of city-houses, there are some more ancient and important structures. We shall be able to pick out in the landscape before us some of the most notable of the early Christian churches. Several of them take us back through the time of United Italy and the long period of the Papacy, to the last centuries of the Empire. You see the tall black chimney to the left and in the distance? Well,

now look to the left of that chimney beyond the dark trees on the Cælian Hill, and you will see the form of a huge building. That magnificent structure is the celebrated Church of St. John Lateran, wonderful in its architecture and in the glory of its situation. It is built on the site of two more ancient churches, the first being erected by Constantine the Great and consecrated in 324. It is said that the Emperor labored with his own hands in the building of the early church.

The name Lateranus was unfortunately prominent in the days of Claudius and Nero, for Plautius Lateranus was deprived of his rank as Senator because of his being one of the lovers of Messalina, and was put to death by Nero for having taken part in the conspiracy of Piso, and his estates were confiscated. The Lateran Palace was occupied by Constantine, whose wife Fausta belonged to the Lateran family. Constantine transferred it, with the church he had founded within it, to Sylvester, the bishop of Rome (314–337) as his episcopal residence. Nevertheless, the old heathen name still clung to it. The inscription on each side of the entrance shows that it was considered to be the Mother and Head of all the churches of the city and of the world. It was the principal church of Rome after the time of Constantine the Great.

At the Basilica of St. Peter's, the Pope is the spiritual sovereign of the Catholic Church; at St. John Lateran, he is the bishop, the Lateran church being the Cathedral of Rome, and hence in all things ecclesiastical, this church has the pre-eminence. In the august procession which marches through the nave of St. Peter's on great occasions, the clergy of the Vatican take a second place and those of St. John Lateran the first.

It is interesting to observe that that Cathedral Church has no doors, but curtains, so that it is never

Position 3. Map 2.

closed, in order that the people may find refuge there at any hour.

Notwithstanding the ecclesiastical pre-eminence of this church, St. Peter's and the Vatican, the world-center of the great Catholic faith, have been more famous. St. John Lateran, as it is to-day, is little more than a place consecrated by great memories. Earthquakes have devastated the spot and fires have swept over it, but the church has always been rebuilt in a more spacious and impressive manner. The present structure is adorned by costly marble and rich mosaics and precious stones. Splendid oriental columns of red granite support the great organ; but the most remarkable are the fluted columns of gilded bronze which support the canopy of the Altar of the Sacrament. They are eight and a half feet in circumference. On their enormous capitals rests an entablature of bronze. These columns are unrivaled in the perfection of their line and the precision of their flutings and in the play of the light on their bouquets of golden leafage. Nothing in Rome approaches them. Where they came from is the question that confronts the historian, for they evidently were not designed for this structure. Some believe that they belonged originally to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, others that they were brought to Rome by Titus from the Temple at Jerusalem, and that they are hollow and are filled with earth from Palestine.

The nave, over four hundred feet long, is marked by twelve niches formed by pilasters which are placed over the ancient columns, and in these niches there are twelve colossal statues, representing the apostles, by Bernini.

Our guide was hardly within the bounds of his-

torical accuracy, however, when, pointing to the high altar, he said impressively, "On this altar S. Peter said mass!"

Beside the church is the Lateran Palace. That, and a more ancient structure on the same site which was destroyed by fire in 1308, formed the residence of the Popes from the time of Constantine down to the migration to Avignon. On the return of the Pope to Rome in 1377, the Papal residence was established in the Vatican near St. Peter's, where it has remained ever since. In 1843, principally because men could not live in the damp and cheerless rooms, Gregory XVI set apart the palace for the reception of heathen and Christian antiquities, the Capitoline and Vatican museums no longer being large enough.

The Piazza del Laterano in front of the church and palace is grass-grown to-day; silence and solitude are supreme. The obelisk of Thotmes IV, the greatest of all monoliths, stands in grim loneliness in the middle of the great square, but its extended shadow rarely falls on any human being. A beautiful baptistery, two hospitals, and some convent buildings, together with the church and palace and a little building enclosing the Scala Sancta, the stairs to Pilate's house up which Christ is supposed to have walked when he was brought to trial, all circle about the Piazza.

Starting once again with our low-shingled roofs here at our feet, look just beyond to the white chimney that rears itself as majestically as a marble column. Just to the right of the top of the chimney note the building with six windows. Over the left-hand corner of the roof of this house, fix your attention upon a dark brick tower, having three rows of windows and three windows in each row; that is the bell tower of the convent and church of St. Caecilia, one of the most interesting buildings in Rome. It is said that

Position 8. Map 2.

originally the dwelling-house of the saint stood there. It was built before the fifth century, some say by Urban I in 230 A. D., and was rebuilt by Paschal I because of a dream through which he discovered the body of the saint. Cæcilia was a rich and noble Roman lady who lived in the reign of Alexander Severus. Her husband and brother suffered martyrdom for refusing to sacrifice to idols, and Cæcilia herself was condemned to death for the same reason.

The story that has come down to us is that she was first shut up in the hot chamber of her own bath which was heated more than usual in the hope that she would be suffocated; but we are assured that when the bath was opened she was found unharmed, God having sent a cooling shower into the room which preserved the life of the Saint. After this, an executioner was sent to behead her, but in his fear and haste he showed but little skill, for he found it necessary to strike three blows, and even this did not sever the head from the body. His victim lived several days, exhorting believers to faithfulness, and even ministering to the poor; and, as the result of her eloquence and self-sacrifice, four hundred pagans were converted. Then, blessing God for the privilege of being counted worthy to be numbered with the glorious company of martyrs, she fell asleep. She was buried in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, about five miles beyond the city toward the Alban Hills, and afterwards the body was removed to this church by Paschal I. Beneath the high altar is a marble reclining statue, by Stefano Maderna, representing her body in a tomb. The inscription is as follows: "Behold the body of the most holy virgin, Caecilia, whom I myself saw lying uncorrupt in her tomb. I have, in this marble, expressed for thee the same saint in the same posture of body.— Stefano Maderna."

When Cardinal Sfondrato restored the church in 1590, he asserts that he found her body in the tomb, just as it had been deposited there eight hundred years before, after being found in the catacombs by Paschal

I. The feast of St. Cæcilia is observed in this church on November 22d, when most exquisite music is rendered by the world-famed papal choir in honor of

"Rapt Caecilia, seraph-haunted queen of harmony."

The association of this saint with music was the result of the tradition that when her husband, Valerianus, who had been a heathen, returned from his baptism, he found her singing hymns of praise and gladness because of his conversion; and that when they opened the door of the sudatorium of her bath, she was singing praises to God. She sang with such ravishing sweetness that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers.

Over the summit of the tower of St. Cæcilia and slightly to the right can be seen the round roof of the Church of St. Stefano Rotondo, outlined above the other buildings against the haze of the distant hills. That famous church was erected by Pope Simplicius (468–483). It was constructed on the site of an ancient circular building belonging to the great victual market (Macellum Magnum) erected by Nero. It is the largest circular church in the world. The building is one hundred and thirty-three feet in diameter, with a double circle of granite columns, thirty-six in the outer and twenty in the inner circle, and these enclose two massive yet graceful Corinthian columns which support a cross wall. The walls of the building represent in frescoes every conceivable form of human agony, and that in the most shocking manner, thus portraying the martyrdoms of the Church.

Now, come back again to the tobacco factory and over the top of that tall chimney to the right of the clock tower you will observe still another large and

Position 3. Map 2.

ancient church, that of S. Sabina, on the Aventine Hill. The edifice was erected on the site of the house of the saint after whom the church is called, and the house was built on the foundation of the temple of Juno Regina which once stood there. The twenty-four Corinthian pillars of snowy marble which now support the nave of the sacred edifice belonged to the old temple. The church is said to have been built by Peter, a priest of Illyria A. D. 425, "rich for the poor and poor for myself," as may be read in the inscription inside the principal entrance. The church has been several times restored.

It was in that church that St. Hyacinth, hearing the preaching of St. Dominic, who was founder of the Dominican order, gave himself as a missionary; and it was hither that St. Thomas Aquinas came when he was followed to the very door of the convent by his mother, who begged him to abandon his desires for a monastic life and return home with her.

An interesting story of this place is told by a recent writer: it suggests a host of dramatic experiences.

In the garden of the convent important excavations were made, some years ago, and remains of the wall of Servius Tullius, built of gigantic blocks of peperino, and of an ancient Roman house, were found there. The rooms were paved with mosaics, and on the walls were painted figures, representing a sacrifice being offered before a statue of a god in a shrine. The walls of the house seemed to have been strengthened and the place used as a prison, judging by the rude scratching on the stones by those who were incarcerated there, one inmate inscribing curses on his captors, and another, more reverently inclined, imploring the aid of the gods to enable him to regain his freedom.

To the right of the S. Sabina are the celebrated Hieronymite church and monastery of St. Alessio. The monastery is visible to the right of the church.

Position 3. Map 2.

The story is that Alexis, to whom the church is dedicated, was forced by his parents, when a young man, into marriage, notwithstanding the fact that he had taken the vow of celibacy. Stung by remorse, he fled from his home, but returned and lived unrecognized for seventeen years as a poor beggar, sleeping every night under the steps that led to his father's house. His autobiography made clear his self-denial, and the Pope and Senators gave him a glorious burial. The wooden stairs under which Alexis lived are still shown.

There are few places in the world from which we could see in one field of view so many of the earlier churches of the Christian religion. Perhaps because of the pagan opposition, the earliest Roman churches were those built over the tombs of martyrs and so were founded outside of the city. Churches in the city were pagan temples converted to the use of the Christians. After the law of Honorius in 408, which deprived the ancient religion of all its temporal possessions, the Christian places of worship increased rapidly. The most famous remains recalling the Christians, which date back to the first years of the great change from Pagan to Christian Rome, from Rome as the political head of the world to Rome as the spiritual head, are the Catacombs, the earliest burial places of the Christians.

These subterranean passages, excavated from twenty-five to seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth, and which if placed in a continuous line would extend about five hundred and fifty miles, are found ranged around the city at a distance therefrom of from one to three miles. A large proportion of them lie in the plain that stretches away before us to the Alban and Sabine Hills.

From our present position we are able to point out few if any remains of any character that have come down to us from the early Empire, the Republic or

Position 3. Map 2.

the time of the Kings. During the Republic, among other temples in this section was one to Diana on the Aventine, one to Ceres at its base near the Tiber, another to Mercury on the side toward the northeast. During the Empire the temples increased considerably in number, and one of the most magnificent structures of that period was that of the Baths of Caracalla on the farther side of the Aventine. We are to see the enormous ruins of those Baths later.

We will now leave our position on the Janiculum Hill where we have been for some time, and take our stand in the dome of St. Peter's on the Vatican Hill. This means we are to move to what has been the great center of Rome's religious power ever since the return of the Pope from France in 1377. We are not, however, to study that place as a church center at first, but rather to utilize St. Peter's great dome as a point of view from which to see the whole northern part of Rome. We should look at the general map again to get our next position more clearly in mind. We find St. Peter's (Basilica di San Pietro in Vaticano) in the upper left-hand portion of the map to the west of the Tiber. The heavy black lines give the outline of the main body of the church, and the dotted lines, extending to the right, enclosing in semicircular form the Piazza di San Pietro, show the position of the grand colonnade. Note carefully the two red lines which start from the black plan of the church and extend toward the right or east to the map margins with the number 4 at the end of each. We are to stand then at the point from which these lines start and look out over all that part of the city which the lines include. We ought to see the great colonnade of St. Peter's,

Position 3. Map 2.

the Castle of St. Angelo, the Tiber, and practically the whole northern part of the city.

Position 4. Rome, the Eternal City, from the dome of St. Peter's

What a magnificent prospect! Half of Rome is lying at our feet. There, four hundred feet below us, is the great Piazza of St. Peter's, on which men, horses and carriages look like mere dots on the pavement. We shall not stop to describe that Piazza now except to call attention to that splendid colonnade almost surrounding it, which can be viewed to better advantage here than in any place where we shall be later. All must admit that this colonnade enfolding the Piazza is imposing, almost sublime. There is nothing equal to it in any temple in the world. There are four rows of columns,— we can see those of one of the outer rows down on our right,— each column forty-eight feet high, while the space beneath the curving roof which rests upon them is fifty-five feet wide. Along the parapets that crown the inner rows of columns are two hundred and thirty-six statues of saints, each ten feet high.

But there is a multitude of things demanding our attention here. There in the middle distance, directly beyond the center of the Piazza, is the Tiber, making at that place, as we know by the map, its first bend to the west. The buildings to the right hide from view its curve back toward the south and east. That ponderous circular structure on the upper bank of the Tiber, this side of the farther bridge, is the Castle of St. Angelo, or Tomb of Hadrian. The map gives a good idea of the plan of the structure. As we are to go near it later we need only call attention to its loca-

Position 4. Map 2.

tion now. The large white structure beyond and slightly to the left of the castle is the Palace of Justice. In the distance beyond the Castle and the Tiber we look to the very limits of the city, where buildings fade gradually into the haze of the broad Campagna. Sometimes the snow-covered summits of the Apennine mountains can be seen from here. The map shows that there is but a small part of the city lying to the north of us, or beyond our vision limit on the left. We are soon to look in that direction, however, and see for ourselves. But the greater part of the city, which we do not see now, lies, we know, around to our right, or the south. The point on the Janiculum Hill from which we looked out over the Aventine Hill (Position 3) and again over the Forum and its surroundings (Position 2) is somewhat over a mile away to the south.

It is easy for us to surmise that the part of the city we now see in the distance over to the right must have been seen on our left when we were looking toward the Forum from the Janiculum (Position 2). The red lines on the map, which mark out our field of vision then and now, show definitely what section we are looking over for the second time. One prominent structure which we noticed in our former position was the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, with its prominent domes. Suppose we try to find the church from this new standpoint. Let our starting point be the beautiful fountain to the right of the obelisk down there on the Piazza. Then direct your gaze over the fountain and colonnade, and a short distance away to that building with five windows showing in the side toward us. That is one of the great halls of the immense hospital of San Spirito which, as we can see

Position 4. Map 2.

by the map, extends down to the Tiber and for some distance along its bank. We might as well stop for a few minutes to consider that vast institution since we have our eyes upon it. The old brick tower riddled with windows and somber with age which you see just back of the hall belongs to the ancient chapel or church of S. Spirito. The hospital itself was founded in 1201 by Innocent III on the site of a Hospice which the King of the West Anglians established there away back in 717. The buildings were burned down and rebuilt several times, and became very richly endowed. It contains one thousand, six hundred and eighty beds, about five hundred and sixty permanent patients and two hundred servants. All diseases are admitted there and five thousand surgical cases are treated each year. Down there also is a Foundling Asylum beside whose gate is a rete or grille, which is simply a revolving wheel or drum with a small opening through which many thousands of infants are passed annually by those who for any reason wish to get rid of them. When the babe is placed in the drum, a card appears on which is a number by means of which the child may be identified in the future. Within they are cared for by nuns until some charitable provision can be made for them or until they are able to care for themselves. Upwards of two thousand foundlings are constantly being provided for in this way.

I was talking with a bright young Italian physician in regard to that great institution and learned from him that all the medical students in Rome attend clinical instruction in that hospital, and many and interesting were the incidents he related of the student days he spent there.

From this digression we will now return to our quest

Position 4. Map 2.

for S. Maria Maggiore. Look far away over the left end of this Hall of S. Spirito and you will see two domes near the confines of the city, outlined against the hazy plain beyond. That is the church of S. Maria Maggiore. Start again with the fountain to the right of the obelisk in the Piazza below us, then let your eye fall upon the old brick tower or campanile of the church of S. Spirito. Then look beyond it to the white marble building seen over the summit of the tower. Over the extreme right-hand corner of the roof of this structure you will see the lofty church of S. Agnese. Directly beyond lie the Capitoline Hill and the Forum.

Now let us give our attention to the most important objects and places in this inspiring outlook before us, and then we can think briefly of this part of the city in each of the great epochs of Roman history.

A short distance to the left of the church of S. Agnese is the famous dome of the Pantheon — an oval patch of light against the darker buildings. Another means of getting its location is by looking above the brick tower of the S. Spirito church to the white building back of it, and then straight on over that building until the eye rests upon the broad majestic dome. The original building erected by M. Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, B. C. 27, was destroyed, and the present structure is the work of the Emperor Hadrian. More than one thousand eight hundred years have passed over it and we do not seem, with all our science, to be able to rear another like it. We shall have more to say about it when we go to see it near at hand.

Look now directly over and beyond the lower embankment of the Tiber and you will see a huge rectan-

gular building, the whole having the appearance of a citadel. Though we can hardly notice it at this distance, there is considerable space that separates this seemingly solid mass of buildings into two parts. That on the left hand comprises the royal stables, that on the right is the Quirinal Palace — since 1871 the residence of the King of Italy. Back of the Palace are the Quirinal Gardens. Consulting the map, we see that this royal palace stands on the main portion of the Quirinal Hill. That, then, is the northernmost of the far-famed seven hills, the one we did not see from any of our former positions. That enormous palace was begun in 1574, under Gregory XIII, and the prolongation of his labors by his successors has made it one of the largest and ugliest buildings extant. Until 1848 it was frequently occupied in summer by different popes because of its elevated and healthful situation. It was the favorite residence of Pope Pius VII, and it was there he was taken prisoner by the French. In 1871 the palace was forcibly seized by Victor Emmanuel, who lived there until his death, January 9, 1878.

The Quirinal Gardens, which are now closed to the public, are cold and formal, and apart from numerous fountains and an organ played by a waterfall, there is little of interest to be seen. From the balustrade, you can look in this direction and get a view of the whole city, including S. Peter's and the Janiculum.

If now we look over the northern limit of the Quirinal grounds we can see dark masses which represent the massive walls of the Baths of Diocletian. Their location is given on the map nearly a half-mile beyond the Quirinal. These baths are said to have contained three thousand marble basins, besides a

Position 4. Map 2.

swimming tank (piscina), with an area of twenty-five thousand square feet. The entire structure, which was erected by Diocletian in A. D. 306, covered a space of one hundred and fifty thousand square yards.

It is stated by some authorities that forty thousand Christians were engaged in carrying on the work of its construction. Michelangelo, acting under the commands of Pope Pius IV, that prodigious builder, converted the great oblong hall of the Baths — i. e., the tepidarium — into the nave of a church. The result was one of the handsomest and most stately edifices in Rome, the gigantic columns, still remaining, being worthy to support the noble span and ample rotundity of the enormous vault above. It was called S. Maria degli Angeli (the Church of St. Mary of the Angels). The church is now owned by the municipality of Rome, and it was there that the present King of Italy, when still Prince of Naples, was married.

In that church, St. Mary of the Angels, there is a remarkable meridian line laid down on the mosaic pavement. Standing in the transept of the building, one sees a beam of sunshine creeping over the shadowy floor, but precisely at noon a golden thread of light shoots through a small hole in the roof and falls upon a particular line that crosses the polished floor, and then slowly, silently glides away as the sun is westering, until it is lost among the deepening shadows which flank the gigantic walls built by a heathen emperor, long centuries since.

If you will look over the middle arch of that bridge which crosses the Tiber beyond the Castle of St. Angelo, you will see the white roof of a church, S. Andrea delle Fratte. It is found on the map about an inch above the Quirinal. In the street which runs along the north side of this church, the Via di Capo le Case, lived the celebrated sculptor, William Story,

Position 4. Map 2.

whose *Cleopatra* forms so interesting a work of art in Hawthorne's *Transformation* or *Marble Faun,* and right out there on that same street, the eminent writer and ambassador, James Russell Lowell, also an American, had apartments; and a few steps away, Mrs. Oliphant, the gifted English authoress, lived for some time.

Crossing the Via di Capo le Case, two or three streets beyond the church, is the Via Sistina, on which Robert Browning and his wife had their home, and there also for many years the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, had his studio. When Sir Walter Scott was in Rome he was very desirous of meeting the great sculptor. An appointment was made for the meeting in the artist's studio. Thorwaldsen did not understand English, and Scott could not speak Danish or Italian. So when they were presented, they shook hands and looked at one another with great interest; neither spoke a word, but, nevertheless, each seemed to understand and appreciate what was in the other's mind. Thorwaldsen showed the Briton the works of art contained in his studio, making explanations through an interpreter. The author expressed his great appreciation of what he saw, and highly complimented the man who breathed life into cold marble.

In that part of the city there is scarcely a house that has not a painter's studio near its roof or a sculptor's studio in its basement; and one frequently meets girls, in their quaint mountain costume, climbing to the topmost floor to sit as models for the painters, or again, a sunburnt shepherd, in his sheepskin jacket and gaily-colored blouse, leading his wolf-dog thither for the same purpose; and it is not an unheard of thing for even a donkey to be led up the stairs.

Immediately north of the Royal Stables is the Piazza Barberini. Thirty years and more ago, not far from this Piazza, was an obscure osteria where Peppo, a famous Italian cook, gave excellent dinners, with wonderful macaroni and capital wine. Story, the sculptor, tells of a visit that he made to this restaurant with a little party of artists and poets. It brings out some striking characteristics of the common people of Italy. While they ate and drank, a man-

Position 4. Map 2.

dolin "tingled and quivered" and a guitar made a low accompaniment to their talk. They went in their worst clothes and most crumpled hats so as to attract as little attention as possible, for laborers and artisans were the frequenters of the place. In speaking of the visit afterwards, the sculptor says:

"So being in the humor, we called for some improvisations, and the mandolin and guitar began an air and accompaniment in 'ottava rima'; after a minute or two one of the men at the head of the table opposite broke out in a low voice and sang or rather chanted a strophe; and scarcely had the instruments finished the little ritornello, when another answered him in a second strophe; to this he responded, and so alternately, for some time, the improvisation went on without a break. Then suddenly there rose from the opposite end a third person, a carter, who poured out two or three strophes without stopping, and after him still another carter broke in, so that we had four persons improvising in alternations. This lasted a full half hour, and during the whole time there was not a pause or hesitation. The language used was uncommonly good, and the ideas were of a character you would little have anticipated from such a company. The themes were art, love, poetry and music, and some of the recitations were original and spirited. Out of Italy, could anything like this be seen?"

Now if we look to the extreme left we see to the north of the Quirinal Palace a dark open space. That is the Pincian Hill. That spacious marble building resting on the hillside is the famous Villa Medici, built in 1560 for Cardinal Ricci da Montepuleiano. It came into the possession of Cardinal Alessandro de Medici about 1600, later it belonged to the grand dukes of Tuscany. Finally it was presented by Napoleon I in 1800 to the French Academy of Art. Since that time it has been used as an Art School of France. It can be seen from all parts of the city and is distinguished by the two pavilions rising over a broad and clear façade. From the side of the city, the

Position 4. Map 2.

villa has a cold and barrack-like look, with windows of stern regularity. This monotony is relieved, at close observation, by a collection of bas-reliefs, the precious fragments of antique sculpture. The opposite side of the villa, the one facing the Pincian Hill and Gardens, is most beautiful; its façade, with a spacious portico sustained on noble columns, is guarded by couchant lions and the whole dominated by two stunted, balconied towers. The rear view which we see is in striking contrast with the side which faces the city. The garden side of the villa is said to be the work of Michelangelo. To one wandering about the charming gardens which surround this mansion it is interesting to recall the legend which says that frequently, at sunset, there rises at the window of this villa the face of a man who lived there for a while and who, for the truth he advanced, was condemned and imprisoned, Galileo Galilei.

In ancient days where this villa stands, including also the site of the present Pincian Gardens, was the magnificent villa of Lucullus, one of the wealthiest Romans in the last days of the Republic. Once when Pompey the Great was sick he longed for a thrush, and ordered some for his dinner. None could be procured in the market, and he was told that Lucullus had some in his aviary, out there on the Pincian Hill. But Lucullus was, of all men, the one to whom he did not wish to be obligated, and he refused to ask for one of the birds, exclaiming: "What! is my life to hang on the luxury of Lucullus? No; I would rather die. Cook me something else." It is recorded that Cicero was more than once entertained by Lucullus in this villa, and there its owner planted the first cherry tree brought from Asia to Europe.

Memorable spots are so numerous in this place before us, so many wonderful deeds have been done here for good or bad, that we might go on almost indefi-

Position 4. Map 2.

nitely. The more objects of interest we pick out, the more the events that have transpired here in the past crowd upon us. Thousands of books would not give the history of this city. Every part of it is eloquent with its own peculiar story. We can only hope in this short time to become so tolerably familiar with this section of the earth's surface that hereafter whenever we read of things that have transpired in this place, we shall be able to carry ourselves in thought to their location just as we think of the scene of any important event in our own native city. How our interest in uncovering the great past grows, how much more intensely real the old stories become because we can look out here and see the very building or place, in its natural surroundings, where each famous deed was done! No one can appreciate this who has not studied such a place until he begins to feel intimately familiar with the exact location of its scores of domes and housetops and streets.

Before we turn in a new direction, let us think of this place briefly as it appeared in the five great epochs of its history. During the *period of the Kings,* 753–509 B. C., we know that at first the level tract of land from the Tiber to the Quirinal and from the Pincian Hill to the Pantheon and beyond, was only farm land. Under the Tarquin kings we remember it was covered with broad corn fields, a sea of plenty, swept by long, golden billows, as the grain bent beneath the balmy breeze of a bright summer day. Then came the expulsion of the Tarquins and the mad impulsive harvesting when the grain was flung into the river; and then, amid weird chant and smoking sacrifice, the whole broad space was dedicated to Mars, the god of war, becoming thus the Campus Martius, the training

Position 4. Map 2.

ground for Rome's armies. Later on in the *Republic,* 509–31 B. C., it became the meeting place of the people in their assembly known as Comitia Centuriata, in which free citizens voted for the various magistrates, such as consuls, praetors, and quaestors. The temple of Apollo was built there and dedicated in 439 B. C.; the Via Flaminia, the great northern road from Rome, was built across it in 220 B. C. Many public buildings and temples were erected in this section in the direction of the Tiber. Out there Pompey reared his senate-house and the temple-crowned theater, together with a sumptuous dwelling for himself. He still further embellished the plain by erecting vast marble porticoes so that it was possible to pass beneath them from one end of the plain to the other and not be exposed to the rays of the sun. Lovely gardens and shady groves were scattered through them all. During *the Empire,* 31 B. C.— 476 A. D., many buildings were erected. We can see what were the main structures by consulting our map, "Ancient Rome in the Time of the Emperors." Augustus began his Mausoleum, the remains of which can be seen just over the Castle of S. Angelo, in 29 B. C. Then Agrippa built his great temple on the ruins of which Hadrian reared the Pantheon, and this was followed by the construction of race courses and triumphal arches and in 273 A. D. the great "Temple of the Sun." And yet, ever in the midst of all these architectural monuments, as grand as any ever seen, there was always reserved space for the training and exercise of soldiers.

Then in the last rough and brutal centuries of the Empire, and the long period of the history of Rome up to the end of the Holy Roman Empire (476–1806 A. D.), this part of Rome passed through many dis-

Position 4. Map 2.

asters of earthquakes and inundations and was the scene of fierce strife. Nearly all this plain, thickly covered with palaces and churches and towers, intersected by a labyrinth of crooked streets, flanked, for the most part, by miserable dwellings, became the battle ground of the Colonna and the Corsini, champions respectively of the Emperors and the Popes. This condition of things was destined to be succeeded, as we know, by the coming of Victor Emmanuel to the Quirinal in 1870 and the preservation of this plain much as we see it to-day.

But in considering what is more distant from us we are not to forget that we are standing in mid-air with the vast dome of the greatest church the Christian religion has produced beneath us. Now for a time we are going to direct our attention to this part of the city which is immediately about us and especially to this great church and the immense palace of the Vatican which lies to our left farther than we can now see. All of Rome, on this the west side of the Tiber, is divided into two distinct quarters: that to the south, in the midst of which we stood when on the Janiculum, is the Trastevere; this quarter in which we now are, is the Borgo, or quarter of the Vatican. During the period of the Kings and the Republic there was nothing of importance in this section. During the Empire it was covered with gardens of the emperors and in the time of Nero a circus was built on the very spot beneath us upon which this church of St. Peter's now stands. Here it was Nero subjected the early Christians to such revolting cruelties in 65 A. D. So this greatest of Christian churches was built over the spot that witnessed the first shameful martyrdoms in Rome. In the second century Hadrian built his tomb which

we have noticed before over half a mile from us on the upper bank of the Tiber. Later it was made into a fortress and since the sixth century, when it was called the Castle of St. Angelo, it has been in a sense the citadel of Rome. Whoever possessed it was master of the city. In letting your eyes wander over these nearer housetops, you cannot have failed, I imagine, to light upon that covered way which runs from the Vatican Palace, down on our left, though we have not yet seen it, along by the outer pillars of the left hand colonnade and bending in and out among the forest of dwellings until, finally, it is lost at the terrace and outer wall of the Castle of St. Angelo. That passage-way was constructed in 1410 by John XXIII in order to afford greater security to the pontiffs who could thus, in times of danger, leave the Vatican unobserved and find refuge in the formidable castle. Along that gloomy corridor many a high church dignitary has fled for his life in the struggles of the middle ages.

After the founding of St. Peter's foreign pilgrims began to start settlements near by. As this whole region was not enclosed by the city walls, it was especially exposed to all invasions and hence Leo IV surrounded it (848–852) with a wall. It was then called the Leonine city in honor of Leo IV. The walls were many times destroyed, but after the return of the Popes from France in 1377 this section enjoyed an era of prosperity and growth, reaching its height in the sixteenth century. Since then the papal court has been unable to draw the business of the city on this side of the river. For the most part a rather poor population, engaged in the humbler kinds of trade, live beneath the house-roofs we see. An architect here in the city told me that a house down there

Position 4. Map 2.

on that corner near the end of the left colonnade could in all probability be bought for six thousand dollars. Until Sixtus V in the sixteenth century, the Borgo belonged to the Popes; at that time it was incorporated with the city. But by a decree of May 17th, 1871, the Vatican, the Lateran, the Church of S. M. Maggiore and three other places, the Castle Gandolfo near the Alban Lake, the Cancelleria, and the Dataria Palace were placed by the Italian Government under the absolute jurisdiction of the Pope, thereby being considered as forming no part of the political kingdom of Italy.

Soon we are going down to the roof of that house which stands at the end of the colonnade on our right. From that roof we shall look back to this dome and church upon which we are standing. First, however, keeping our position on the dome, we are to turn almost directly to our left and look down upon the greatest palace in the world. Consulting the general map of Rome again, we find two red lines which extend from the black outline of St. Peter's in a northerly direction to the upper map margin, having there the figure 5 at the end of each. Thus we know precisely what part of the city we are to look upon. These lines are found also on the special map of "St. Peter's and the Vatican." From now on, while we are around those buildings, this smaller map is to be used continually.

Position 5. The great Pontifical Palace, the Vatican, northeast from St. Peter's

Here then is the Vatican, the Palace of the Popes. Off to our right, we know, is the great, broad city of

Position 5. Map 4.

Rome, with its mass of buildings and ruins collected there during all the long centuries. Farther than we can see on our left are the Tuscan Hills, which we have already seen from the Cosmedin church (Position 1), and winding down before us in the distance is the old Tiber; but here, at our feet, in the midst of these most venerable surroundings, established upon the ruins of an empire, is this remarkable palace in perfect repair. First, it is the greatest palace in the world in its material proportions. The enormous extent of its mass of building may be better estimated, perhaps, by noticing those specks of human forms in the square beyond the palace to the right. It is only in some such way that we can hope to appreciate the statement that the palace is eleven hundred and fifty-one feet long, seven hundred and sixty-seven feet wide, that it contains eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, and twenty courts which occupy about half of the entire area.

But far more than material greatness distinguishes this place. "There is no palace in the world which approaches the Vatican in interest, whether we regard its prominent position in the history of the church, or the influence exercised by its collections on the learning and taste of Christendom for nearly three hundred years." Speaking alone of the manuscripts and books carefully preserved beneath those tiled roofs, another writer says: "No other library has the history, or the value of the famous collection of the Vatican. To no other spot do the longings of classical and historical scholars, of librarians and photographers go out as to that secluded and long-forbidden reading-room in the east arm of the Palace of the Popes."

Position 5. Map 4.

Before we proceed to familiarize ourselves with the chief departments in this storehouse of treasure, let us go back and think briefly of its great past. We might cast only a glance or so at these sturdy buildings, bathed in the sun, and turn away with the thought that it was not worth our while to spend any more time upon them. But that would be a reflection on ourselves, not on the historic palace.

We are reminded here of what was so well said by Miss Anna Brackett in regard to great art works, in her book, *The Technique of Rest.*

"It is never to be forgotten that it is the rest of the world and not you that holds the great share of the world's wealth, and that you must allow yourself to be acted upon by the world if you would become a sharer in the gain of all the ages to your infinite advantage. Many lose all the possible benefits to be won by travel because they have not the necessary passivity. You should go to the picture galleries and museums of sculpture to be acted upon, and not to express or try to form your own perfectly futile opinion. It makes no difference to you or to the world what you may think of any great work of art. This is not the question; the point is how it affects you. The picture is the judge of your capacity, not you of its excellence. The world has, long ago, perhaps, passed upon it, and now it is for the work to estimate you. If, without knowing that a certain picture is from the hand of a great master, you find yourself wonderfully attracted by it, and drawn to it over and over again, you may be glad that its verdict upon you is favorable."

So, then, if it is our wish to become a sharer in the gain of all the ages to our infinite advantage, we must try with a wise passivity and with an inquiring mind to open ourselves to the wondrous things such a place as the one before us has seen and known. As we now stop for only a brief look over the past, we shall be reminded of the limits of our own small capacity and more and more of the infinite wealth of interest attaching to this palace.

It is probable that a residence for some of the Church

Position 5. Map 4.

Fathers was established here in the early centuries after Christ. Constantine the Great, after the defeat of Maxentius, caused a Basilica to be erected over the tomb of St. Peter, and it was the church of Constantine that stood here until the present Basilica of St. Peter's, upon which we are standing, was begun in 1506, under Julius II. It was in connection, too, with the church of Constantine, it is believed, that the first home for a church official was built, down where these nearer Vatican buildings stand. The first Vatican Palace was built by Pope Symmachus (498–514), and some say it was used by Charlemagne at his coronation, but a new Church residence was begun in 1150 by Eugene III. A surrounding wall was built by Innocent III, some fifty years later. In 1278, the building was enlarged by Nicholas III. For nearly one thousand years after Emperor Constantine presented the Lateran Palace on the Cælian Hill to St. Sylvester, the bishop of Rome, early in the 4th century, the Popes had resided there. On the return of Gregory XI from Avignon in 1377, he chose this place as his residence, and here the Papal residence has been ever since. From that time until to-day, then, this has been the center of the great Roman Catholic Church, which meant, until the Reformation, the center of the Christian religion. All the offices of the Papal government and the residences of many Cardinals have been located here. One Pope after another has tried to outdo his predecessor in making this palace the largest and most beautiful in the world and in every way worthy of its position at the head of the Christian Church. In accomplishing so great a purpose, the political power, the learning, and the artistic genius of the race have been laid under tribute.

. . When the Popes came back from Avignon in 1377, their power in temporal matters, we remember, had been greatly lessened. Under Innocent III (1198–1216) they had possessed the greatest political as well as spiritual power in all Europe. From that time down to 1377 the extent of their authority as temporal rulers began to wane, and it continued to decrease until 1870, when the State and Church became entirely separated. Victor Emmanuel centered all the political control of Italy in himself as King while the Pope retained his absolute authority in religious matters. It is very difficult for us to conceive of the power over the many

Position 5. Map 4.

activities of man which even then centered in this small plot of land. Kings and earthly potentates still continued to bow to the power of the Church, as thousands of the most costly gifts treasured within those walls declare.

In this Palace of the Vatican we are impressed with the fact that art has done much to add glory to the Christian faith. Art, which had grown through many vicissitudes to a marvelous perfection in Greece and had made its way to Italy in the time of the Republic and the Empire, which languished in the times of corruption that followed, which was stirred into life again in Florence during the 16th century, in the "Great Awakening"—art was seized upon by this great religious power, was deflected to this palace, and beneath those roofs and amid these surroundings it attained its most sublime achievements. Michelangelo, Raphael, Bramante, "everlasting beacons in the path of art," all worked here to exalt Christianity. Michelangelo set himself to show in his great paintings how salvation came into the world, how it was proclaimed, and then as the final scene, the *Last Judgment.* Raphael devoted his surpassing genius to the struggles and successes of the early Church. Bramante applied himself to the plans for St. Peter's, the most magnificent building in all the world, as a monument to the faith of the Nazarene. And not alone art but learning performed its part in the same cause. Beginning with Nicholas V, 1447, the choicest products of the world's scholarship were from time to time brought to this center of religious power, until as we have said, no library in the world is its equal in value or renown.

In the first coming of the Christian faith, governments, students of art and learning, all ignored it, then ridiculed it, and finally persecuted it; but in the strange irony of history, as the centuries went on, here in this Vatican were found the powers of government, the noblest art, and the evidences of the greatest learning of all the world. Throughout the future whoever would trace the history of these great activities of man must pass this way.

Surely we shall want to get in mind the main compartments in these historic buildings before we descend from our lofty position. Indeed, this is the

Position 5. Map 4.

only place from which it is possible to get a clear conception of the general plan of the Vatican buildings. Being able to stand here first, we shall have a wonderful advantage over the average tourist who remembers the Vatican only as a confused jumble of rooms, corridors and galleries, never having seen different rooms in their relations to the building as a whole, and never having a true conception of the points of the compass in all his aimless wanderings. When he is about to leave the palace, he admits that he is "completely turned about" in all his ideas of the place, and, in fact, he would find it impossible to give friends at home any accurate description of the vast structure or the relation of its various parts. This confused and disappointing impression is partly occasioned by the fact that visitors are only admitted to a portion of the palace, and their knowledge therefore must be partial and superficial. It is otherwise, however, when at the very outset you can look down upon it all as we are doing and fix in your minds the general scheme of the entire structure. You can see that the palace, as a whole, extends due north and south, though we are looking somewhat east of north. It is built, as you observe, about two great courtyards, with a smaller one intervening into which, on account of the height of the south transverse building, we cannot look. The large courtyard nearest us is called the Court of the Belvedere, and is adorned with shrubs and flowers; the large courtyard at the further end of the palace is called the Garden of the Pigna, and contains some interesting relics to which we shall refer later. Beginning at the building nearest us down on the right (it is part of St. Peter's great dome which juts out at our feet), our eyes immediately rest

Position 5. Map 4.

upon that peaked, tiled roof, set as it were upon another roof beneath. That is the roof of the Sistine Chapel, beneath which we shall presently stand and contemplate some of the greatest paintings in the world, masterpieces of Michelangelo. That chapel is considerably older than the present Church of St. Peter's, having been built in 1473, by Sixtus IV, hence its name.

The nearest corner of the main palace, whose roof is slightly raised above that of the long building attached to it, contains the Picture Galleries. But before designating other portions of the palace we might as well stop at this point to fix clearly in mind the plan of the palace in respect to its different stories. So far as the interest of the public is concerned, we need consider only two stories in certain parts of the Vatican before us, and in others only one story. This long left-hand or western portion appears to have four stories in the end nearest us, and three stories farther away. If we look to the extreme end of this western portion, however, we find only two stories. These two stories, extending clear across the building toward us, are of interest to the public. The top floor and the lowest floor at the end nearest us are closed to visitors. In the eastern portion of the palace to the right of the nearest courtyard, we find four stories again, one extending only part way. Looking now to the north end of this eastern portion of the palace which is built on higher ground along the Garden of the Pigna, we find only one story. And, surprising as it may seem at first, if this story is traced back toward us, we see that its continuation is the third story facing the nearest courtyard. The other floors are all closed to the public.

Position 5. Map 4.

Coming back now to this corner nearest us we can say that the Galleries of Pictures are on the second and third floors. Among the many great paintings found in these rooms is Raphael's *Transfiguration.* The roof of the building with the peak facing us, which joins on to the Gallery of Paintings at its longer or right-hand extremity, their eaves just touching, covers on its second floor from the top the Stanze of Raphael, which consists of four magnificent salons, containing the immortal frescoes of the great master, a magnificent work which was undertaken by Raphael when he was only twenty-five years of age. To the right of the Stanze of Raphael and the Sistine Chapel, outside the limits of our vision, is a group of irregular buildings containing the Sala Regia, which was built as an entrance hall to the Sistine Chapel and used, at one time, as a reception hall for foreign ambassadors; the Sala Ducale; the Pauline Chapel; the Loggia of Raphael; the Papal residence, including the Pope's apartments and those of the seven cardinals who make up his official cabinet. The windows of the latter building we shall see when we take our next position in front of St. Peter's.

Coming back again to this southwest corner nearest us it may interest you to learn that that small three-story wing jutting out to the left, is one of the entrances into the Vatican Gardens, some of the trees of which we see below us. That long, left-hand portion of the palace contains on the lower one of its two main floors, which we have pointed out, the Biblioteca, or Gallery of the Library, filled with many pieces of sculpture and closed cabinets stored with manuscripts. That is the longest room in the world, extending nearly the entire length of the palace, a dis-

tance of over a thousand feet. When we go down into the palace we shall stand in the corridor at the farther end and look back in this direction. The floor above the gallery of the library is divided into three sections; the section nearest us extending the length of the first great court is the Gallery of Maps, the second section, bordering on the middle court, is the Gallery of the Arazzi, sometimes called Raphael's Bible, for the room contains tapestries executed from cartoons by Raphael representing New Testament scenes. The third section is the Gallery of the Candelabra, filled mostly with fragments of sculpture.

The transverse building at the extreme end of the farther courtyard, or the Garden of Pigna, which forms the northern end of the palace, contains many beautiful halls. On the lower floor is the Egyptian Museum; the charming hall of the Greek Cross; the Rotunda, which is paved with mosaics from the Baths at Otricoli, and in the center of its circular floor is a grand porphyry vase found in front of the Baths of Titus and presented to Pope Julius III. Besides these, it contains a bust of Jupiter, which is the finest preserved from the ruins of antiquity. Next to the Rotunda is the noble Hall of Muses, so called because of the statues of the Muses preserved there. From the Rotunda a corridor leads into the Hall of the Animals, containing statues of marble and alabaster, of which *Two Greyhounds Playing* is famous. To the north of this hall is a door opening into the Gallery of Statues, once a summer-house of the Popes. On our way through the palace we shall see this most interesting gallery as well as the Court of the Belvedere, which, as our map shows, is in the eastern part of that group of buildings. In the center of the Court

of the Belvedere is a fountain, and around it are famous statues, the most illustrious of which are the *Apollo Belvedere,* found nearly four hundred years ago, near Crota Ferrata, and from which the court is named; the noted *Mercury,* considered one of the most beautiful statues in the world; and the renowned *Laocoön.* The last of these we will see later on. The upper floor of that transverse section forming the extreme northern end of the palace is occupied by the Etruscan Museum and the Hall of the Biga. The great semicircular niche seen in that group of buildings is known as the Semicircle of the Pigna, from a gigantic statue of a huge fir cone which it contains, and from which also the courtyard is named. That fir cone, eleven feet high, to which Dante likened Nimrod's head seen by him through the mist in his vision of hell, formerly adorned the summit of Hadrian's tomb, now the Castle of St. Angelo. On either side of this Pigna are two magnificent peacocks, which stood on either side of the entrance to Hadrian's tomb. In the center of the Garden of the Pigna is the pedestal of the column of Antoninus Pius, which was found nearly two hundred years ago on Mount Citorio, not far from the Pantheon. This is adorned with reliefs showing the apotheosis of the Emperor and his wife Faustina. In that place also stands a pillar surmounted by a bronze statue of St. Peter, which was placed there in 1886 to commemorate the Council of 1870.

Now we will give our attention to the long eastern building of the palace, whose northern portion, forming the right-hand boundary of the Pigna Garden, is the Chiaramonti Museum. This museum is divided into thirty sections containing more than three hun-

Position 5. Map 4.

dred marble sculptures. The southern portion of that floor of the palace, which borders on the garden which is nearest us, that is, on the east, is the Galleria Lapidaria, or Gallery of Inscriptions, where there are more than three thousand pagan and early Christian inscriptions. The Greek and Latin pagan inscriptions are ranged along this western side of the gallery, while the inscriptions of the early Christians are placed on the eastern side. The two collections of inscriptions present a striking contrast to each other. On the Christian side, instead of vain prayers to the gods and invocations to the earth to rest lightly on the dead, we find inspiring Christian symbols, such as the vine, the dove with the olive branch, the anchor of hope, the palm and the ship, touching expressions of pure faith, and allusions to everlasting rest in eternal life.

There are only two sections of the palace left for us to consider, the two middle transverse buildings inclosing the center courtyard. The more distant of these buildings is the Braccio Nuovo, which you observe is roofed with tunnel vaulting, being thus lighted from above. It is a fine hall two hundred and fifty feet long, and filled with gems of sculpture. The nearer building contains on its upper floor the Library of the Vatican. We shall soon enjoy a visit to this splendid hall. We are to stand in the western end of the Library, and look toward the east. The famous reading room is located beneath the roof seen on the east side of the center court, and between the Braccio Nuovo and the Library. There for many years Father Ehrle has presided over the readers with kindly interest and unfailing courtesy. The Library is closed on Sundays and Thursdays and all feast days, and from

Position 5. Map 4.

the end of June to the middle of October. The hours are from 9 to 1 in the fall and winter, and 8 to 12 in the spring. In that room during these hours you can see representatives of all the nations of Europe, men of all professions, priests, famous editors and professors. During the recess of the German universities the place is crowded.

Now leaving the Pontifical Palace, notice that to the left of the mass of buildings the larger gardens of the Vatican begin; the dark foliage of some of its lofty trees can be seen.

The Pope, in order to reach these gardens, walks along the Galleria Lapidaria, crosses the Braccio Nuovo, turns into the Corridor of the Library, and passes out into the gardens by a door at the northwest corner of the courtyard of the Pigna.

By and by we shall enter the Vatican Gardens and look along the shady roads and paths, and then we shall understand, as we cannot now, how it is that in the hot, stifling days of the long Italian summer the Pope finds rest and vigor in this enchanting spot.

Before we leave our position above this stupendous dome, which is a vantage-ground of wide and far distant vision, you, no doubt, have a question you would like to ask about the rows of buildings beyond the palace, back of which is the broad, level field through which flows the Tiber.

In order to answer this question clearly, we will begin off to the right. The low row of cottages seen over the southeastern corner of the Vatican are occupied by laborers, a small army of whom are employed about the palace. Those long rows of buildings, some of which are near the open field, and others still farther to the right, constructed with mathematical regu-

Position 5. Map 4.

larity, and perforated with countless windows, the whole being altogether devoid of ornamentation, are barracks for the Italian soldiers and police. I can count seven of these huge structures. The general map of Rome gives the plan of this military community. The open field is used as a parade and drill ground, known as the Champ de Mars.

The rows of fine, modern houses between the barracks and the palace, with parapeted roofs, were for a considerable time almost entirely uninhabited, their construction being the result of the building craze which swept over Rome some twenty years ago. New thoroughfares were opened up all over the city, and wherever these went, there followed an unprecedented boom in real estate. Old streets were widened and straightened, and many an ancient structure was leveled to the ground. There was about the whole undertaking a recklessness, prodigality and stupidity such as no city in the world has ever witnessed. So high did the delirium run, that buying and building were without limit. There seemed to be a universal determination to make modern Rome outrival the city of the Cæsars. New sections of the city sprang up in mushroom growth, even though there was no one who would live in the buildings. With a population of half a million inhabitants in the city, they confidently expected a million and built for them, but they never came.

These buildings were not homes for laborers, modest flats for people having small means, but, as you can see,—and these houses before us are but a fair sample of the rest—they were fine structures, lofty and spacious. The money to build these houses had been borrowed at high rates of interest from Italian bankers who had procured the funds from French banking houses. Afterward, France, learning of

Italy's alliance with Germany, withdrew her loans, amounting to over eight hundred millions of francs, and the disaster which followed nearly ruined the Roman people. If the Government had not compelled the Italian banks to be lenient with the people, famine and revolution would have shaken the kingdom into ruins. Forty thousand men were thrown out of employment, rows of empty and half-finished houses lined the grass-grown streets and millions of dollars were lost.

Is this building craze in the very atmosphere here, so that whoever possesses the city must build and build, without regard to size or utility? Is this the spirit — proving either a blessing or a curse — which for all the ages has held sway here in Rome, to which the existence of the Colosseum and the Quirinal, and those deserted buildings yonder, and even St. Peter's and this vast Vatican, may be attributed?

Turning to the general map of Rome, we find that our next position is to be on a house-roof in front of St. Peter's colonnade. From that point we are to look back west to the great church and the dome beneath us. On the map entitled "St. Peter's and the Vatican," our position is given in the lower margin from which point two red lines extend to the west or upper margin of the map, showing the limits of our next field of vision.

Position 6. St. Peter's and the Vatican—Greatest of churches, greatest of palaces

Here at the very threshold of the most renowned church and most spacious palace on earth, the first object that strikes our gaze is that of a girl hanging out clothes! I never visited a place where the inhabitants seem so bent on washing clothes as they do here, and they seem to prefer to hang them out to dry in the

Position 6. Map 4.

most historical and most conspicuous places, as if to show their contempt for worldly pride and bygone greatness. I have seen the banners and bannerets of the laundry kingdom floating around the Pantheon and the Roman Forum, and almost flopping against Trajan's Column and the Castle of St. Angelo. We are glad, however, to see this sun-blackened young Roman laundress, a very type of the land, in her striking and picturesque costume.

But what of our position here? We are standing on a fairly high house-top, as can be seen by comparing our elevation with those five-story houses to the left of us. Just beyond those houses we catch a glimpse of the southern row of the colonnade, but only that part of it which is straight. On our right we see most of the northern colonnade with three of the four columns at the end. That tallest building bathed in sunlight beyond the colonnade to the extreme right contains the personal apartments of the Pope and his cabinet of cardinals. The tall building just to the left of this and in the shadow forms the west side of the Court of Damasus, seen on our map, and contains on the second floor the famous Loggia of Raphael. Between this building containing the Loggia and St. Peter's, can be seen the roof of the Sistine Chapel outlined against the sky. The greater portion of the Vatican Palace we know must extend directly off to the north or to the right behind the buildings.

Only by careful observation and comparison will we be able to gain any proper estimate of the mammoth proportions of the structures before us. Strange to say, these near-by houses on our left are not so much higher than Bernini's splendid colonnades, and, in truth, the four-story houses on the right of the square

Position 6. Map 4.

below us are not so high, and serve admirably to bring out the noble proportions of the massive columns. Notice how the residence of the Pope looms up above the colonnade, and then how the wonderful dome of St. Peter's lifts itself so grandly over them all. This near-by square directly in front and below us and extending to the ends of the colonnade is called the Piazza Rusticucci, and the house in which Raphael lived, and where he died, stood on the spot where the right colonnade ends. This house of the great artist was removed in order to make room for the colonnade, and while we regret its departure, perhaps it does not matter much since, near by, in that more enduring house of the Vatican, are treasured his brilliant and immortal achievements. When Raphael died, he gave his house to the church and requested that his tomb in the Pantheon be kept perpetually in repair.

To me those rows of gigantic pillars have always seemed like giant soldiers marching and countermarching on that grandest of parade grounds, the Piazza of St. Peter's. To see them as we have done and are doing, is vastly better than being told that they number two hundred and eighty-four, that they are forty-eight feet high, and that the rows are sixty-one feet wide, forming three covered passageways, the one in the center having space for two carriages to drive through abreast. The effect of this great church is wonderfully enhanced by these peerless colonnades.

The pavement of the Piazza alone cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars, equal in purchasing power in America to double that amount and two hundred thousand soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery, can stand upon it.

Position 6. Map 4.

One cannot look upon this wide space, adorned as it is with all the elements of architectural grandeur, without recalling the great religious ceremonies which have taken place here, especially at Easter time, but which, since the Italian occupation, have been discontinued. Shall we try and recall one of these great ceremonies with an eye witness?

"Out over the great balcony stretches a wide awning, where priests and attendants are collected, and where the Pope will soon be seen. Below, the Piazza is alive with moving masses. In the center are drawn up long lines of soldiery, with yellow and red pompons, and glittering helmets and bayonets. These are surrounded by crowds on foot, and and at the outer rim are packed carriages filled and overrun with people, mounted on the seats and boxes. What a sight is this! — above us the great dome of St. Peter's, and below, the grand embracing colonnade, and the vast space, in the center of which rises the silent obelisk, thronged with masses of living beings. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains are moving about everywhere. Pilgrims in oil-cloth capes and with iron staffs demand charity. On the steps are rows of purple, blue and brown umbrellas, for there the sun blazes fiercely. Everywhere crop forth the white hoods of Sisters of Charity, collected in groups, and showing, among the parti-colored dresses, like beds of chrysanthemums in a garden. One side of the massive colonnade casts a grateful shadow over the crowd beneath that fills up the intervals of its columns; but elsewhere the sun burns and flashes everywhere. Mounted on the colonnade are crowds of people leaning over beside the colossal statues. Through all the heat is heard the constant plash of the sunlit fountains, that wave to and fro their veils of white spray. At last the clock strikes. In the far balcony are seen the two great showy peacock fans, and between them a figure clad in white, that rises from a golden chair, and spreads his great sleeves like wings as he raises his arms in benediction. That is the Pope, Pius the Ninth. All is dead silence, and a musical voice, sweet and penetrating, is heard chanting from the balcony; — the people bend and kneel; with a cold gray flash all the bayonets gleam as the soldiers drop to their kneees, and rise to salute as the voice dies away, and the two white

Position 6. Map 4.

wings are again waved; — then thunder the cannon, — the bells clash and peal joyously, a few white papers, like huge snowflakes, drop wavering from the balcony; — these are indulgences, and there is an eager struggle for them below; — then the Pope again rises, again gives his benediction, waving to and fro his right hand, three fingers open, and making the sign of the cross, — and the peacock fans retire and he between them is borne away, — and Lent is over." — *Roba di Roma.*

That obelisk, rising in the center there like a stately sentinel we shall see to better advantage later, and will speak of it then; but just now let us observe the details of St. Peter's impressive façade, which with its dome forms an impressive and glorious climax to this city of architecture. This façade is three hundred and sixty-five feet high, and is supported by eight grand pillars and surmounted by a balustrade with nineteen statues, among others that of the Virgin Mary, of the Saviour, and of the twelve apostles. The inscription over the columns tells us that the façade was erected in 1612 by Paul V (Borghese) *in honorem Principis Apostolorum.* At either end of the façade, near the beginning of the colonnade, are ponderous doors opening to a drive that encircles the church, and by which access can be had to the Vatican Gardens. The door at the left stands open and we can see the wall of the church beyond.

Even though you may have done so before, will you now take a careful look at that dome; just such another there is not in all the world. It was an intensely hot June day when I climbed up into that copper ball on the very top beneath the cross, which from where we stand seems so small, although it will hold sixteen persons.

From the pavement of the church to the summit of

Position 6. Map 4.

that lantern is four hundred and three feet, and to the top of the cross is four hundred and thirty-five feet, about the height of the great pyramid of Cheops. The diameter of the dome is one hundred and thirty-eight feet, five feet less than that of the Pantheon, but St. Peter's is much higher. Some few years ago it was discovered that the dome was cracking at its base, crushing itself with its own enormous weight, and in order to preserve it a huge, tight-fitting band of steel was placed about it (a little above the drum on which the dome rests), and this band may be seen from here.

Repairs are always needed on that mountainous structure, and it costs about thirty-five thousand dollars every year to keep it in its present condition.

This great Piazza of St. Peter's will always have a peculiar personal and local coloring for me, because the first morning I entered it I encountered one of those swindlers, the photograph venders of Rome. Photograph venders abound throughout the city, and especially here in front of St. Peter's. The strip of photographs this enterprising individual tried to sell to me and my three companions, all Americans, were worthless things with no tone, life or perspective, pasted in a red covered book, slandering, by their hideous imitations, every object they were supposed to represent. If there is a difference in anything it is in photographs, and there is no greater difference anywhere than between the best photographs and a fine stereoscopic view that gives one the impression and the emotion of that mysterious reality of life and place, arresting motion in the very act, and which because of its entrancing vividness, beguiles us into the notion that things will presently move on again.

Well, we stood down there near the obelisk, under the shadow of the stately candelabra nearest the Vatican Palace, looking with eyes wide with wonder upon our strange and superb surroundings, when the fellow approached us and, as he could speak a little English, he started in, addressing the biggest man in the party, who happened to be a physician,

Position 6. Map 4.

weighing nearly two hundred pounds. As to size and general appearance there was a decided contrast between this "lean and slippered pantaloon," and the portly and dignified American; but, nothing daunted, the Italian began:

"Gude morning, genteelman, I zell you zome excelenta photographs of Roma. I zell you tewenty photographs fer twelve franca; cheapa, verra cheapa; buy zome?"

Turning to me the doctor remarked: "I don't care for them for myself, but I have a daughter at home who requested me to bring her some photographs in book form, so perhaps these will do, and if so, I will be saved the trouble of hunting them up. I think ten francs enough for them, however, don't you?"

"Personally, I would not care for such miserable caricatures at any price," I replied. "But," I added, "ten francs are certainly enough for them."

Turning to the vender, whose arms were full of books, the doctor said, "I will give you ten francs for one."

With a grave and injured air, that could not have been more pronounced had the doctor wiped his feet upon him or struck him in the face, he protested: "No, no, your excellency, I canna. I looza, costa tenna franca." And then with a look of infinite sadness in his dark eyes, and an indefinable pathos in his voice, he said deliberately, as he shook his head slowly, "I canna, I canna."

"All right," said the doctor brusquely, "I don't want the stuff."

"Here, taka!" shouted the fellow, leaping forward and holding out the book; "tenna franca."

The physician took the book and paid for it. But we were not rid of him by any means.

"You taka booka, tenna franca?" he asked, addressing the doctor's pastor, who accompanied him on the trip.

"I'll give you eight francs for one," was the answer.

"Here, taka!" was the lightning-like reply. This book was also paid for, but while the transaction was being concluded, the doctor glared at the Italian. I noticed the displeasure of my medical companion, and I whispered to the third member of the party, "Offer six francs for one, and watch the doctor."

Position 6. Map 4.

"You taka vonna?" continued the citizen of Rome, turning to my friend.

"I will give you six francs for it," was the reply.

"Hera, taka," came the words quicker than thought.

I looked at the doctor who seemed ready to foam at the mouth, but he said nothing. I was confident, however, that I could draw him out, and I did.

"Hera, taka you; lasta vonna," he said, appealing to me.

"No, I don't care for any," I said.

"Yezza, taka sixa franca."

"I will give you four francs, and not a centime more," I answered firmly.

"Hera, taka; foura franca!" cried the fellow; but hardly had the words fallen from his lips when the doctor's heavy hand fell on his shoulder with the grip of a Hercules and his deep voice thundered out: "You black rascal, what do you mean by swindling me before my very eyes in this way? I'll shake the very life out of you!"

"Santa Maria!" cried the trembling wretch, his books falling to the pavement in all directions, as he raised his hands imploringly, "Dona killa me; I dinna sheet you; I looza moany; costa tenna franca."

Seeing the doctor hesitate, I ventured to say, "Better let him go, doctor. I am confident he would not survive one of your shakes and you might get us all into trouble.

"I'll let him go," he answered grimly, tightening his grasp on the man's shoulder, which caused him to roll his eyes and utter a cry of pain. "I don't mind being swindled, but to stand by and see myself swindled three times over is more than I can stand. However," he added in a gentler tone, "if you will point out to us the room in the Vatican occupied by the Pope, I'll let you off for this time," and the giant removed his hand.

A gleam of joy broke over the fellow's pale face, and forgetting in his eagerness the scattered books, he stepped back a few paces as if to get a better view of the Vatican, but in reality in order to get beyond the reach of the doctor's long arm. When he felt assured of his safety he pointed his hand toward the papal apartments and said,—but I will not attempt to imitate his broken speech.

Position 6. Map 4.

"Look over the circular part of the colonnade to the left of the fountain, and you will see three stories of a building rising above it; that is the pontifical residence. The private apartments of the Pope occupy the entire second floor from the top, and his favorite sitting room is on the side toward St. Peter's."

Then hastily gathering up his stock, he bowed to each of us with a grave and silent dignity and withdrew to the other side of the piazza. However, judge our surprise, when the next day we encountered the same fellow in front of the Pantheon, and found him selling the identical red books for one and one-half francs each. This time I felt quite as indignant as the doctor, but the peddler espied us in the midst of his sales and vanished before we could remonstrate with him; but, to this day, if you want to get the doctor mad, mention the ten francs he paid beneath the shadow of the ancient obelisk and the Roman who cheated him three times before his very eyes. Having been so outrageously cheated by the Roman peddler, we were not altogether satisfied that we could rely upon the accuracy of his information in regard to the apartments of the Pope. Especially was this the case with the doctor; but to do the lad justice, I am glad to say that we found his statements as to the Vatican reliable in every particular.

Try as we will, we cannot keep our eyes from that aerial and majestic dome. You have doubtless noticed the fact — if not, you will, now that I call your attention to it — that the dome is pierced with loopholes, and it was one of these we saw close down on our left, from our position in the summit of the dome (Position 5). Because of the concussion which the wind makes against the inner iron dome, the latter is constantly musical. When the city is swept by hurricanes from the Mediterranean, which lash themselves against this mountainous mass, then the low murmur swells out into a thunderous roar which seems to gather up into itself the angry cries of all the demons of the storm.

Position 6. Map 4.

Before leaving our housetop to enter the gorgeous interior of St. Peter's, take a glance over this rough parapet near us at that tiled roof just below. The tiled roofs of Rome have always been to me a pleasant memory: old, gray, often jumbled together, frequently moss-covered and lichen-coated, they appeal to every lover of the picturesque. Moreover, they have always seemed to possess almost human sympathy and emotion when, as "a stranger in a strange land," I have looked upon them, in sunlight and in starlight, and watched their changing hues, red in the morning sunburst, silver at noon and purple in the tender light of the setting sun.

One long look at the Vatican, the church and the piazza, with its stony finger and marching columns, and we will descend: and, as we go I call to mind an old guide-book, in the margin of which, over against the page which briefly described the glorious scene we have just been contemplating, a three days' tourist in Rome wrote long years ago, "I have seen better." I doubt it — nay, I deny it. For where on this round globe can man see as grand a church, as noble a palace, and as extraordinary a piazza suggesting in its fringe of columns and its figured pavement a rich and elaborate pattern of Persian embroidery; and where can such a church and palace and piazza be found in company?

We shall now go beyond the piazza, beyond even the broad marble steps, and stand back of the quilted curtain which closes the doorway of this church, the vast, resplendent, incomparable St. Peter's, which is as Hawthorne expresses it, "an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, as a magnificent, com-

Position 6. Map 4.

prehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith." Never, while memory lasts, can I forget the sight of that seemingly limitless pavement, that stupendous interior, the glory of which, although a tenth of a mile away, was the Great Altar, rising in solemn majesty from the polished floor.

Position 7. The Great Altar—St. Peter's Church

Like a burst of supernal grandeur is the scene which here greets our eyes! The church rises about us like a glistening mountain of precious stones, its huge rectangular columns (portions of three of which can be seen to our right) covered with rare marbles. Through the numerous arches, we discern imposing chapels, each of which is large as an ordinary church. About our heads curves a glorious arch of sunken coffers, brilliant with inlaid gold; and before us, at first dimly seen through the hazy splendor of the incense-laden air, the long perspective widens and deepens, like a cloud-wrapt opening in the seventh heaven, and in our enthusiastic admiration we are prepared to accept as a matter of fact the statement that the church contains thirty altars, including the High Altar, one hundred and forty-eight columns and three hundred and ninety statues.

Now that the first feelings of rapture and surprise have passed, and we have become a little accustomed to our gorgeous and spacious surroundings, it will be wise for us to fix clearly in mind our present location. In order to do this it will be necessary for us to consult the map of St. Peter's and the Vatican, and especially that part of it which has to do with the Basilica itself; for if, in our rambles abroad, we feel the necessity of consulting a map whenever we visit a strange

Position 7. Map 4.

city, such a procedure is equally necessary and helpful when we enter a vast and wonderful structure like St. Peter's, which an Italian writer aptly called "The devout city." By reference to the plan we note a circular space near the western end of the church that marks the location of the great dome, and around the space are the four massive pillars that support the dome. Our position is given by the two red lines, with the number 7 in a circle, which start from the third pillar from the entrance on the north side and extend toward the dome area or toward the west. We can now have a clear understanding of our location in the church, that we are on the northern side of the main aisle or nave, looking west.

Returning now to our position in the church, we remember, of course, that directly over this Great Altar is the noble dome of the vast church. Four massive pillars support this dome, portions of three of which we can see from our present position. One of these has the statue of St. Peter (seen just before us) in front of it. Beyond and over the head of the statue can be seen the flutings of the second of these great pillars, while back of the two twisted columns of the High Altar still another can be seen. The fluted face and polished pedestal of the pillar nearest us on the right, belong to one of the six pillars that support the nave.

A lady standing beside me, the first time I beheld the Great Altar exclaimed fervently, "How grandly beautiful!" and I am sure as we gaze upon those four richly gilded spiral columns and that splendid canopy, we must say the same.

From the gleam of the marble floor to the summit of the cross is ninety-five feet, a greater elevation than

Position 7. Map 4.

the height of the Royal Palace. Those clustering columns and the canopy surmounted by the lofty cross are all of bronze and weigh ninety-three tons. The bronze for the columns was taken from the huge architrave of the Temple of Minerva, in the Forum of Minerva near the Roman Forum. The canopy and cross of the High Altar are formed from material plundered from the roof of the Pantheon. The gilding of this elaborate, massive structure cost one hundred thousand dollars. As Goethe said, one learns here how art, as well as nature, can set aside every standard of measurement.

Now observe that between the columns are six great candlesticks with a cross in the center, each candlestick holding a tall wax candle, and before the altar is a curving balustrade of marble on which eighty-nine golden lamps are ever burning, and which you might easily take for a mass of yellow roses.

Down beneath those lamps is the Confessio which contains the tomb of St. Peter, and on account of which this altar is considered by Roman Catholics to be one of the most sacred spots on earth. We shall look at the tomb later.

Because of the sacredness of this altar, mass is said at it only on great occasions, and by no one but the Pope, or a cardinal especially appointed by him for such service. Over the High Altar, encircling the great dome, is a gallery in which you can look down upon this canopy, and when seen from the dizzy height, it seems raised but a little above the marble pavement.

We have already referred to the bronze statue of St. Peter in a marble chair, seen directly in front of us and placed against one of the four immense pillars that support the dome, and we have also had our at-

Position 7. Map 4.

tention called to the two graceful bronze candlesticks holding wax candles, and suspended between them we noticed an elaborate altar lamp; but we shall be nearer to the statue presently, and can then examine it and its surroundings to better advantage.

Just now look above the High Altar at the vaulted and coffered ceiling of the Tribune that always shines in the midday light like burnished gold. A more magnificent ceiling over a grander hall than this cannot be imagined. Sweep the eyes up to it again and again and you will find that its vastness and splendor will keep growing upon you more and more the longer you gaze upon it.

Now, if we direct our glance between the candlesticks in front of the statue of St. Peter and the two right-hand columns of the High Altar, we see at the end of the Tribune the famous "Cathedra Petri" (Peter's Chair), which is an ancient wooden chair (said to have belonged to the senator Pudens, with whom the apostle is supposed to have lodged), inclosed in bronze and supported by the gigantic figures of the four Fathers of the Church, Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom and Athanasius. These remarkable statues rest upon lofty pedestals of rich colored marble. To the right of the spiral columns we can see a portion of the front of the chair, also one leg. The right-hand statues and pedestals are partly hidden by the candlesticks and altar lamps. To the left of the columns can be seen part of one of the statues and its pedestal. A solemn festival in honor of this chair is held on the 18th of January, when it is publicly displayed. Above the Cathedra Petri is a circular window of colored glass that has the form of a clock. This window is set in a massive frame of ornamental

bronze, the effect of the variegated light being to give a delicate and rosy hue to the gilded metal.

To the left of the group we may see the Tomb of Pope Paul III (number 6 in the plan of St. Peter's), which stands under the marble arch, supported by Corinthian columns. You can detect the rich veining and almost the glow of the color in the marble. That is the finest tomb in the basilica and is said to have cost twenty-four thousand dollars. To the right of the Cathedra Petri is the Tomb of Urban VIII (number 4 in the plan). We can see the marble columns and part of the architrave, as well as the figure of Justice with one hand resting on the black marble sarcophagus.

You can almost feel the cool smoothness of those titanic marble pillars in front of us. I know my first impulse was to reach out my hand and stroke the glossy surface. I wish some person would step up to that column this side of the statue of St. Peter. You would be surprised to find that the top of the base of the pillar would be about in range with his head; and those slender flutings in the pillars are, in reality, large enough to form niches for life-size statues, as many of them do.

Be assured of this, that the element of time must enter into the appreciation of the immensity of this structure; only after looking at it again and again can we realize its tremendous proportions and be conscious of its immeasurable vastness; and when we come to know more about it we are not surprised to learn that the building of this great temple extended over one hundred and seventy-six years, and up to the beginning of the eighteenth century had cost fifty million dollars. A man who continues disappointed with the

Position 7. Map 4.

size of St. Peter's would find fault with the volume of water pouring over Niagara.

Some years since, at Easter time, according to Story, the American sculptor, there stood out on the piazza back of us, a tourist who could not conceal his intense surprise. So evident was it that a passer-by asked him "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed the man earnestly. "Why for two hours torrents of people have poured into that church and I have just returned from looking into it, and there is no crowd in it yet. The building is too monstrous, there is no sense in it."

"Alas! sir," was the answer, "what say you to the parsonage?" pointing to the Vatican. "It only contains eleven thousand halls, rooms and corridors, and two hundred flights of stairs."

"Absurd," was the reply, "an unmarried priest doesn't need such accommodations."

"But you forget, my friend," added his companion, "that the church and the palace were constructed, not for the Roman parish, but for the whole Catholic world."

We shall now go forward a few steps and stand just the other side of that farther candlestick, and in front of the southeast dome pillar and get a near view of the statue of St. Peter. The position is found on the plan of the church by the red lines connected with the number 8 in a circle.

Position 8. The famous statue of St. Peter

Well, this view of the statue is most satisfactory!

Nothing appears to prevent us from touching it and our eyes seem fairly to look around it.

Position 8. Map 4.

The figure is made of bronze, and, as you see, it is seated in a chair which is placed on a platform of colored marble. In all the churches of Rome, there is no other figure in this position or similarly placed, with the possible exception of Michelangelo's *Moses* in the Church of St. Peter in Chains. From this circumstance, as well as from the cast of the features, it is asserted by some eminent archæologists that it is an ancient work and was originally a statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was appropriated and baptized by the Pope as St. Peter the Apostle. Still others assert that, while originally it was a statue of Jupiter, it was recast by Pope Leo the Great to commemorate the deliverance of Rome from the invasion of Attila. Lanciani, however, declares that the statue was cast as a portrait of St. Peter.

In the Library of the Vatican, among the countless gems preserved there, is an oval medallion belonging, according to the opinion of experts, to the first century. This treasure, which is not well known to the crowds of sight-seers who throng the Vatican, has on it the profiles of St. Peter and St. Paul. Comparing the profile of St. Peter with the features of the statue, one can see a striking resemblance between the two. This medallion shows the Apostle Paul to be quite bald, with long features and aquiline nose, while the lines of his face reveal the meditative expression of a philosopher and of a man worn by the storm and stress of human life.

The figure of the Apostle Peter is characterized by dignity and austerity, and, although it cannot be regarded as a great work of art, nevertheless, it is extremely full of life and majesty. The right hand, uplifted in benediction, gives the statue a commanding

Position 8. Map 4.

appearance, while the keys, held in the left hand, indicate the power of the Apostle to open the doors of heaven to all believers, as well as to admit unbelievers to the regions of the lost. The delicate folds of the long robe, the naturalness of the tightly drawn cords of the neck, the luxuriant hair and beard, and the muscles of the arm, all enhance the effectiveness of the statue, while you cannot but admire the fine carving of the chair and the rich veining of the marble pedestal.

There is almost always a crowd of worshipers about this statue. As soon as the devotions, which are continually going on at some one of the many altars, are over, the devotee rises, approaches the statue and kisses the great toe of the foot of the Apostle; after which he softly rubs his forehead against the instep. Several toes have been worn away by this contact of human lips, and have been replaced, and if you will look at the foot carefully you will see that the present toe is considerably worn.

Among the memories of St. Peter's that will, at least, linger longest with me, is one which recalls a crowd of peasants gathered about the statue with rapt faces and upturned eyes, as though they were gazing upon God in heaven. They thronged about it, almost crushing one another in their efforts to kiss the bronze foot. Many of them, in order to secure this inestimable privilege, had walked from twelve to fifteen miles, knowing not where they would find shelter for the night. Standing here in this splendid church, they presented a strange and picturesque appearance, dressed as many of them were, in old sheep and goat-skin mantles, leathern leggings and sandals of hide. In this temple, grander than their wildest dream of heaven's glories, before this bronze statue that, to

them, is the veritable Apostle, they evidently forgot the hardships of their rude existence.

Protestants can never appreciate the feeling which this statue awakens in the heart of a true Roman Catholic. Gregory II wrote to Pope Leo the Isaurian: "Christ is my witness that when I enter the Temple of the Prince of the Apostles and contemplate his image, I am filled with such emotion that tears run down my cheeks like rain from heaven."

Let me direct your attention to that quaint, old candlestick with its circlet of angel forms, the whole constituting, in its way, an interesting piece of artistic work.

Also let us not neglect to examine the wall back of the statue of St. Peter. In 1871 the clergy of the Vatican caused a mosaic portrait of Pope Pius IX to be placed there, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the papal throne, a period equal to the duration of the supposed episcopacy of St. Peter, and which, up to that time, it was firmly believed no Pope could survive. The limits of our vision forbid our seeing the portrait of the Pope, but we can see its mosaic setting covering the wall back of the statue.

This wall, we are to remember, belongs to one of the four great pillars that support the dome, and, as it was necessary to bear up a cupola nearly as high as the Great Pyramids, the pillars were built of enormous size and solidity, so as not to be crushed by the superimposed weight. The monstrous proportions of these supports of the dome made it necessary to build the pillars of the nave considerably larger than they otherwise would have been, in order to have them all harmonize, and thus only three could be arranged on

Position 8. Map 4.

either side. These gigantic piers, more than anything else, dwarf to our view the astounding dimensions of the vast church; for who would suppose that we would find the longest nave in the world divided into only three arches. The four great pillars that uphold the dome are each two hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference, with niches in the lower part occupied by statues sixteen feet high.

It is only by the careful consideration of these dimensions that one at last reaches a just appreciation of this mightiest building-effort of the popes; and where, as in Rome, so many things crowd upon one's attention, much is often overlooked or is only partially seen; but visiting the city as we do, we need not be hurried; we may stay as long as we will and come back again as often as we please.

Pope Gregory XVI, who was a genial old man, willingly gave audiences to strangers, and he invariably inquired of them how long they had been in Rome. When they answered, "For three weeks," he would smile shrewdly and say, "Allons! Adieu!" But if the traveler replied that he had spent three or four months in the Eternal City the Holy Father said to him, "Au revoir!" for he well knew that all who had lingered long enough to become acquainted with its priceless possessions, would never rest satisfied until their feet once more stood within its walls.

While lingering before the statue of St. Peter we have been standing directly in front of the High Altar. We shall turn now and descend to St. Peter's tomb beneath it.

Position 8. Map 4.

Position 9. St. Peter's tomb below the high altar

This Confessio was constructed by Maderna acting under the command of Pope Paul V. It has the same pavement that once covered the floor of the more ancient tomb belonging to the earlier church, and those exquisite gilded bronze doors, beside which the attendant is standing and immediately back of which is the sarcophagus of St. Peter, are also a relic of the former structure. The golden lamps above cast a faint luster on the shining marble and on the gilt doors, and illumine the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul set in niches on either side.

This tomb is the pearl of all this colossal and priceless opulence. All the wealth, vaster than that of Crœsus, is here poured out with such a lavish hand, because back of those beautiful doors there is believed to be a handful of dust, all that remains of the Prince of the Apostles, once the rough, yet devoted fisherman of Galilee, who left his leaking boat and worn nets to follow the Man of Nazareth. Round about the inner circle of the base of the wide dome that towers hundreds of feet above our heads, in mosaic letters on a blue ground — letters six feet long — are the words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and I will give thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." *

This beautiful kneeling statue, of which we see the head and shoulders, is by Canova, and represents Pope Pius VI in prayer, his eyes fixed on the Apostle's tomb. His last desires, as he lay dying in exile, were contained in a dream of this sacred place.

* Douay version.

Position 9. Map 4.

It will give us a better idea of the brilliancy and glory of St. Peter's,— and yet there is no gloom in it all, not a dark corner suggestive of chill and mystery, even the very atmosphere of the church remaining at a delightfully warm temperature throughout the year — if we examine one of the fadeless and famous stone pictures which make the fortress-like walls look as though they were painted with morning sunlight. Chief among them is the mosaic of Raphael's *Transfiguration.*

Position 10. The wonderful mosaic—Copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration"

Framed within a great arch of gorgeous marble, the whole constitutes an effect so radiantly beautiful that one might well imagine it to be a sunlit vision of another and better world.

This masterpiece is on the southeast wall of the dome (number 14 on the plan of St. Peter's), opposite the statue of St. Peter. So in standing here, the entrance is behind us, the statue of St. Peter is off to our right, and the High Altar is beyond the pillar against which we are looking. The picture is an exact reproduction of Raphael's painting in the Vatican and looks as if it were painted on canvas, but in reality it is composed of thousands of pieces of variously tinted stone, which reproduce to perfection every shade of color and every expression of the original. The extreme delicacy of the work and the length of time required for a single picture make these mosaic copies of immeasurable value; and yet, St. Peter's contains more than one hundred, all the work of the great masters, and these, together with the splendid tombs, render the walls of the church sub-

lime with the highest representations of the beautiful. This one copy of the *Transfiguration* cost fifty thousand dollars.

We shall miss its charm and power if we but glance hastily at this picture, for, by universal consent, it is one of the greatest paintings in the world. Look long and deeply into it, and you will see why when, in the grandest funeral procession that Rome had seen for centuries, they bore young Raphael to the Pantheon for burial, they carried the original of this, his masterpiece, at the head of the procession.

The artist has been criticised for attempting to produce, in a single picture, two centers of conflicting interest, thereby diverting, if not confusing, the mind of the beholder. The principal portion and the real center of the painting is, as its name implies, the Transfiguration, and, therefore, it seems decidedly peculiar to have the glorified Saviour and his celestial visitors together with the prostrate disciples dazzled by the insufferable brightness, occupying the upper and smaller portion of the painting, while the demoniac boy and the company surrounding him occupy the foreground and larger part. Most people, I should imagine, would have preferred the Transfiguration by itself, and, indeed, we are told on the best authority, that such was also the preference of Raphael, but that the monks of S. Pietro in Montorio, for whom the picture was painted, insisted upon having the double picture, it being almost the universal custom of the age to have two pictures in one, a celestial and a terrestrial one, and each independent of the other. Even a Raphael and a Shakespeare were not superior to the demands of their patrons, which often reflected the degenerate tendency of the times. And

yet, so masterfully has Raphael executed the difficult undertaking, that anyone at all familiar with the Scripture narrative, can see, as Goethe did, a subtle and indissoluble unity in the whole painting, and can understand how the great painter, who was then in the full glory and ripeness of his powers, saw and interpreted that vision of light as the only source of the world's healing.

The lower part of the painting was not finished when Raphael died, and, after his decease, other hands tried to complete it; but the hands were not those of the great master, nor were the colors his; and it requires no great expert to detect where the brush fell from Raphael's fingers, and where it was taken up again by his successors.

Half of the painting is light, all light, and such as "never was on sea or land," and the other half, the lower, is all darkness, which characterizes indefinable terror and despair. How real it all seems, how full of pathos and heavenly comfort, the demon-torn boy, the agonizing father and mother, the baffled and helpless disciples and the transfigured Lord, from whom the help must come! And it may be that Raphael painted wiser and better than he knew when he flashed all this on canvas, and, in his last earthly effort, executed one of the grandest paintings in the world. And it may have been also what we call accident that the most precious and exquisite marble in this treasure-house of rare and beautiful stones should have been wrought into the superb arch and pillars and delicate balustrade surrounding the wonderful mosaic, which is never so entrancing as when the glowing tints of the Italian sun fall upon it, imparting to its warm coloring a pure and rosy light.

Position 10. Map 4.

"A calm, benignant beauty shines on all this picture and goes directly to the heart. It seems almost to call you by name. The sweet and sublime face of Jesus is beyond praise, yet how it disappoints all florid expectations! It was painted for such as had eyes capable of being touched by simplicity and lofty emotions."—*Emerson.*

The noble female figure of Faith holding the cross, which you notice close to us on our right, belongs to a neighboring chapel, but it harmonizes so well with the *Transfiguration* as to seem almost a part of it, a sort of jeweled link between the upper and lower parts of the picture, for said not the Transfigured One Himself, when He had come down from the mountain and had healed the child: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed — nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Leaving this bit of heaven's glory, we pass to our right in front of the High Altar and beyond it, to the farther side of the northwest dome pillar, where we shall see what is frequently, but I think erroneously, called Canova's greatest work (number 11 in the plan of St. Peter's), the monument and tomb of Clement XIII.

Position 11. The tomb of Clement XIII

In the upper part of the monument the kneeling figure of the Pope is the gem of the entire group, for a more gentle, reverent, and soulful posture it would be hard to conceive. There is almost a child-like simplicity about this prayerful old man, whose life continued for three-quarters of a century. Notice how naturally the corner of the graceful robe falls over the edge of the granite platform and how dainty is the fringe of the pillow on which the pope is kneel-

Position 11. Map 4.

ing, as well as his triple crown, a little to the front and right of him.

On the right-hand side of the marble sarcophagus is a beautifully carved figure, representing the Genius of Death. Notice how feather-like is the wing, how real and luxuriant the hair, and how faultlessly beautiful the outlines of that snowy form. Observe that he is leaning against the sarcophagus and holding loosely in his right hand an inverted torch whose light he thus extinguishes, a most appropriate and suggestive thought. These two figures — that of the Pope and Death — are worthy of the immortal genius of a great artist; but you cannot contemplate the rest of the group without a feeling of disappointment.

That figure of Religion holding the cross in her right hand and resting her left upon the sarcophagus, her head encircled with gleams of light, is not worthy the man who chiseled it. There is about it an awkwardness that is disagreeable, and those lions, couchant at the entrance of the tomb, notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon them, are not to be compared with Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne.

Yet, as you stand before the tomb and almost within reach of this pair of kingly beasts, you cannot but forgive the artist's desire to introduce them into his work, whatever their defects, when you reflect that it was to a lion that the sculptor owed the opportunity of his life. It happened thus. Many years before, when yet a boy, he was an humble waiter in an obscure "Canova di vino" or wine-shop, and here he obtained the name he afterwards made illustrious. One day, a great and noted man, overtaken by a storm, entered the little wayside inn and called for some refreshments. The proprietor, awed by the

presence of such a celebrity, brought out the best the house afforded, and the young waiter, who possessed some artistic talent, contributed his part to the adorning of the table by modeling a lion in butter and setting it in the center of the table. The king of beasts, notwithstanding he was made of butter, attracted the attention of the rich stranger and he offered to give the boy an education in art at his own expense. And so, it is not surprising that Canova should have believed that the inspiration which was present when he modeled his first lion, and which was the means of transforming him from the humblest waiter to the greatest sculptor of his time, should be with him ever after when he had occasion to model that royal animal.

When the monument to Clement XIII was unveiled here in the presence of a vast concourse of people, Canova, disguised as a priest, mingled in the crowd, so as to learn their opinions; and, if it were true then, as it frequently is now, that "listeners hear no good of themselves," while his heart must have been gladdened by the genuine outburst of admiration with which the people greeted that magnificent achievement, yet his ears must have tingled and his heart become sore as he heard one critic compare his lions to bull-dogs, and another his statue of Religion to a spectacular figure on the primitive stage of a provincial theater.

Observe how the same light that streams in on our left from that western window, bathing these marble statues in brightness, serves by the shadows it casts to add gloom to the tomb entrance beneath.

But, notwithstanding what may be justly said in detraction of the work, it yet remains true that it con-

Position 11. Map 4.

tains more elements of power and beauty than any other group of sculpture in St. Peter's, except one, the *Pietà* of Michelangelo.

The *Pietà* is situated in the extreme northeast corner of the basilica, to the right of the central entrance to the church (number 12 in plan of St. Peter's). In order to reach it from the tomb of Clement XIII, we must traverse almost the entire length of the structure. It is in a lonely chapel considerably removed from the tread of the many feet that press the pavement of the nave.

Position 12. Pietà, by Michelangelo

This is one of Michelangelo's earliest works, and while it lacks the bold heroic stroke and balanced proportions that characterize his later achievements as a sculptor, it reveals, as in a prophecy, those unrivaled powers which have won the admiration of the world of art.

As a matter of criticism, the form of the Saviour, as compared with that of the Virgin Mary, is much too small; and yet the requirements of the posture of our Lord probably account for this, as well as for the fact that the artist conceived of the body as greatly emaciated, although, if this be so, he has not brought it out very clearly in his work, except in the shoulder and arm of the dead Christ. And then, those two tawdry bronze cherubs do not add to the dignity and sublimity of the group.

In our limited view, shutting out all else but the statuary itself, we see it to far better advantage than we should if we beheld it dwarfed and greatly overshadowed by the massive architecture above and around it.

Position 12, Map 4.

But criticise it as you will, it yet remains the greatest work of art in St. Peter's, and one of the most exquisite and touching in all the world, expressing in the lifeless form the terrible suffering through which the Saviour passed, and the complete rest that followed death. It speaks, too, and that in a marvelous way, of the soul-wrenching grief of the mother — for a sadder face was never cut in stone, not lighted even by the hope of resurrection or the coming of future glory — just such a grief as many a mother has felt over the loss of her own.

The walls of this chapel are faced with slabs of colored marble, taken from the earlier church, but the workmanship, as you can see by examining the wall to the left of the statue, is not good and the marble is sadly in need of repair. As in all the other chapels, so here, there is an altar with its bronze crucifix and candles.

In this same chapel stands a curiously wrought column, which is protected by an iron cage. It is called the Colonna Santa, the holy pillar, and it is said to be the one against which Christ used to lean when, in the temple court at Jerusalem, he taught the people. It is of Roman origin and belongs to the third century. In the middle ages it was known as the Colonna degli Spiritati, and to it were bound persons believed to be possessed with evil spirits, which were exorcised by prayers and holy water.

A witty story is told in connection with this pillar, how one of the servants of the Vatican cheated a poor fisherman, and when he was pursued to the very doors of St. Peter's by the outraged man, whose indignation was great and who gave full vent to his anger, the servant turned and handed him over to

Position 12. Map 4.

the sacristan of the church to be bound to the pillar and cured of his supposed possession by wearisome prayers and by a copious application of holy water.

We now leave the church, and before entering the Vatican, shall stop on the south side of the spacious area where the two magnificent fountains are in action and look up to the Pope's home. On the map our position and field of vision are given by the number 13 in a circle on the southern side of the Piazza di S. Pietro and the two lines which extend toward the northwest.

Position 13. The Vatican palace, the residence of the Pope

Bear in mind that the Vatican is more than simply the residence of the Pope, the supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church; it is the administrative center of the whole Roman Catholic Church.

Besides the Pope a number of cardinals live here all the time, and, in a way, they constitute the Pope's cabinet.

Chief among them is Cardinal Merry del Val, the present Secretary of State; then comes the Prefect of the Holy Apostolic Palaces, who controls everything connected with the Vatican and adjoining buildings; the Maggiordomo, who is the manager of the museums and galleries; the Maestro di Camera, who is the master of ceremonies and has the oversight of all audiences; the Dispenser or Papal Commissioner of all church charities; the Publishing Secretary, who has charge of the issuing of all books printed at the Vatican; a chief Steward and the Chief of the Vatican police. All of these dignitaries are cardinals. Besides these, the pope has four secretaries, and his private preacher, and his confessor, the last two being always Capuchin monks, according to a very ancient custom.

Position 13. Map 4.

In the days of Pope Pius IX, two thousand three hundred and forty-eight persons lived in the Vatican.

"Did you go to see the Pope when you were in Rome?" asked an American of a companion he happened to meet on the steamer.

"No, he didn't call on me," was the reply.

And while it is true that the Pope is not in the habit of making calls, yet it is also a well-known fact in Rome that strangers who come well introduced, even Protestants, find it easier to gain an audience than do the Italians themselves; and this is especially true of those who desire to hear the Pope say mass.

"Where are you going, brother, looking so fine with your black dress and sword?" asked one Italian of another.

"To the Sistine Chapel to hear the Pope say the *Miserere.*"

"The Swiss guard will turn you out!"

"No danger; I turned heretic yesterday."

When George Eliot was in Rome she had a special audience with the Pope, and when, afterwards, she was asked if she kneeled before him, she replied, "I most certainly did."

"Why!" exclaimed a by-stander, "I did not know that you were a Roman Catholic."

"I am not," replied the great writer, "but I have never known any one injured by an old man's blessing."

The pillars of the colonnade are seen to fine advantage from this point. Between the obelisk and the fountain nearer to us is a round slab of stone which indicates the center of the semi-circular colonnade, and from this point each series appears as one column. There is a similar stone between the obelisk

Position 13. Map 4.

and the farther fountain, standing upon which, one gets the same result.

Did you ever see a nobler shaft of stone than that stately obelisk, the only one in Rome that has never been overthrown? Pliny tells us that, in order to bring it from Egypt, Caligula sent to sea the greatest ship that ever existed in ancient times. When the obelisk reached Rome, he set it up in the Circus of Caligula at the base of the Vatican Hill. The word Vatican comes from *vates,* a soothsayer, or *vaticinium,* divination, for it was once the seat of divination under the care of the Etruscans. The obelisk, as it now stands, was erected by Sixtus V in 1586, and, therefore, is not far from its original location.

Here, on the Vatican Hill, also was the scene of the first martyrdoms, and out here the Christians stole by night to dig graves for their brethren who had sacrificed their lives for their faith. But now, overshadowing all this hallowed ground, is the majestic obelisk, once a symbol of the very heathenism that destroyed the martyrs, now standing at the portals of this world-famed church and palace, as a silent and eternal tribute to the fact that Christianity conquered paganism.

When Sixtus V in 1586 moved the obelisk to its present position, he placed the work in the care of Domenico Fontana. As the stone weighed about a million Roman pounds, he employed nine hundred workmen and thirty-five cranes. Two horses and ten men labored at each crane. The story is told that Sixtus commanded silence during the execution of the work under pain of death. When one of the ropes stretched and there was a probability of the obelisk resting in the wrong place, a workman exclaimed, "Acqua alle funi," *i.e.,* water on the ropes. This

Position 13. Map 4.

being done, the obelisk was placed correctly. The man, named Bresca, although violating the command, was honored by the Pope, and the people of his native village, S. Remo, were granted the privilege of sending the palms to Rome for Palm Sunday.

On the summit of the obelisk is the gilded bronze cross, which is prevented from swaying in the high winds by four chains fastened to the corners of the shaft and which we can plainly see, in spite of the great height, the distance to the top of the cross being one hundred and thirty-two feet.

For some time past, while we have been looking at that obelisk and catching occasional glimpses of the darkening sky beyond, I have fancied it was raining, when it was only the play of those splendid fountains. These fountains are forty-five feet in height, and when they are in full play, as we see them now, they add materially to the beauty of their surroundings.

The last time I stood in this Piazza of St. Peter's the day was far spent, I remember, and the gentle sweetness of a Roman evening was stealing over the city, giving a poetic loveliness to the obelisk and colonnades. To me the mystic murmur of the great fountains blended with the music of the long past, which never seemed altogether to die away beneath the soft and sacred shadows flung by palace and by dome.

The way into the Vatican is by a bronze door beneath the colonnade, directly back of this nearest fountain. Entering that door, at which are always stationed some of the Swiss guards wearing their picturesque costume, we walk along a great corridor toward the left and ascend a broad flight of marble

Position 13. Map 4.

steps which lead to the Sala Regia, a sumptuous apartment which we referred to when we were looking at the Vatican from the Dome of St. Peter's. Passing through this hall we turn to the left again and enter the Sistine Chapel, one of the choicest and certainly the most noted building in all the Vatican group. The red lines connected with the number 14 on the map give our position.

Position 14. The Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, where the Pope is crowned

This was erected in 1473 under Sixtus IV, after whom it was named. The chapel is one hundred and thirty-three feet long and fifty wide, with six windows on each side over the frieze.

The structure is beautiful in itself, being made so, partly by its simple and harmonious proportions, but chiefly by the great works of art that adorn its ceiling and its walls; and beautiful, too, as any cluster of diamonds or string of pearls, is that chaste and artistic marble screen near us, surmounted by eight marble lamps.

Examine those lovely panels. Could anything be more delicate than those charming little cherubs and graceful festoons! And the work on the frame of the door and on the marble posts is as dainty as any Brussels lace.

To the right is seen the gallery for the choir; at the end of the hall is a modest altar, with four marble steps. To the right of the altar, upon a raised platform, is a chair for the Pope.

Observe that there are no monuments in the chapel, its only ornamentation being the illustrious paintings with which it is completely covered.

There is no doubt that as long as the frescoes were bright and fresh there was nothing in the world that could compare with this magnificent chapel; but now that the colors are dimmed by the dampness that has played such sad havoc with the walls, what we see to-day is but the ruined splendor of its former glory. However, enough remains to show that the greatest triumphs of the world of art have been achieved in this Sistine Chapel.

It is to be regretted that it is frequently dark and gloomy here; and my experience was but the common one, since I had to go to the chapel again and again before I saw it at all perfectly. The difficulty is that most travelers cannot, as a rule, wait for ideal weather, and a sunless day or a summer storm will spoil all. We are seeing the chapel on one of Italy's most golden days.

On the walls of the chapel are paintings by many of the most celebrated artists of the fifteenth century, but everything is overshadowed by the powerful genius and overwhelming vigor displayed in the work of Michelangelo. And just as the rising of the sun puts out all the stars and fills the heavens with its own radiance, so this masterful spirit obscures all other artists, and fills the Sistine Chapel with himself.

It is universally admitted that the ceiling of this chapel contains the most perfect painting done by Michelangelo in his long and marvelously productive life, but because these frescoes are where they can only be seen with difficulty, many visit the place, and miss seeing them after all. I lay on the floor for hours studying these masterpieces, and while I was in this undignified position hundreds of tourists rushed in and out. One wealthy and portly American

Position 14. Map 4.

entered with his three daughters, glanced hastily around, and remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, as he consulted his guide book, "Ah, yes, Sistine Chapel, very fine! Well, girls, we've seen it; better be going; we lunch at two"— pulling out a heavy gold watch — "we'll just make it." And with a rustling, hardly suggestive of angels' wings, they vanished through the open door.

The painting which attracts the greatest attention is that of *The Last Judgment,* which completely fills the wall opposite us.

Michelangelo was sixty years of age when he received the commission from Pope Clement VII to paint this vast fresco. His long years of incessant devotion to his arduous work had already begun to tell upon the artist and he was loath to apply himself to this great undertaking, so, in order to induce his more hearty coöperation in its execution — for it required seven years to complete the painting — Paul III, who succeeded Clement VII as Pope, went in person to the house of the famous painter, accompanied by ten cardinals, an honor rarely conferred upon other men.

Michelangelo is said to have drawn his inspiration for this painting from two sources: from the *Inferno* of Dante, which he has practically illustrated in the lower part of the fresco, where he has introduced Charon and his boat crossing the River Styx; and from the Revelation of St. John, which inspired the upper part of the painting.

As it is badly damaged, I will describe the painting. In the upper left-hand corner under the arch is a representation of Paradise, the spirits of the blessed who throng the left side of the picture, mounting higher and higher until they attain this blessed abode.

The center of the painting is occupied by the form of the Saviour, who, influenced by the supplications of the Virgin Mary, is rewarding the good who occupy the space on his right hand (on our left), and

condemning the wicked who are on his left hand and who are dragged down by grinning demons to purgatory and even to hell itself, which is across the river and in the picture is in the lower right-hand corner.

Truly, it is a terrible and sublime work, full of emotion and of power, though the walls are cracked and broken away, and the colors faded.

When originally painted, these figures were naked, but one of the cardinals, Biagio of Cesena, who was master of ceremonies, complained to the Pope that the figures were indelicate and that they must be draped. This, Michelangelo refused to do, and, by way of retaliation, painted out one of the figures in the domain of lost souls and introduced that of Cardinal Biagio in its place.

When the cardinal found this out, he brought the matter to the attention of the Pope with the request that he command the painter to take him out of the picture. This the Pope, who evidently entered into the spirit of the thing, refused to do, on the ground that, while he had the power to release from purgatory, over hell, where the cardinal had been placed, he had no jurisdiction whatever; and so, among souls eternally lost, the cardinal is doomed to remain while Michelangelo's work shall last.

If you will look over the door at the extreme right-hand corner of the chapel, you can, even from here, make out the form of the cardinal, as it stands wrapped about with the folds of the serpent.

Afterwards the Pope employed a painter, Volterra by name, to drape the figures, and the artist who performed the task was ever after known as "Braghettone" (the breeches-maker).

Before leaving this chapel to visit the Vatican Pal-

Position 14. Map 4.

ace, take notice of the gallery, which extends along the side walls in front of the windows, a view from which gives one a very clear idea of the height of the building. Could we look out of the windows on our left we should see the dome of St. Peter's, and if out of those on our right we should look over the entire length of the Vatican Palace, as we can readily understand by consulting the map. We are in the east end of the chapel looking west. When looking over the Vatican Palace from the dome of St. Peter's (Position 5), we saw one end of the roof of this chapel directly below us on our right. It was evidently that part of the roof which covers the great painting before us.

We now traverse the length of the chapel and leave it by the farther right-hand door, over which the lost cardinal keeps his ceaseless vigil. Passing through that doorway we turn to the right, walk along the corridor near to the northern end of the palace, which stretches away directly to our right from this building, and look back in this direction. On the map of St. Peter's and the Vatican we find this next position indicated by the number 15 in a circle at the apex of the two lines connected with it.

Position 15. The grand corridor of the Vatican Library, the longest room in the world

The way to see the most of this magnificent distance is to let your glance run along the sunlit marble floor as far as possible.

By the help of our map we know we are now standing near the northern end of the long western wing of the Vatican and are looking south. If we should look out of the windows on our right, we would see

the Vatican Gardens; from the windows on our left, the Garden of the Pigna. Beyond the farthest limit of this magnificent corridor are the Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's. These rooms nearest us belong to the Museo Profano or Heathen Museum, which contains the bronze head of Augustus, a fine work of art; here, also, is a beautiful head of Venus.

The cupboards or cabinets which you see on either side of the corridor contain valuable articles, such as Greek and Roman bronzes and oriental jewelry, and even the hair of a young lady found in her sarcophagus.

How the collector of rare old volumes would revel here if he could come and choose as he liked! This section, and those beyond, contain in their numerous cabinets the Ottobonian library, purchased by Alexander VIII; the Bibliotheca Alexandrina, once belonging to the Queen of Sweden; and the manuscripts of the Popes, their correspondence and copies of their public documents, as well as the records of the official business of the Vatican.

In these rooms also are the manuscripts of the Palatine library which the Elector Maximilian presented to the Pope when the town of Heidelberg was taken in the Thirty Years' War. Here, too, is the Urbino Library, founded by the Duke Federigo da Montefeltro in 1690; and one room is filled with documents written on papyrus.

On the top of all these cabinets are placed curious urns, lamps, statuettes and altar-pieces, taken from ancient pyramid and crumbling tomb and gloomy catacomb; while the walls and ceilings are frescoed with bright and glowing scenes from the lives of the Popes, and ancient mosaic pictures of great value, the

Position 15. Map 4.

so-called *Aldobrandine Nuptials* being one of the finest ancient pictures extant. The Appartamento Borgia, filled with printed books, is shown by special permission only.

Doubtless, you have observed the small tables, one in each section, upon which manuscripts may be laid when taken from the cabinets, and the quaint chairs placed beside them.

About half-way down this hall there is an entrance toward the left into the Library of the Vatican, the southern one of the two transverse buildings which connect this long western wing of the Vatican with the long eastern wing. On the map the two red lines connected with the number 16 in a circle show our next position in the library.

Position 16. The Library of the Vatican

We are standing now with our backs to the long corridor from which we have just come, and we are facing east. Outside the windows on our right is the Court of the Belvedere, and beyond it, St. Peter's. We looked down to these windows when on St. Peter's dome (Position 5).

This is one of the most magnificent halls in the palace. It is two hundred and twenty feet long, forty-eight feet wide and twenty-nine feet high.

You will observe that down the middle of the hall are six massive pillars which support the vaulted ceilings and form a double aisle. We can see five of these pillars and the right-hand cabinet nearest us surrounds the sixth. We can also discern part of the side wall and ceiling of the right-hand aisle.

The pillars, walls and ceilings, as you cannot fail

to notice, are beautifully decorated with frescoes, and the forty-six cabinets which line the walls and surround the pillars are made of the richest and rarest wood. On the tables, floor and cabinets are displayed the costly gifts which kings and emperors have presented to the Popes.

In this library are two fine candelabra of Sevres, one of which was given to Pope Pius VII by Napoleon the Great; near by is a vase of malachite and another of marble, presented by the Czar of Russia.

In this hall also, is shown a malachite cross from Prince Demidoff, and two vases of Berlin porcelain from the Emperor of Germany, with other presents too numerous to mention, all, marble floor, rich cabinets, frescoed walls and ceilings, and precious gifts, combining to make the library one of the most splendid apartments in the world.

"But," you ask, "the books, where are the books? I thought this was a library?"

Well, so it is; and yet it is not to be wondered at that you miss the solemn and regular lines of cloth and leather book-backs with their titles that usually frown down upon you from countless shelves in great libraries. Here, as in the corridor of the Library, the books are inclosed in those cabinets yonder, and many of the volumes are in manuscript form.

It is estimated that the Vatican Library now contains two hundred and twenty thousand volumes, of which twenty-five thousand are Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac and even Chinese manuscripts.

The most famous of these manuscripts, such as the Codex Vaticanus, the Bible in Greek dating in the fourth century; a copy of Vergil written in the fifth, perhaps in the fourth century; of Terence, belonging

to the fourth or fifth century; and many other classical manuscripts and other valuable, in fact priceless books, are preserved here in elegant glass cases.

Just such a case as the one in front of us contains the celebrated Codex Vaticanus, which all the wealth of a Crœsus could not buy.

Ordinary visitors are allowed no time to carefully examine these precious manuscripts, neither are they permitted to copy them; and, as the pages are turned frequently, even scholars cannot, as Tischendorf attempted to do, commit a page to memory and then go out and write down the contents.

For several hours each day and for a few months in the year, the library may be visited by those procuring special permission, but it is to be regretted that its vast treasures are not more generally accessible to the scholars of the world. The reading-rooms are at the extreme or eastern end of this spacious hall, and when open are usually thronged with visitors.

Leaving the library by a door back of our present position, we retrace our steps into the corridor of the library and proceed to the extreme northeast corner of the palace and enter the Gallery of Statues. The red lines with the number 17 give the position on the map.

Position 17. The Gallery of Statues

This hall was once the summer-house of the popes, but Pius VI arranged it as a gallery for statuary, in recognition of the fact, that while the prominent and distinctive feature of the Vatican must ever be its religious character, yet, apart from this, it is an inexhaustible treasure-house of art, preserving for man-

kind not only the astonishing works of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel and the peerless frescoes of Raphael, but also some of the greatest works of art belonging to antiquity which lay for centuries hidden away in the soil of Italy.

This gallery into which we are now looking abounds with ancient sculpture, which has been dug from the ground by the shovel of the excavator.

Our eyes wander through the marble hall and rest upon this multitude of snowy forms, and while no word falls from the cool, smooth lips, yet they seem almost to be alive. Such strength and symmetry of figure, such beauty of outline, such grace and witchery of pose could belong only to the Greeks, and these statues are the product of Greek art.

With the Greeks, education had but two general divisions, and all culture was classed under one or the other of these: gymnastics, which included everything that related to the strengthening and harmonious development of the human form; and music, which in its broadest sense, included not singing alone but everything pertaining to the human voice and its cultivation. In this connection there would therefore be demanded the study of religion, rhetoric, logic, philosophy, history and poetry.

Nothing but the highest culture could possibly have produced the statues in this famous gallery, containing as it does, some of the greatest works of the mighty dead; for, when Rome conquered Greece, she was wise enough to absorb her great culture and utilize her highest genius.

Yet even these statues have not escaped the merciless exactions of art criticism, and while it may be true that they never were quite as flawless as we have

Position 17. Map 4.

been wont to think, it remains, nevertheless, an indisputable fact that they are the best we have. We are told that Hawthorne, bending down, took in his fingers, one day, a half-blown rose, as pure and beautiful as a thought of God, which in reality it was, and smiling radiantly, he remarked, "This is perfect! On earth, a flower only can be perfect."

Direct your glance to the center of the gallery. The alabaster urn nearest us is remarkably fine and once contained the ashes of one of the royal Julian family.

The large basin, also in the center of the hall, is of oriental alabaster, and was found near the church of SS. Apostoli; the cinerary urn, beyond the basin, has engraved upon it the names of the three children of Germanicus.

In this gallery, but outside the limits of our vision, is the famed Barberini candelabrum, the largest and the finest in existence. It was found in Hadrian's villa.

Our space will not permit us to describe the different statues in this hall; it would require a whole volume to do justice to them all, chief among which is the smiling faun (a copy of the *Faun of Praxiteles* in the Museum of the Capitol), the graceful Apollo, the beautiful Venus, and Pan, the universal god, in whose laugh echo the joys of earth.

Before leaving the palace, we must examine by itself one of its greatest works of art; and, in order to do so, we will pass through a doorway just back of our present position, and walk along the adjacent Hall of Busts, where, through the long years, patiently wait the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius; the youthful Au-

Position 17. Map 4.

gustus, with the thin lips and sharp nose; the dull, blunt-headed Hadrian, with his hair drawn down over his forehead; and the cruel Caracalla, who suggests the present-day pugilist or an Italian bandit, whom one might well dread to meet by night on a lonely road.

Then, turning to the right, we reach the Cortile del Belvedere (consult the map of the Vatican), which we cross diagonally, and, at length, in the southwest corner we find ourselves face to face with the world's greatest representation of human emotion, the *Laocoon.*

Position 18. Agony—The famous group of Laocoon

This was discovered on the Esquiline, in 1506, when Julian II was pope. Subsequently, it narrowly escaped being destroyed by Adrian VI, who, when he beheld it, turned away shuddering, as he exclaimed, "idol of the pagans!" The group is in Pentelic marble and consists of several blocks of stone. The three uplifted arms have been restored, by Cornacchini and Montorsoli, not, however, by Michelangelo, as some have said.

It was formerly thought that this was the group which stood in Titus' palace, referred to by Pliny in his thirty-sixth book: "The fame of many sculptors is less diffused, because the number employed upon great works prevented the celebrity of each; for there is no one artist to receive the honor of the work, and where there are more than one, they cannot all obtain an equal fame. Of this, the *Laocoon* is an example, which stands in the palace of the Emperor Titus, a work which may be considered superior to all other productions, both in painting and statuary. The

Position 18. Map 4.

whole group,— the father, the boys and the awful folds of the serpent,— were formed out of a single block, in accordance with a vote of the senate, by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, Rhodian sculptors of the highest merit."

Notwithstanding the fact that the three names mentioned above are cut on the figures of this group, modern art criticism is almost unanimously agreed that what we have here is not the original, but a most wonderful copy; and this opinion is strengthened by the fact that this group is made from several blocks of marble.

Shelley's estimate of this work was that "nothing in antiquity could surpass it." As a group, it certainly stands unrivaled. Michelangelo was a master judge and he declared it to be "a marvel of art."

The more carefully and patiently we study it the more we appreciate its pre-eminence in the world of art.

At the outset, a superficial designation of the work would be, that we have here a father and his two sons, strangled by serpents, at the command of the enraged Apollo. Now, as we examine it more minutely, we discover intense physical agony, against which the father rebels with his whole soul and which is depicted on his noble face. In the posture of his body, in the swelling of his muscles, in the heaving of his chest, there is more than a mighty effort to free himself from the crushing slimy folds; there is also the working of the deadly poison which is fast making its way to the heart, the citadel of the man's life. And, as he feels the battle going against him, an unutterable anguish fills his soul.

As for the boys, two emotions are portrayed in

their attitude and expression: first, overwhelming despair, in which, with uplifted hands, they appeal for help to their father; and second, filial devotion, as, with infinite compassion, they witness his appalling sufferings. This is strikingly apparent in the face of the elder boy, whose eyes are fixed on his father's face with a passionate gaze; observe that his lips are partly open as if to utter some cry of love or tender sympathy. Yet all the time his own body is aflame with poison and quivering with pain, but he only indicates his agony by the uplifting of the left foot from which he strives in vain to thrust off the fold of the serpent.

The younger brother is in the last throes of anguish, his right hand is raised despairingly, his left clutches the serpent's head, his beautiful face already suggests death; a heart-breaking, soul-wrenching shriek, and the eyes will close, the head will fall back and the battle will be over.

> "Go see
> Laocoon's torture, dignifying pain —
> A father's love and mortal agony
> With an immortal patience blending!"

Suppose now, we leave this group, step out into the glad Italian sunshine, and take a look at one of the fairest spots in the Vatican Gardens. We leave the Palace by the door almost directly west of the Court of the Belvedere (marked "entrance" on the map), and enter the Court of the Archives, and standing at the point indicated by the apex of the angle made by the two red lines at which is the number 19, we look away from the Palace into the midst of the Gardens.

Position 18. Map 4.

Position 19. Bower of St. Anthony, Vatican gardens

In this lovely seclusion, we will not find it hard to forget the illusive hopes and stormy raptures of human life, which, as with *Laocoon,* are too often followed by the reaction of intense pain and crushing despair.

We may feast our eyes on this lovely vista shut in by partitions of box and laurel, high as groves of oak. If we had time to linger here, we might form the acquaintance of those two young priests who are enjoying this cool retreat.

Just such avenues as this cross and recross one another in all parts of the garden, but some are lined with orange-trees cut into hedges, in which the golden fruit and the perfumed alabaster blossoms give a delightful animation to the foliage.

Here, in this bower before us, are some old olive trees, the huge branches of one of them extending almost over our heads, and the other beside which that young priest is standing, has been propped up. To my mind, the olive is one of the most fascinating of trees, its gnarled and twisted trunk covered with coarse-ribbed bark looks like a warrior's armor battered in a hundred fights; and its wealth of silver-gray leaves gives a tender and poetic hue to any landscape.

In this world-famed garden, here and there along shady paths specked with sunshine sifting through the overhanging leaves, one comes upon picturesque grottoes, fairy-like summer-houses, and even antique tombs; and sometimes, as in this place to our right, a gardener's cottage covered with tiles.

Beside these numerous avenues there is a drive of

Position 19. Map 4.

two and a half miles around the garden, and this is frequently enjoyed by the Pope. When out driving it is his custom to stop the carriage and take a short walk. In order that he may be undisturbed in his rambles, visitors are rigorously excluded from the gardens, although from the dome of St. Peter's, which casts its vast shadow over the Vatican grounds, one occasionally catches a glimpse of the pontiff in his brief strolls.

There is nothing remarkable or unusual about this Eden of the Pope, but the spell it weaves over the soul is the result of a happy combination of light and color, of grove and fountain, of cooling shade and musical stream and luscious fruit; while the air, even in midwinter, is perfumed with the fragrance of the flowers. So restful and satisfying is it all, that it would seem impossible for the most fastidious taste to suggest any improvement in its delightful arrangement.

For a considerable time we have been giving our attention to the great center of Rome's religious power, now we turn again to places and ruins made famous during the years of her political supremacy as well. Our first halting place will be before the Castle of St. Angelo, little more than half a mile east of St. Peter's. On the large map of modern Rome we find the number 20 in a circle on the lower side of the Tiber in front of the castle and the two red lines which branch from that place toward the north.

Therefore let us go down once more to the Tiber and examine some structures that more than any now existing are identified with the warlike days of Rome.

Position 20. Map 2.

Position 20. The Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo

That is a fine bridge for one that has spanned the river for eighteen hundred years. When built in A. D. 136, it was called the Pons Aelius, and it was the purpose of Hadrian, who constructed it, to have it used simply as an approach to his magnificent mausoleum, as another bridge was opened to the public near by. While you can count but five arches to the bridge, one between each of the statues, originally there were eight, but the three not seen have been built into the embankment. The bridge, as it stands to-day, is ancient, except its parapets.

The statue nearest us, at the beginning of the left-hand parapet, represents the Apostle Paul and is by Paolo Romano; opposite to it, but not seen from here, is one of the Apostle Peter by Lorenzetto. The other ten colossal statues are of angels, by Bernini, dating 1668. These designs were made in accordance with the purpose of Clement IX, that "an avenue of the heavenly host should be assembled to welcome the pilgrims to the shrine of the Great Apostle," referring to this bridge as the approach to the church of St. Peter.

Beyond this bridge is the renowned Castle of St. Angelo. Originally a tomb, the massive structure was built by the Emperor Hadrian for himself and his successors, because the last niche in the grand mausoleum of Augustus was filled when the ashes of Nerva were placed there.

This imposing tomb contained, in addition to the above, the ashes of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, Lucius Verus, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus and Septimius Severus; the ashes of the last named being placed in an urn of gold inclosed in alabaster.

Position 20. Map 2.

The construction of this imperial mausoleum was characterized by a solidity and a splendor of which, in its present state, we can form but an imperfect idea. First, there was a huge foundation of stone, now concealed by rubbish, three hundred and forty-two feet square. From this arose a circular tower of travertine, two hundred and forty feet in diameter and covered with the richest Parian marble. The circumference of the vast rotunda had pilasters, surmounted with a circle of Greek statues, the whole resting on a base of marble decorated with festoons and engraved with sepulchral inscriptions.

Facing the cardinal points of the compass were four colossal equestrian groups in gilt bronze, while the whole structure was crowned by a gigantic bronze statue of Hadrian, only the head of which has been preserved, and is now in the Vatican Museum. Others maintain that not the statue of Hadrian but the pine cone in the Pigna Garden of the Vatican was on the summit of the tomb.

In the reign of Hadrian, Rome attained its greatest height of architectural grandeur and the decline of the city dates from his time.

In 537, A. D., this wonderful structure was still in a fine state of preservation, but the Goths, under Vitigis, having attacked the city, the tomb was turned into a fortress and its statues were broken in order to hurl the pieces on the assailants, and from that day to the present time, it has been the scene of more combat and bloodshed than any other spot in Rome. Often have the storm-clouds of war burst over its head in fearful horror and terrific force, and quite as often has the Tiber flowed a river of blood at its feet. Observe how the lower parts of its walls are battered

Position 20. Map 2.

from the pounding of huge catapults and other weapons of conflict.

In the year 590, Pope Gregory the Great headed a procession, walking with naked feet through the streets of the city, then decimated by a plague. As he reached this bridge, bemoaning the misery of the city, suddenly above the castle he saw, it is said, starting out from the clouds, the radiant form of the Archangel Michael, who was in the act of sheathing his fiery sword. This became to the Pope a symbol of hope; and, indeed, the plague is said to have ceased almost immediately.

The bronze statue representing the angel with outstretched wings sheathing his sword, which we now see on the top of the castle and from which the castle derives its name, is in commemoration of this event. The statue is a prodigious affair, but whether worthy of special praise or not, I cannot say, for it is too far away to tell; nevertheless, it serves its purpose well, which is to call to mind the vision.

Have you observed in looking at the castle that it is surrounded by another wall? Look at the angel on the parapet of the bridge — the one nearest the castle. We know, for we mentioned it before, that the angel is ten feet high, and bearing this in mind we can readily conclude that the wall must be about forty feet in height; and we are right. Now we have a standard by which to measure the height of the castle itself. Each one can do this on his own account, for our purpose should be to look for ourselves. There is a world of inspiration, pleasure and instruction in scenes like these, if only we *know how to see,* and this simple, comparative method is a most important element in the problem.

Position 20. Map 2.

There was probably in the old days some structure surmounting the great cylindrical one, only much smaller of course, but the superstructure which contains the clock, as we see it now — and if you examine it, you will agree with me that it is quite enormous in size — is of modern origin.

The ancient entrance to the tomb, as was before remarked, is near the middle height of the structure, and was approached by stone steps set into the wall of the mausoleum.

On entering to-day, you find yourself in a vaulted and inclined passage-way, both lofty and broad, which circles around the whole interior of the structure in spiral form, from the base to the summit. For long centuries this passage-way was filled with débris and men forgot its existence.

Starting at the top and groping your way through the increasing darkness, led only by the light of a single torch twinkling in the cavernous gloom, it is not to be wondered at that you imagine that you see the ghosts of the illustrious dead whose ashes were deposited there; and hear, long before you reach the bottom of the vast castle, the piteous cries of the poor victims once imprisoned in its dungeons.

This passage-way is thirty feet wide and eleven feet high, and two carriages could be driven abreast in it; the walls are reeking with slime as though they were hundreds of feet below the ground, and at every step the pavement oozes beneath one's feet. Originally, the walls of this giant hallway were lined with precious marble, and its floor was paved with costly mosaics, portions of which may still be found under the accumulated dirt.

For a small gratuity, the guide takes an old marble

Position 20. Map 2.

cannon-ball — and there are many of them piled up on the top of the castle — and, with all his force, sends it bounding down the hollow, curving way, resounding and bellowing, awakening thunderous echoes, until at last, it dies away in one final crash that seems to issue from the very depths of the earth.

Within the castle is shown the dungeon where Beatrice Cenci — whose portrait, painted by Guido Reni in the Barberini Palace is characterized by Hawthorne as "the most profoundly wrought picture in the world" — is said to have been imprisoned for more than a year. There, also, is shown the cell of Benvenuto Cellini, the artist-soldier and necromancer; and it is interesting to see the place, in the center of the tomb and lighted from above, where Hadrian's ashes were deposited, and where they were discovered more than a thousand years ago, when they were taken out and scattered to the winds of heaven.

A grand and enduring old structure is this, and never but once has it been taken by force. Intricate and formidable it is, even to-day, with its ancient drawbridges, its broad esplanades and its pyramids of old marble cannon-balls.

Doubtless, you have been wondering to what use that superstructure, which you see graced by a clock, can be put. Well, the floor on a level with the upper half of the clock, is utilized as a prison. There the heat down-pouring on the flat roof would be unendurable, were it not for the cooling breeze and the extended view — one of the finest that can be enjoyed in Rome. The lower floor is used as officers' quarters and contains accommodations for soldiers to the extent of a hundred beds.

Have you overlooked that old bell to the left of

Position 20. Map 3.

the angel? It does not seem to amount to much, but if it were upon the ground beside you it would appear, as it really is, one of the largest bells in Rome. Often has it rung out in times of danger and alarm.

More than three hundred years ago many works of art were found in the moat surrounding the castle. There were the bronze head of Hadrian, now in the Vatican; the *Barberini Faun,* now in Munich, and the *Dancing Faun* of the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence; all of which, together with others less noted, were disturbed from their long interment of more than twelve hundred years.

I know not how others feel, but as for myself, when looking at the grim, savage, old mausoleum, rising with royal mien upon its solid foundation of unshaken rock, its sides dented and scarred by every conceivable weapon of war, I seem to disregard entirely the white, glistening, snowy tomb of the great Emperor, and think, alone, of the gloomy, majestic castle; and I find myself thinking how strange would be the tale and how fascinating the story, if it could speak. It could tell of garrisons that have kept ward on its ramparts, and could portray the tragedies of those lion-hearted warriors who scaled its mighty walls, only to be hurled back over its battlements, or who lingered through a long, dark night, in its foul and narrow dungeons. I have often rejoiced as I have crossed the Pons Aelius and wended my way homeward, that my journey hither was not taken in those far-off turbulent days.

We will now take our stand a short distance to the right of our present position, a little farther up the river, in order to get one of the most unique views in

Position 20. Map 2.

Rome — a view of the greatest castle, the greatest palace and the greatest church in the world. We shall be looking, as the number 21 and the red lines on the map of Rome show, practically to the west.

Position 21. The Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's Church

How the dome seems to tower into the clouds! Just to the right of it, over the houses near us, can be seen the Vatican palace, with its upper windows and broad, sloping roofs.

From this point of view the superstructure of the castle may be seen to good advantage, but, perhaps, not so much can be said of the angel, who has more the appearance of an eagle than of a celestial being.

One who is looking at this place will probably have several questions to ask at once, and one is, "What bridge is that just before us?" And if I answer, as I shall, the Pons Aelius, the same in front of which we were standing in our last position, you will reply: "But the bridge looks so different, this one has high curving superstructure of iron work, and the bridge we saw before had only marble parapets." You are partly right. But look again, this time more carefully, and you will recognize the parapet nearest us, which may be seen plainly where the bridge approaches the opposite bank, as belonging to the Pons Aelius, the forms of its angels standing out some distance this side of the iron superstructure which belongs to another bridge beyond. The more distant iron bridge is of modern construction and was built to relieve the strain on the Pons Aelius, when it was discovered that the middle arches of the old bridge were giving away under the weight of nearly eighteen hundred

years, during which it has braved tempest and earthquake and the shock of battle.

Looking at the older bridge now, I can but call to mind the incident in the life of the famous Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, whose father was a stonemason, and one who had in his soul the spirit of the Romans even if their blood did not flow in his veins. "Ah, father," he said musingly, patting the stone butments of a bridge his father had constructed many years before over a rushing mountain stream among the highlands of Scotland, "your bridges will last longer than my books."

And indeed, how few books, though written by the greatest intellects in ancient Rome, have lasted as long as this grand old bridge.

Again we will move away from the great dome, for by thus changing our position we shall the more fully appreciate its beauty and grandeur. This time we will go to the Pincian Hill, one of the most delightful spots in Rome. We saw the tree-filled gardens on the hill in the distance to our left when looking from St. Peter's (Position 4). On the map some distance north of our present position we find the Piazza del Popolo. On the terrace northeast of that space is the number 22 in a circle with two bounding lines for our next field of vision branching toward the southwest.

Position 22. Looking southwest from Monte Pincio —St. Peter's in the distance

There is the Piazza del Popolo just below us. This Circle and the Pincio Gardens behind us are used as the public promenade of the city; its charming avenues and shady paths are brightened by the glint of the

Position 22. Map 2.

sunshine upon the busts and statues of distinguished Romans which are found on every hand.

On pleasant afternoons, a bright and lively throng of people resorts to this fascinating place, and elegant equipages roll along and riders dash by on handsomely caparisoned horses, while a military band dispenses animated music that penetrates to the remotest part of the garden, and even to the busy streets of the city below.

We have advanced to the parapet of the Pincio, and the prospect from this terrace is one of the most interesting to be seen anywhere in the world. Grey, who wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," entered Rome, in 1739, by the Porta del Popolo, which is just to our right, and stood where we are now standing; and as he looked out over the city he enthusiastically exclaimed that this view was the most picturesque and noble he had ever imagined.

The center of the Piazza del Popolo below us is the position of that fine obelisk, which might be seen entirely if it were not for this Roman who so contentedly sits on the stone coping. The obelisk, whose hieroglyphics we see even from our present position, was brought to Rome by the Emperor Augustus, who placed it in the Circus Maximus, as a gift to the Sun, and it was set up in this Piazza, by Sixtus V, in 1587. As the symbol of the sun, it originally had a blazing orb at its summit. Its stay in Rome, although two thousand years in duration, is but a part of its history, for it was hewn in long past ages and originally set in position beside the Nile, perhaps many years before Romulus built the walls of his city.

The first day I was in Rome I came with three companions to this Piazza, and we stood near this shaft.

There is no better starting point for a stranger in all the city.

The church which you see facing the piazza on the left, is the Church of S. Maria de' Miracoli, and the street between it and that fine corner building opposite is the Via di Ripetta, along which we walked when we went to see the Castle of St. Angelo and St. Peter's. Leading from out that street, toward the river, several blocks from here, is the Via dell' Orso, on which stood for centuries the famous Bear Hotel. Montague stayed there, and Dante made it his home whenever he came to Rome, as he frequently did, in the capacity of ambassador of Florence to the Pope of Rome.

Between the church just referred to and the corner of the building seen to the extreme left is another church, that of S. Maria di Monte Santo. The street which separates the two churches is the famous Corso, which leads to the Capitol and the Roman Forum. You can see its long, straight course on the map. The Corso was the great center of attraction in the gay and festive days of the Carnival, when a window facing upon the street brought a fabulous price.

Between these two churches, at the time of the Carnival, cables were stretched across the entrance to the Corso, and there in the square were placed horses without harness or bridles, without riders, free as when they roamed the desert. Restively they wandered to and fro in the narrow space allotted to them. The street was cleared, and at a given signal, the cables were dropped, and with lash or burning fagot, the steeds were started down the long narrow Corso, the houses on either side being filled with life and tumult as the terrified animals rushed by.

At the other end of the Corso was the balcony where

Position 22. Map 2.

the senators sat, and that was the goal. The owner of the winning horse received the prize, the expense of which was borne by the Jews in Rome, as it has been even from the time of the Middle Ages when they were compelled to render tribute as a substitute for feudal service. It was this wild horse race that gave the street its name — the Corso, the course.

Gœthe, in his visit to Rome, lived in an apartment in the house 15–20 Via del Corso, only a few steps from this Piazza. He used to style himself while here, "The man who lives across the way from the Rondanini Palace." This palace can be seen on the map two blocks from this square. Charles VIII, when here, dwelt at the other end of the Corso in the great Venetian Palace.

Readers of Hawthorne's fascinating and instructive romance, *The Marble Faun* (or in England, *Transformation*), will call to mind with singular interest the author's reference to Hilda's Tower. It is situated in an out-of-the-way corner of the city in a short, narrow street, the Via Portoghese which, as you can ascertain from the map, is just west of the Corso a half mile to our left. It is one of those medieval watch towers that abound in Rome. The Romans call it the Tower of the Monkey from the legend, that, years ago, a monkey seized a child on the street and climbed with it to the summit of the tower, while the parents vowed that if ever they received the child unharmed, they would erect a shrine to the Virgin. Thereupon, to the surprise of all, the monkey brought down the child, and, as a result, the shrine was erected.

The street between this second church, which we do not see, and the corner of the building seen to our extreme left is the Via di Babuino, and leads into the Piazza di Spagna, scarcely more than a quarter of a mile from us, the center of the English and American colonies in Rome.

Beside the Piazza San Pietro, three piazzas in Rome are world-famous, the Piazza di Trevi, this Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Spagna.

In 1817 Byron paid a visit to the city and lived in No. 85 Piazza di Spagna; and at No. 26, in the same square, the gifted English poet, John Keats, died.

Adjacent to this Piazza del Popolo to our right beyond the range of our vision (see map), is the highly ornate and elegant church of S. Maria del Popolo. In the convent beside this church, Luther lived during his stay in Rome. Here he attended mass upon his arrival in the city and here, also, he celebrated it for the last time before he departed for his home.

Right at the foot of the terrace in front of us, between our position and the piazza, at the base of what then was called "the Hill of Gardens," the Emperor Nero was buried A. D. 68. His tomb was of porphyry, having a richly adorned altar of Luna marble and was surrounded by a superb balustrade of Thasos marble. No trace of it remains at the present day. Some authorities place the site of Nero's tomb where the church of S. Maria del Popolo now stands, and there is a legend which says that out of this tomb grew a huge walnut tree which became the resort of innumerable crows — so numerous that, at times, those living in the neighborhood often mistook the flock for a storm cloud. Paschal II dreamed that these crows were demons and that he was commanded by the Holy Virgin to cut the tree down and build a church on the spot, which he did 1099 A. D., the Church of S. Maria del Popolo.

Out through the Porta del Popolo to our right, beside the church of the same name, is the road which leads around to the north and behind us to the

Position 22. Map 2.

Borghese Villa and Gardens (plainly seen on the map), Raphael's favorite resort, and a delightful place for a stroll when one is satiated with the ruins and palaces of the city. There the flowers bloom most sweetly and the fountains toss their streams of bending light into the fragrant air; and there, it was my privilege, one glorious day in early summer, to meet King Humbert and Queen Marguerite and the present King, then the Prince of Naples, all of whom, in return for my salute, greeted me with a pleasant bow. And there, too, is a beautiful palace, the Villa Borghese, to which we have referred and which will well repay a visit.

Through this square at our feet, too, we remember, ran the old Flaminian Way, over which Cæsar and his legions passed backward and forth on their way to and from Gaul.

But in that wide expanse before us, with splendid hotels and fine modern edifices, two imposing structures claim all our attention and fill the whole horizon. One is the Castle of St. Angelo. And where is it, do you ask? Let us trace it out together, and then, look almost where you will, you cannot fail to see it.

We will start with that corner house opposite the Church of S. Maria de 'Miracoli, the one facing the piazza on our left. Then, beginning at the left-hand corner of the building, look over the third window of the top floor to the whitened end of that structure, a short distance beyond. Now, look over that white wall, and beyond it, toward the distant Janiculum Hill, where St. Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom, and you will see a tall structure whitening in sunlight, surmounted by a piece of statuary, rising above the

Position 22. Map 2.

skyline; beneath this structure, which is, in reality, a superstructure, you can discern, if you examine it closely, the embattled summit of a huge fortress — that is the Castle of St. Angelo.

To the right of the Castle of St. Angelo, at the northern extremity of the Janiculum Hill, is seen the Villa Barberini again, surrounded by its gardens. In that section were the house and gardens of Sallust, which was probably destroyed by fire A. D. 410, though portions of it still remain. One cannot but regret that the growth of the modern city is crowding this memorable spot and obliterating so much that is of historic value.

But, overshadowing everything else, is that stately pile of buildings surmounted by a dome so vast and grand that it seems impossible that it can be the work of men's hands. Near the church you cannot appreciate its grandeur, because the portion nearest to you absorbs your thought and dwarfs your conception of the whole; but, standing at this distance, we can get the proper perspective and see the magnificent proportions of what is perhaps the most majestic structure ever built by the hand of man. To the left of the church and the Vatican is seen a portion of the wall of Leo IV, and if you will look up the street to the right of the obelisk, straight in front of us, you will see a tower built on this wall. This tower is now used as an observatory, and is one hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea, and commands an unlimited view over the Campagna and the coast. The wall was constructed for the defense of the Vatican Palace and St. Peter's as a result of the first Saracenic invasion, 846 A. D. It was evidently the intention of Leo to imitate the Aurelian walls inclosing the city,

Position 22. Map 2.

and in order to prosecute the work laborers were drafted from every town and monastery in Italy, the Pope continually encouraging the builders by his presence. The walls are twelve feet thick and vary in height from fifty-three feet to seventy-seven feet in more exposed places, and are crowned with round towers at regular intervals.

What person having sat and dreamed under the noble, wide-spreading trees that abound on the Pincio, back of us, and having looked out over this historic spot, can ever forget this magnificent scene? Nearest us are the modern buildings, and beyond are the old city's peaked and mossy roofs clustering one above another, covering the vast plain out from which rise the stern old castle and the myriad domes, above whose center, like a celestial city set on a hill of purple, towers the sublime Church of Christendom, vast as if sculptured by the giants of prehistoric ages, and beautiful as though touched and garnished by angels' hands. It is a prospect contemplating which one is disposed to linger, and when at length we turn away it is with the conviction that we must be going, but we cannot say that we are glad to be gone.

We shall now direct our attention to the most ancient, and, in many respects, the most remarkable building now standing in Rome. We find its position on the map a mile south of us, a few blocks west of the Corso. The red lines there show that we are to stand on the north of the Pantheon and look slightly east of south.

Position 22. Map 2.

Position 23. "Sanctuary and home of Art and Piety —Pantheon; pride of Rome"

We can readily read the inscription, except the letter "A" and part of the letter "G," on the frieze of the portico — M. Agrippa L. F. Cos. Tertium Fecit — which informs us that the building was erected by Marcus Agrippa in his third consulate on this spot, 27 B. C. The building was consecrated as a temple to Mars and Venus and was filled with statues of gods, and also contained one of Julius Cæsar. The original building, which was rectangular in shape, was burnt down in the year 80, in the reign of Titus, and rebuilt by Domitian. It was again destroyed by fire in 110 in the reign of Trajan, but rebuilt by Hadrian in the year 120 A. D. Still, the columns, capitals and entablature of the portico with the inscription to which we have referred, belong to the original structure.

In 608, Boniface IV consecrated the Pantheon as a Christian church and called it Santa Maria ad Martyres, and to this circumstance alone is due the fact that it remains to the present day the best preserved monument of ancient Rome. It was to commemorate this dedication and to Christianize the name of the Pantheon (all gods) that the Pope instituted the Feast of All Saints, which occurs on the 1st of November each year. It is to be regretted that in 655 A. D. Constance II took off the greater part of the bronze tiles that covered the roof and intended to remove them to Constantinople, but they fell into the hands of the Saracens. Urban VII finished up this work of plunder by melting down the tiles that Constance had left for the twisted bronze columns of the High Altar of St. Peter's. According to Lanciani

Position 23. Map 2.

it was used only for the guns of the Castle of St. Angelo.

As you see, the portico is supported by sixteen columns, eight of which are in the front row, the earliest examples of the Corinthian order in Rome. All the columns are original and in the same position in which they were placed by the hand of Hadrian's builders, except the three on our left. The extreme left-hand column in the front row was erected by Urban VIII in 1627, and contains his emblem, a Barberini bee on the capital. Each of these columns is composed of a single block of Egyptian granite, and is forty-six and one-half feet high and five feet in diameter. All but one of those in the front row are gray, the rest of the columns are red. The dimensions of the building are so harmonious, that they are deceptive, causing it to appear smaller than it really is, for in truth it is a building of considerable size. An idea of the exact size of the structure can best be obtained by comparing it with the five-story building seen first to the left; you cannot fail to notice how the dome of the Pantheon towers above them. The interior is a rotunda one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter; the portico is one hundred and ten feet long, and forty-four feet deep. On the left of the door as you enter the building is an inscription recording the fact that Urban VIII, in 1632, melted the remains of the bronze roof for the construction of the baldacchino on the High Altar at St. Peter's, and that it was also made into cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo. About two hundred tons of bronze were removed from the roof of the Pantheon at that time. It is well that the plunderers left intact the bronze rim of the circular opening in the dome, otherwise the stability of the

dome itself would have been imperiled. What a scene of indescribable magnificence this wonderful building must have presented to the eye with its freshly gleaming red and gray granite pillars and its pilasters and polished walls of rarest marble, surmounted by its gilded dome flashing in the sunlight! You can see the marble casing of the doorway and also the high marble doors, which I am glad the despoilers were generous enough to leave unmolested. That doorway is thirty-nine feet high and nineteen feet wide. Over it is the ancient bronze grating which has been preserved intact. On either side of the entrance there stood, originally, bronze statues of Augustus and Agrippa, but only the niches remain.

Those old grey walls, battered by the storms and ravages of the long centuries, have almost an air of human weariness about them, as though they realized that they belonged to the one structure in Rome that is apparently doomed to abide forever, since it stands alone among the remains of the ancient city, surveying the ruin that has seized upon temple and tower and stately arch. Contemplating this unique building, it is certainly a matter for congratulation that its pillars are still majestic, while its comrades in architecture, reared in that far imperial time — even the most massive of them — have left but

> "Two or three columns and many a stone,
> Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown."

We pause in admiration before the matchless structure; more than two thousand years have passed over this building, and we do not seem, with all our skill and science, to be able to build another like it.

The walls of the Pantheon are twenty feet thick,

Position 23. Map 2.

constructed of solid concrete. Originally, they were faced with marble, but this has been torn off and used to beautify churches in the city, leaving them, as you now see, grim and rough, and pierced with holes, into which were inserted the bronze clamps that fastened the marble slabs.

Wandering over its ample pavement, it is pleasant for us to look up at the circular opening in the dome, twenty-eight feet in diameter, by which the edifice is lighted, and see the summer clouds float across it; and when they have glided on, to behold the entire circle of sunny blue, and the great slanting beams of sunshine, visible all the way down to the floor.

The Pantheon contains the busts, and, in some instances the bodies, of many of the celebrated men of Italy. Raphael, who had greatly admired this building, is buried here,* and inscribed on his tomb is this epigram by Cardinal Bembo:

> "Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works; and, dying, fears herself to die."

Here are also buried Victor Emmanuel and the late King Humbert.

When King Humbert was buried here, a greater pageant for a funeral had not been seen in Rome for many centuries. The representatives of a hundred Italian cities, bearing countless banners on which were blazoned coats of arms; ecclesiastics in their rich and impressive regalia; and many thousands of soldiers in their brilliant uniforms, all united to render honor

* "Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon was opened in 1833, and the bones of the immortal painter were discovered behind the altar of the chapel in which they were deposited."—Arnold's *Passages in a Wandering Life.*

to the dead, and to impress the world with the great truth, that has been so often taught here before, that

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Before leaving this place let me call your attention to the fact that this square in front of the Pantheon is called the Piazza della Rotunda. That small obelisk, surmounted by a cross, with the sculptured base and fountain, which you see in the center of the square, is of Egyptian granite nearly twenty feet high, and is of the time of Psammeticus I in the seventh century, B. C. It formerly stood in the Piazzetta in front of S. Macuto, close to the Church of S. Ignazio, one street to our left, where it had been placed by Paul V. It was removed to this spot by Clement XI.

You observe that this fountain is surrounded by a railing, something contrary to the usual custom in Rome. The purpose of it is not so much to keep the public beyond the reach of its water as to prevent the numerous vehicles that frequent the square from doing it damage.

Not even a casual visitor in Rome can leave the city after his brief stay, without having become acquainted with the fact that, apart from churches, the distinctive feature of modern Rome is its fountains. Upon them have often been lavished the purest and tenderest elements of Italian art. Go where you will in the Eternal City, you are never out of the sound of falling water, and never at a loss where to slake your thirst in the hot and sultry noontime.

While we are gazing at that fountain it will be interesting for us to note that a short distance on our left in a north-

Position 23. Map 2.

easterly direction, is the famous fountain of Trevi erected by Clement XII in 1735, with blocks of marble that originally formed the facing of the tomb of Caecilia Metelia, which we shall see later on. Associated with that fountain is the old legend that, if you visit it in the full of the moon the last night of your stay in Rome and drop a coin into its capacious basin and drink of its waters, you will return again, no matter how far distant your feet may stray.

Seated together at our last dinner, some one of our company of four recalled this ancient saying, and as, to our delight, the moon happened to be at the full, we determined to try the experiment, for we had spent many days in the grand old city and would be glad to see it again. So we set out, arm in arm, four abreast where the streets and absence of crowds permitted, and two abreast where they did not; and long before we reached the fountain its rhythmical cadences were falling on our ears. Ranged about the broad brim of the basin, the silvery light of the moon pouring down upon us and flooding everything with a dreamful radiance, we thrust our hands into our pockets and each took out a small coin and dropped it into the foaming water; then, stooping down, we took a long, deep draught of the pure cold water and turned away, wondering what the long years would bring us, and whether, ever again, we would stand beside the fountain and drink of its bright and laughing waters.

We pass on, now, more than a third of a mile beyond those houses to the left of the Pantheon, to the great center of Roman life, the Capitoline Hill and the Forum. That section, which we are about to visit, was by far the most important part of the city all the way down through the centuries of the Kings, the Republic and the Empire. Since the fall of the Empire it has been one of the most deserted sections of Rome. We are to go first to the Capitoline, the hill of the Kings and the Republic; afterwards we shall see the Palatine, the hill of the Empire.

On the general map of Rome we find our next position given a few inches below and to the right of the

Position 23. Map 2.

Pantheon, by the number 24 in a circle and the two red lines which start at the end of the street, Via di Aracoeli, at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, on the northwestern side, and extend toward the southeast. It is evident that when standing in that place the Island of the Tiber will be less than one-third of a mile from us on our right.

That position before the Capitoline Hill is given in much more detail on the special map of the Roman Forum (Map 5), which we shall now need to use constantly for some time. In the extreme upper left-hand corner of this Forum map we find the Piazza Aracoeli. To the right, above a flight of steps, is the Piazza del Campidoglio — the square that occupies the very center of the Capitoline summit. Above this square on the map is the Museo Capitolino (Capitoline Museum), and below it the Palazzo or Palace of the Conservators, while to the right is the Palace of the Senators, the Capitol building itself. We are to stand, as the red lines show, a little farther to the left in the Piazza Aracoeli, and look toward the right.

Position 24. Palace of the Senators and Capitol Tower—Site of the Tabularium

There is the Palace of the Senators or the Capitol, beyond those stairs, with the tower rising above it. When on the Janiculum Hill (Position 2) we saw this tower, but we were not able to distinguish its clock. On our left, above the shrubbery, we catch sight of the Capitoline Museum; and on the right, a small section of the Palace of the Conservators. Ah! This is Rome indeed! It seems as though we must have felt that this was Rome if we had never seen a single object or building here before. But in what

Position 24. Map 5.

place ought we to get a greater multitude of suggestions of the Roman spirit? This slight elevation has the greatest past of all the Seven Hills of the Eternal City. And then it is in the midst of world-famed places. Let us think of our surroundings here, for we are in the very heart of Rome. We are looking toward the southeast. Directly off to our right, as we noticed on the general map, is the Tiber with its island. Back of us is the Pantheon, with the whole field of the Campus Martius, and further back are the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's and the Vatican. To our left, half a mile away, is the royal palace of the king, but just beyond this Capitol building is the Roman Forum, and only half a mile away in that direction is the Colosseum. Beyond this Capitol, to the right, is the Palatine Hill, and still farther to the right are the great Circus Maximus and the Aventine. And yet, with so much of importance all about it, this small hill upon which we are gazing has been able to attract and hold the interest of the world for many centuries. Only a small part of the structures that we see here has come down to us from ancient times. This place had a very different appearance when it was the scene of many of Rome's earliest glories.

The Capitoline Hill has always consisted of three distinct parts, two summits with a depression in the center. The depression (98 ft.) is the part just before us. The eminence situated off to our left, to the north, is known as the Aracoeli (164 ft.), and to our right or south, is the site of the Caffarelli Palace (156 ft.).

After establishing himself upon the Palatine Hill, it is said, you remember, that Romulus founded an asylum on this hill for fugitives of all kinds. Later the Sabines came and at-

tacked the fortress thus set up. A girl, Tarpeia, was attracted by the ornaments worn by the soldiers, and in return for a promise of what they wore on their arms she opened the gates. The story is that she was crushed by the shields, also worn on the soldiers' arms. The hill now became known as the Mons Tarpeius, and remained in control of the Sabines for some time until the death of their king, Tatius, when Romulus again extended his government over it. The last of the kings, Tarquinius Superbus, built the great temple of Jupiter on the southern eminence off to our right. Some tell the story that while they were digging the foundations the head of a man was found, which one of the Etruscan augurs said meant that Rome was to become the head of Italy. The people accepted this interpretation and at once changed the name of the hill to Capitolinus (*caput*, head), a name which it has held ever since. The temple was dedicated in 509 B. C., the first year of the Republic, and was really three temples in one, the shrine of Jupiter being in the center, with one for Juno on one side and for Minerva on the other. This was the most sacred of all the shrines of ancient Rome. It was burned down during the Civil War in 83 B. C., and again during the struggle between the Emperors Vespasian and Vitellius. It was rebuilt by Vespasian, only to be destroyed again in 80. Domitian was responsible for a magnificent reconstruction, which remained until it was plundered by the Vandals in 455 A. D.

The Temple of Jupiter was the most important structure to be found here in ancient times. But another building of great importance, the Tabularium, stood during the last years of the Republic where the Capitol building before us now stands. In fact, this present Capitol rests on the old walls of the Tabularium. These vast walls, consisting of gigantic blocks of peperino, reveal to us the grandeur of the later Republic. The Tabularium was built to contain the public records which were engraved upon brass tablets before being deposited here for safe keeping. Prior to this they had been kept in the various temples where

Position 24. Map 5.

money and jewelry were often deposited. It seems that in addition to the use of the temples for religious rites they were also employed in a sort of utilitarian way for the safe-deposit companies of Rome. The remains of the Tabularium have been used also as a prison, and, more recently, as a salt-cellar, salt at one time being a government monopoly, and the great masses of this commodity stored here have eaten into the stones in a most curious manner.

The northern summit of the Capitoline, situated to our left, was known more specifically as the Arx, probably for the reason that it was the most strongly fortified. There was the Temple to Juno Moneta.

During the time of the Tribunes it was made famous, you remember, by an attempt of the barbarians to capture the city. The Gauls crept up to the top of the hill where a flock of geese, sacred to Juno, was kept. The geese commenced a vehement cackling which aroused Marcus Manlius, who resided near by. He, becoming alarmed at the sound, ran to the spot and pushed over the edge of the hill the first Gaul he met, and the others who were climbing up behind all fell in a heap at the bottom. A goose was ever after carried in triumph by the Romans in commemoration of the event.

The one thing that distinguished this hill from the early days of Rome until far into the Empire was its sacredness to the gods. Nothing in honor of men could be raised upon it. It is very difficult for us to realize with what reverence the Romans turned their thoughts to this place. The first person who dared to trespass on these sacred precincts with a personal memorial was Nero, who erected an arch in his own honor, of which, however, there is now no trace.

After the fall of the Empire in 476, most of the hill was practically deserted. The monastery of S. Maria de Capitolio secured possession for several centuries

and finally built the church which now stands on the northern summit, and which has been known as the Church of S. Maria in Aracoeli since the fourteenth century.

But too many glorious memories were associated with the hill to permit it to remain deserted. As soon as the city began to reassert itself again and to recall its former greatness and developed a spirit of municipal independence, a new palace — Novum Palatium — was constructed. The first mention we have of the building was in 1150; several restorations followed in the fourteenth century, and it is this restored building which we now see before us, although the front or façade was built in 1592 from slightly altered designs of Michelangelo. Thus after untold vicissitudes, at this late hour of time, this hill is still, in fact as well as name, the Capitol.

In olden times the only approaches to the Capitoline were from the opposite or eastern side. This marble ascent which rises before us, a grand monumental entrance to the Palace of the Senators, was constructed under the direction of Michelangelo and is now the main ascent for pedestrians. The steps to the extreme left are the approach to the Church of S. Maria in Aracoeli, which we have already referred to as standing beyond the limit of our vision in that direction. On the right of the main staircase is the Via delle Tre Pile which now forms a driveway leading to the Capitol. In constructing this driveway in 1871 some remains of the ancient Servian wall were uncovered.

Notice these two Egyptian lionesses on the balustrades at the bottom of the steps. Just at the feet of that lion to the left Rienzi, the Tribune, fell. There

Position 24. Map 5.

is a bronze statue of Rienzi, though we cannot see it from here, in that garden behind the lion, and in the garden there is also a cage containing two live wolves, kept in commemoration of the legendary nurse of Romulus and Remus.

The structure beyond this arbor on the left is, as we have already said, the Capitoline Museum, built in 1644. It is in a room in that building you remember that Hawthorne placed the opening scene in his romance of the *Marble Faun.*

Besides this famous *Faun* of Praxiteles and the *Venus* of the Capitol, the Museum contains the equally famous *Dying Gaul,* reproduced so often in pictures. For years it was called "The Dying Gladiator," though it is no gladiator at all who sinks in the throes of agony upon the shield, but rather one of the rude, yet lion-hearted warriors belonging to that vast horde of barbarians who swept down upon Rome, breaking her power into fragments. The collar or strip about the man's neck is not a mark of gladiatorial humiliation, as was formerly thought, but the *torques,* a symbol of distinction in battle given for conspicuous bravery, as is the Victorian cross among English soldiers. The work is of Greek origin and dates perhaps as early as the third century B. C. Mrs. Oliphant's exclamation when she looked at the statue, "Why doesn't he die!" speaks out its vivid portrayal of the man's agony.

The Palace of the Conservators, a small section of which is seen to the right of the central stairway, was first erected in 1450 and later rebuilt after plans of Michelangelo in 1564–68. It contains, besides the Picture Gallery of the Capitol, a number of antique marbles and bronzes, the fruit of recent excavations. At the top of the ascent we see the two colossal statues of the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux, which were found in the Ghetto, and were made to commemorate the Roman victory at Lake Regillus. They belonged

originally to the decorations of some monumental entrance. Pope Sixtus V placed them on the terrace of the Capitol.

Now, use your eyes to good advantage and you will observe beyond the base of the left-hand stone a round stone post. That is an ancient milestone and was once used to mark the seventh mile on the Appian Way.

Beyond the middle of the top of the staircase and the main entrance to the Palace of the Senators is seen the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only equestrian statue that has been preserved to us since the days of Imperial Rome. In a moment or two we shall go near enough to examine it minutely.

Before we go, however, we must take time to observe the striking contrast between some of the people in the group before us, in their poverty and ignorance, and the architectural splendor by which they are surrounded, suggesting the words of the late Premier Crispi, one of her own great statesmen. "Italy is made, but it yet remains to make the Italians."

Some of the company are beggars. Indeed, who in Rome does not beg? And these broad, snowy steps are the favorite rendezvous for the whole fraternity. Some of these Roman beggars have been known to have accumulated quite a snug fortune. The story is told of an Italian nobleman who discharged his servant on account of repeated faults, but regretted it afterwards out of sympathy for the fellow's large family. Coming down these very steps some time later, the nobleman was accosted by a miserable looking beggar whose voice sounded familiar. Scrutinizing the man's face, the nobleman recognized his former servant and in pity for his forlorn appearance,

Position 24. Map 5.

offered to reinstate him in his former position, on condition that he would mend his ways.

"Many thanks to your excellency," the fellow replied, "but I really can't afford it."

"Can't afford it?" exclaimed his lordship. "What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you see," came the response, "I make twice the money begging."

If you give them a large gratuity they thank you for it most profusely, and if but a small one, they say with a patient, patronizing air, "Thank you, signore, God will reward even you!"

Our next position is beyond the head of this main stairway not far from that right-hand statue. From that point we shall look toward the northeast. On the map of the Roman Forum that position is given by the number 25 and the two red lines that branch from it.

Position 25. The renowned statue of Marcus Aurelius, preserved to us from Imperial times; and the Capitol

What a wealth of architectural splendor is here spread out before us! Surely such a scene is worthy of the glorious memories that cluster so thickly about this historic spot. In the background is the Palace of the Senators, whose imposing façade was constructed by Rainaldi in 1592, after the designs of Michelangelo. The approach to the palace is by a double flight of spacious stairs, only one of which we see. We see here but half of the palace front. Before the steps and facing the piazza is a splendid fountain constructed by Sixtus V. It contains colossal figures of the Nile and the Tiber; we see only the figure of the Nile. They stood during the Middle Ages on the

Quirinal and they appear to be the work of the early years of the Empire. The Hall of this Palace of the Senators contains busts of Count Cavour, Garibaldi and others. In the upper rooms are the offices of the municipality, the local police courts, and above all is the observatory of the Capitol which is attached to the Chair of Astronomy at the University. The building is crowned, you observe, by a marble balustrade surmounted by statues of Italian celebrities. To the left in our field of vision is seen one corner of the Capitoline Museum or Gallery of Sculpture. The beauty and massiveness of the structure may well be inferred from the small portion we see. The building, with the Palace of the Senators before us and the Palace of the Conservators behind us, forms a square whose splendor is unsurpassed in the whole world.

But after all, the chief attraction of this magnificent court is the famed equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the one equestrian statue that takes us back to the days of Imperial Rome. There is great uncertainty as to the spot on which it originally stood. In the Middle Ages it formed part of the collection of bronzes in the Campus by the Lateran, together with other famous objects now in the Palace of the Conservators. It was removed to its present position by Paul III in 1538. The preservation of the statue was due to the mistaken notion that it was a statue of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor. In those fanatical and iconoclastic days, had they thought it to be the statue of a pagan emperor, it would have most surely been destroyed.

In the stormy times of Cola di Rienzi, we hear of this statue figuring in a festival given in honor of Rome's latest tribune. On this occasion it was said

Position 25. Map 5.

that wine was made to flow from the nostrils of the horse. This statue must have looked resplendent when gilded. This gilding has disappeared save some traces that still linger in the curly hair of the emperor and about the mane of the horse. It is a common saying among the Italians that the golden days of Marcus Aurelius, when the condition of the people was probably more prosperous than at any other time in their history, will never return until this statue is regilded. Hawthorne calls it " The most majestic representation of kingly character that the world has ever seen."

As we have said, on the opposite side of this Palace of the Senators, or Capitol Building, lies the Roman Forum. Before we pass through this building to look down upon that historic spot, let us take a general survey of the Forum map. It would be well, first of all, though, to glance at the general map of Rome where the boundaries of this special map are marked out, and note that the territory it covers extends from the Capitoline Hill about two-thirds of the way to the Colosseum in a southeasterly direction. Now turning to the Forum map we should observe that the sections covered with broken parallel lines, and having a mottled appearance, especially in the left-hand and upper portion of the map, show the territory now occupied by modern blocks and buildings. The finely dotted sections of the map show the location of modern streets and squares. The outlines of some of the ancient buildings and roads are traced over these modern blocks and streets, as for example, the Temple of Jupiter (Templum Jovis), to the left on the map, and the Capitoline road (Clivus Capitolinus), which wound up to the temple from the Forum. But what

we are most interested in is the section covered with many black lines and dots, heavy and light, which begins at the Palace of the Senators, above and to the left of the map center, and extends off toward the map limit on the right. That represents the territory where lies the Roman Forum proper and the course of the Sacra Via, territory that has been covered with important and beautiful buildings again and again in the long past. It is in this section that extensive excavations have been going on for many years. The more or less irregular black lines and dots scattered over it represent the fragmentary remains of the old structures. To one who has not made some study of the Forum all seems to be confusion at first, but with a little patience and careful attention we shall be able to gain a very clear idea of the main buildings whose ruins still remain. The Roman Forum proper is found in a small area near the center of the map, extending roughly, we may say, from the temples of Concord and Vespasian to the Templum Divi Julii, or Temple of Julius Cæsar. All ruins to the right of the Temple of Julius Cæsar are of buildings standing outside of the area of the Forum itself, but bordering along the Sacra Via or on the slopes of the Palatine. Very often in modern times, however, the name Roman Forum has been popularly applied to the whole area from the Capitol to the Colosseum.

But we are ready to look for our first position in the Forum. The heavy black lines just to the right of the Piazza del Campidoglio, in which we have been standing, show the ruins of the ancient Tabularium which now exist beneath, serving as a foundation wall for, the Palace of the Senators or Capitol. This

Study of Map 5.

modern Capitol building covers the entire space occupied by these ruins. Our next position is given by the two red lines which start from the lower or southern part of this area and extend to the upper and right-hand map margins, each line having the number 26 at its end.

Position 26. Temple of Vespasian, Arch of Septimius Severus—East from the Capitol

[See also page 179]

Here, at our feet, is the Forum, one of the most illustrious spots on the whole earth. Contemplating this scene our mind is taken out of the twentieth century with its ceaseless roar and mighty energy, and is carried back to the remote period when there were but few industries and no recorded time.

Among the experiences of my life to which I look back with peculiar pleasure, as having been characterized by more than ordinary fullness of satisfaction and emotion, are those associated with my first view of this Roman Forum. I understood that one's first visit to this memorable place was apt to be disappointing, since, as we are aware, there could be nothing seen here but fragments and rubbish. But all naturalists declare that we can obtain a pretty good idea of many an animal merely from its skeleton, and viewed in the light of this principle, these fragments may become more beautiful than rubies and more precious than the gold of Ophir. In fact, everything that one encounters in the long line of the Forum is, when rightly understood, either interesting or beautiful. For centuries these arches and columns lay buried under vines, weeds and vegetable gardens. These ruins, however, have been disinterred and restored, as much as possible, to their original position.

Any person at all acquainted with the world's history must look with peculiar interest at the Forum, even though he does not know one group of ruins from another. But if we are to know anything of its full power to attract us, we must become familiar with the significance of the various broken walls and columns remaining, which served the purposes of the men who lived here so long ago; for as these take their proper architectural and historical setting, the fascination of the place will be increased for us many times over, in all the years to come.

Let us begin now by trying to get a definite conception of our present location, and a general idea of what is directly before us. Then we shall pass on to take two other positions, temporarily, for the purpose of gaining a more comprehensive knowledge of the whole Forum and its surroundings; afterward we can return and study each section in particular and with greater satisfaction. We are looking through a window, we should remember, in the southern part of the Capitol, and are facing about east. Down below us is the very center of the Forum. The three columns nearest to us on the left belong to the Temple of Vespasian; the noble arch seen back of them is that of Septimius Severus, while close to us, on the right, we see a fragment of the Temple of Saturn. Beyond these ruins stretches the territory covered by the old Forum or market-place, the Comitium, which was the earliest meeting place, and the Curia or Senate House, the most important political building in Rome. Bear in mind that the Forum lies nearest us. In a general way it began on this western end at the Arch of Severus and extended toward the right or east about three hundred and twenty-five feet, that is, to the point seen

Position 26. Map 5.

over the fragment of the Temple of Saturn. Before the death of Cæsar and the erection of his temple, the Forum extended over one hundred feet farther to the right. The southern Forum limit was nearly in line with the front of this Temple of Saturn, while the northern limit was practically on a line with the nearer or southern side of the Arch of Severus, and the street running through the Arch, which was built in the beginning of the third century after Christ, skirted this northern boundary. The Forum's width thus varied from about one hundred and fifty feet at this end to one hundred and twenty-five feet at the other. Its original pavement lay several feet below that which we now see, and which dates probably from the Imperial period. Later on we shall see the ancient pavement. The church seen over the Arch of Severus, the Church of S. Adriano, occupies the site, as our map shows, of the ancient Curia or Senate House. The Comitium was an open space between the northern boundary of the Forum and the Curia.

In the distance we are looking, as the general map of Rome shows, over the Esquiline Hill. Off to the right, above a nearer church, we see the arches of the Basilica of Constantine, and to the extreme right, beyond, the northern side of the Colosseum.

Now retaining our position in this window, we shall turn around toward the right, and look over the whole area between us and the Colosseum. The fragment of the Temple of Saturn, now down on our extreme right, will be then somewhat to our left.

This new field of vision is shown exactly on the Forum map. Find the two lines which start from the Capitol and extend, one to the right-hand map margin

Position 26. Map 5.

and one to the lower map margin, each with the number 27 at its end. The space included by them, and which we are to see, as you will notice, is by far the largest part of the ruin-covered area.

Position 27. The Roman Forum, southeast from the Capitol

[See also page 194]

What a scene is this! The whole earth holds no prospect more wonderful. Its endless associations overwhelm and confuse both the memory and the imagination. Standing here, the world's greatest scholars have gazed and wondered. Speaking of our visit, one traveler says: "The whole scene trembled, for an instant, in my vision, for I knew that one of the greatest desires of my life was on the point of fulfilment, and that I was at last actually gazing on the spot of earth which had been for centuries the brain of the Roman Empire, the focus of the power and intelligence of the human race, and, frequently, the stage on which the most stupendous dramas in Rome's history were performed, with consuls, emperors and generals as the actors, and for an audience the dazzled world."

We are looking east by south now. Those five columns of the Temple of Saturn, (a part of which was seen before on our right), now stand up majestically a little to our left. On our extreme left are the arches of the Constantine Basilica, and farther away, more to the right, is the Colosseum. There is a large church directly in front of it, but the mammoth proportions of the great amphitheater swell out grandly on both sides. To the right of the Colosseum, standing on higher ground, is the Arch of Titus, while the eminence on the extreme right, piled with ruins nearly to

Position 27. Map 5.

its summit, is the home of the Cæsars, the Palatine Hill. All this territory has been crowded with buildings and then destroyed by fire or pillage and then crowded again time after time, during the Republic and the Empire. But the nucleus from which it all started, the original Forum, lies down there on our left. We called attention before to the Forum limits on three sides; now we can see the limits on the southwesterly side. The large space below on our right with its regular rows of bases for columns, is the foundation of the Basilica Julia. We can see the front steps of this Basilica around the column of the Temple of Saturn farthest away. It was that Basilica, together with the Temple of Castor and Pollux to the east of it, which formed the boundary on this side of the Forum.

In the distance we have a magnificent prospect over the Campagna to the Alban Hills, of which we caught a glimpse from our Position 3.

Before we consider more in detail the whole area spread out here before us we shall go for a few minutes only to one more standpoint, the location of which is just this side, and to the right of the Arch of Titus. From there we shall look back this way to the Capitol building in which we are standing. On the map of the Forum that standpoint is found in front of the Basilica of Constantine. The two bounding red lines connected with the number 29 extend toward the left, on the map, or toward the west.

Position 27. Map 5.

Position 29. Forum and Capitol from near the Basilica of Constantine, showing ancient pavement of the Sacra Via

[See also page 221]

There in the distance to the left, surmounted by a square tower, is the Capitol, from which we have been looking. Down in front of it are the columns of the Temples of Saturn and of Vespasian, and the Arch of Septimius Severus, all of which were just at our feet when we were looking in this direction. In fact, we were looking from one of those windows, seen over the column of the Saturn Temple, in the second row from the roof. Only the three upper stories belong to the later portion of the building; all we see below are the remains of the ancient Tabularium, dating from the times of the Republic.

As we shall explain more fully later, there were in olden times three structures built practically against the Tabularium. The center structure was the Temple of Vespasian, three of whose columns are still standing. To the right or north was the Temple of Concord, and to the left or south was the Portico of the Twelve Gods. The row of low columns belonging to this latter structure is seen in the shadow beneath the left or southern end of the Capitol. The outlines of those three buildings are clearly given on the map, the last one being called the Porticus Deorum Consentium.

Now we will return to our first position in the Capitol window, and, after stopping for a while to call up the past in outline, we will consider the ruins more fully.

Position 29. Map 5.

Return to Position 26. Temple of Vespasian and Arch of Septimius Severus—east from the Capitol

[See also page 173]

Men have met down in this small space for so many centuries, and so many groups of buildings have been erected here in succession, that it is wise for us to take this opportunity, first of all, to glance over the past briefly but completely, from the earliest times to the present day. We shall be able to get the history of the Forum in mind more clearly if we divide it according to the five great periods of which we have often spoken: the period of the Kings, the Republic, the Empire and the later periods of the Papacy and United Italy.

In the very beginning of Rome the various tribes that settled on the different hills this side of the Tiber came to this low piece of ground below us for the purpose of trade. A little beyond that pillared front of the church of S. Lorenzo, the temple of Antoninus and Faustina (at the right, straight ahead) they had a cemetery. Remains of the seventh or eighth century B. C. were recently found there. Only a few small huts, built similar to Indian wigwams, were ranged around the early market-place. The legend has it that Romulus, after fighting with the Sabines, because of his successful attempt to kidnap their women, came here to make peace and an alliance with the Sabine King Tatius. Though it was only a low grassy spot subject to overflow, it received the name of Comitium from the verb *coire,* to assemble. The first Senate House was a hut with a thatched roof, standing out there beyond the Arch of Severus. Tullus Hostilius, the third king, built the first stone inclosure for the meeting of the Senators. This was the Curia Hostilia, named after its builder. Ancus Martius founded the first state prison, the famous Tullianium of later times, in some quarries to the left of the Arch of Severus. The succeeding kings, the Tarquins, began the great Cloaca Maxima to drain the land, and gave more or less regular limits to the Forum, and

sold the land around it for building lots. The shops and stores built thereon were intended to be lined with porticoes in front. No stately temples stood here in those days. The shops were of the most ordinary kind, butcher stalls, fish markets and the like. It was in one of the butcher shops, you will remember, that Virginius seized the knife to kill his daughter. Schools of the most primitive kinds were also located in these buildings.

But as the importance of the place increased, the rude pioneer tradesmen were supplanted by those of a higher order, goldsmiths, silversmiths and money changers. It was because of this class that the name of "tabernae argentariae" came to be applied in a general way to all the shops, but particularly to those standing on the north side facing toward us. There were special names applied to the rows of shops on both of the long sides of the Forum. Those on the south, or shady side, were called "tabernae veteres" or "septem tabernae," and those on the north, or sunny side, were called "tabernae novae" or "argentariae." In a general way this was the aspect here in the *time of the Kings.*

During the period of the Republic (*509–31 B. C., 478 years*) great changes took place. We shall be able to speak of only a few of the remarkable building operations by which this place was transformed into a place of great architectural beauty as in the days of Augustus. Some of the earliest structures erected here during that period were the Temple of Saturn (in 497 B. C.), the Temple of Concord (in 367 B. C.), and the Rostra (between 449 and 438 B. C.). We can easily understand how a Forum that was adequate in the time of the Kings would become, in the great extension of the Republic, entirely too small. What space there was, moreover, had been obstructed by a great many statues, tribunes and altars. This led Scipio and M. Popilius, censors, to give an order in 159 B. C., for the removal of all statues of magistrates, unless the senate had decreed their erection. After this order was carried into effect, we are told there were still scores of statues left. Other hindrances to business were the crowds of unemployed, such as the cheap lawyers watching for victims.

Beginning with 184 B. C. the old shops began to give way to the more pretentious buildings, basilicas or courthouses.

Position 26. Map 5.

The first was built in this year by M. Porcius Cato, the elder, down there on the north side of the Forum and to the left of the Curia, beyond the range of our vision. It was called the Basilica Porcia. Then came the Basilica Fulvia or Fulvia Aemilia, built by M. Fulvius Nobilior, on the north side of the Forum, east of the Curia, i. e. in the space which we see excavated straight ahead, at the foot of those modern houses. The Basilica Sempronia was erected in 169 B. C. on the site of some of the shops standing on the south side of the Forum. All the buildings had spacious porticoes, which were always open. But even after these finer structures were put up, the dealers continued to sell fish and meat within the porticoes. A reform was begun in the second century by the construction of fish markets north of the Curia, where this business was henceforth carried on by itself. In 54 B. C. the greatest era of transformation began. L. Aemilius Paullus bought up land on that north side of the Forum and built, on this new property and on the site of the old Basilica Fulvia Aemilia, his magnificent Basilica Aemilia Paulli, at a cost of over $2,000,000. This was done, Cicero says, to enlarge the Forum. The work of enlargement was continued by Julius Cæsar in 54–46 B. C. He bought more private property lying beyond the Curia, mostly beyond the limit of our vision on the left, and built his Forum Julium at a cost of $4,000,000.

But while the Basilica Aemilia Paulli and the Forum Julium were being built on the north of the old Forum, important changes had taken place on the other side of this area. In 52 B. C. the Curia Hostilia and the Basilica Porcia to the left of it and several houses were burned by the Clodians. The Temple of Felicitas was started on the site of the old Curia in 44 B. C., and then Julius Cæsar secured the privilege of constructing another Senate House on the same site. This was called the Curia Julia. It was not dedicated until after the beginning of the Empire in 29 B. C. by Augustus. In 46 B. C., Julius Cæsar dedicated the first Basilica Julia on the southern side of the Forum, the site of which we have already seen. This brings us to the end of the Republic.

Now we will consider in a general way the great changes that took place here during the *Empire 31 B. C. to 476 A. D.*

Position 26. Map 5.

Under Augustus, the first Emperor, the work of enlarging the Forum was continued. Augustus bought more private land to the north of the Curia, just to the left of our vision limit, adjoining the Forum Julium on the northeast, and built the third Forum, Forum Augustum, or Forum Martis, from the Temple of Mars which it contained. In 29 B. C. Augustus dedicated the Temple of Julius Cæsar in the east end of the Forum (Templum Divi Julii, on the map), and in the same year a triumphal arch was erected to Augustus just south of the temple (Arcus Augusti, on the map).

In the first three centuries of the Imperial period four great fires devastated nearly the whole region from the Capitol to the Colosseum, and these four fires were followed by three great restorations. The first fire, under Nero, in 65 A. D., burned much of the territory from the Forum to the place where the Colosseum now stands. Then came the second fire under Titus in 80 A. D.

Vespasian, Titus and Domitian took up the work of repair. They constructed two new Forums, the Forum Transitorium and the Forum of Peace, which extended from the Forum of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, over the territory in front of us beyond the site of the Curia, nearly to the place where we now see the ruins of Constantine's Basilica. Vespasian began the construction of the Colosseum, and his son, Titus, finished it in 80 A. D. While Titus was carrying on the work of his father, the second fire, already spoken of, stopped the work. His successor, Domitian, repaired most of the area swept by both fires. In 191 A. D., near the end of the reign of Commodus, the third fire burned over most of the ground between the Forum and the Colosseum. Septimius Severus and his son Caracalla repaired the damages of this fire. The Arch down to our left was raised in their honor in 203 A. D. The fourth fire, in 283 A. D., under Carinus, devastated again most of the ground from the east end of the Forum to the Colosseum. Diocletian, Constantine and Maxentius repaired nearly all the buildings destroyed at that time.

From the time of Maxentius the history of the destruction of the Forum begins. The first incident in this history was the abolition of pagan worship by Gratianus in 383 A. D. All the privileges of priests and temples were done away with

Position 26. Map 5.

and their revenues were confiscated. There was rebellion for a time, but in 394 A. D. the temples were closed for ever. For a time the appearance of things remained about the same. The statues of the gods and the temples were preserved as works of art. At the beginning of the sixth century everything was well preserved. King Theodoric came here to address the people from the Rostra in 500 A. D.

The transformation of the old buildings in this vicinity into Christian places of worship began in 526, when the Temple of the Sacred City or Record Office was dedicated as S. S. Cosmas and Damianus, the church we still see just this side of the Constantine Basilica. Many other historic structures were utilized in the same way during the next few centuries.

What changes took place here from the ninth to the fourteenth century nobody really knows. The early excavators, in seeking for the more ancient remains, paid little attention to the remains of these later times.

Soil began to accumulate in the Forum, it is supposed, soon after the visit of Charlemagne in 800 A. D. After the fire and destruction by Robert Guiscard in 1084 A. D., the Forum disappeared from sight and almost from memory. It seems as though this place was used as a dumping ground for rubbish of all kinds, and, later gardening was carried on all about here.

From the fourteenth century on, builders came here to get materials for new structures. This work began on a large scale when Paul III decreed that free use should be made of whatever could be found for the building of St. Peter's. This despoiling of the Forum was prosecuted vigorously during the sixteenth century. There was little change then until the end of the eighteenth, when devastation was stopped. Pius VII determined that all historical remains from the Capitol to the Colosseum should be unearthed and preserved. The Italian government took charge after coming into power in 1870, and a large part of the uncovering of the old areas has been done since that time.

We are now to examine in detail the principal ruins in the Forum and its vicinity. We shall begin with those on the different sides of the Forum, and then

take up those lying between the Forum and the Colosseum, on either side of the Sacra Via.

First, we are to think of the Tabularium beneath us, built upon the Capitoline slope. This immense building, used for the safe keeping of public records from the earliest times, was probably erected by Q. Lutatius Catulus in 78 B. C. We can give it more attention when we see it from another position later.

Now notice again, and look closely this time, at those three fluted Corinthian columns of the Temple of Vespasian with a fragment of entablature resting upon them. Each marble shaft is so graceful that we do not wonder the beauty of the ruin has excited universal admiration. The original temple, of which these columns formed a part, was a magnificent structure, adorned with Greek paintings and sculpture, taken mostly from Nero's palace. It was built by Domitian about 94 A. D. in honor of his deified father. It stood upon a platform and the pillars rose in the air forty-nine feet, being also four and a half feet in diameter at the base.

The story is told of the Emperor Gaius that one day he found a certain road near the Forum muddy. He at once removed his royal mantle and commanded that it be filled with road scrapings. Then he ordered the officer in charge of the road to be brought before him. The officer's name was Vespasian, and when years after he became the Emperor of the Roman Empire, this incident was recalled, and it was interpreted as a prophecy of his future greatness.

This temple structure joined the wall of the Tabularium under us. And as we have pointed out before, two other structures were built close against the Tabularium, one on either side of this Temple of Vespasian. On the north, beyond the limit of our vision

down to the left, was the Temple of Concord (Templum Concordiæ, on the map). All that remains of that temple is a massive substructure upon which a rich pavement of colored marble was found. The first temple on that spot was erected in B. C. 367 by M. Furius Camillus, the dictator, to commemorate the termination of the long struggle between the patricians and the plebeians as to the election of consuls. While the fight between the two factions was especially violent in the Forum, Camillus promised to erect a temple to Concord if peace should be restored. When the alliance was agreed upon he fulfilled his promise. The Senate commissioned L. Opimius to reconstruct the temple in B. C. 121, after Gaius Gracchus had been killed. The people were greatly disturbed that the temple which had originally been reared to commemorate a popular victory should now be made use of to do honor to the triumph of the aristocracy, and so they changed the old inscription one night making it read, "Discord raises this temple to Concord." Tiberius rebuilt the temple on a more magnificent scale in A. D. 10. Beside the pavement already alluded to, the fragments of cornices and capitals belonging to the structure and now preserved in the corridor of the Tabularium prove that the building was splendidly adorned. It was evidently used as a place of assembly for public bodies, and the Senate often held its meetings there. It was in this Temple of Concord that Cicero delivered his fourth oration against Catiline before the Roman Senate.

An anecdote belonging to the period of the founding of the temple, gives an insight into the character of those far distant times. Three hundred and more years before Christ it was the custom here in Rome to have pipers to pipe at the offer-

ing of the sacrifices. Generally these pipers were a jolly lot, who enjoyed eating and drinking far more than they did their functions at a religious ceremony. Being deprived by the censors of their customary feast in the Temple of Jupiter, they all went on a strike and departed in a body to Tibur. The next day, to the astonishment of the priests and people, there was nobody to pipe at the sacrifices. The Senate was deeply agitated. The pipers understood the situation exactly, and had taken the bull by the horns. Their duty was a religious one, and in Rome religion was the indispensable factor in all the State's functions. The matter being of the gravest importance, ambassadors, as in august affairs of state, were sent to Tibur to demand of the inhabitants the return of the pipers. The people of Tibur could not induce the pipers to go back, and finally devised a piece of strategy that proved successful. Since the lack of something to eat and drink caused all the trouble, the right application of an abundance of it might mend the matter; and so they invited the pipers to a grand dinner on the pretense of needing their music to enliven the banquet. Once there they were feasted on rich viands, which they washed down with copious draughts of wine until all of them were drunk. After this they fell into a deep sleep, and in this state of drunken stupor they were all tumbled into carts and carried to Rome. Great was their astonishment and indignation when, upon awakening the next morning, they found themselves in the Eternal City; but they refused to pipe, sacrifice or no sacrifice, unless, in addition to their accustomed feast, they should be fantastically dressed at the expense of the State, and for three days each year be allowed to wander about the streets of the city playing their weird and doleful music and receiving the gifts of the people, a custom that prevailed until the days of the Empire, and even has its counterpart in modern Rome.

The third building that stood close to the Tabularium was the Portico of the Twelve Gods, situated to our right and beneath us. On the map the outline of the structure is called the Porticus Deorum Consentium. We saw the portico of low Corinthian columns belonging to this structure from our position near the

Position 26. Map 5.

Arch of Titus (Position 29). An early shrine was built on this spot to twelve deities whose images, on the authority of Varro, stood in the Forum at a very remote age. The shrines were rebuilt in A. D. 367 by Vettius Agorius Praetexatus, one of the principal champions of the paganism then dying out. Seven rooms under the platform supporting these shrines and nearest these columns of Vespasian's Temple, have been thought by some to be the Schola Xanthi, a meeting place of scribes and notaries.

Just in front of the three buildings which stood close to the Tabularium there was a road, in ancient times, the Clivus Capitolinus. It was a name given to that part of the famous Sacra Via which ran in a zigzag course from the base to the summit of the Capitoline Hill. There is a difference of opinion as to its exact course. Some think that the Clivus Capitolinus started from the Arch of Severus, turned this way in front of these columns of Vespasian's temple, passed around the Portico of the Twelve Gods, and, after skirting the south side of the Tabularium, ascended in another curve to the Temple of Jupiter. This course is traced out on our maps. Others believe that it began at the southwest corner of the Forum, the other side of the Saturn columns down on our right, and then curved around in front of these columns, toward the Arch of Severus, and then followed the course as outlined about the Portico of the Twelve Gods and beyond.

All Roman conquerors climbed this road on their way to Jupiter's temple. Innumerable processions have moved majestically over it.

Now we come to the structures that stood between this road and the Forum, the structures that bordered

Position 26. Map 5.

immediately on this west end of the Forum. Those of most importance are the Arch of Severus, the Rostra and the Temple of Saturn.

The Arch of Severus, which stands beyond the columns of the Temple of Vespasian, was erected by the Roman Senate in honor of the emperor, Septimius Severus, and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta. It was built upon a platform known as the Volkanal, or Area Concordiae, an open space in front of the Temple of Concord, raised six or seven feet above the level of the Forum and approached by means of steps. The Arch is adorned with bas-reliefs, illustrative of Severus' victories in the East. On the now unadorned summit there was formerly a chariot of victory, containing statues of Severus and his sons, drawn by six horses abreast, four of which are said to have been the famous steeds now in front of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice. It is the smallest of the three triumphal arches remaining in Rome. Its marble is broken and hollowed, but as we look upon it, the events it commemorates seem of yesterday. Summoned from here to crush the insurrection in the north, Severus was destined never to pass beneath his superb arch, for he died on English soil, near where the York cathedral rears its graceful spire. After Caracalla had put his brother Geta to death in A. D. 212, he erased his name from the inscription on the arch. In one of the piers is a staircase leading to the summit.

Notice now that irregular row of stone blocks extending from near the Arch toward the Temple of Saturn. At first they seem to be on a line with the Forum side of the Arch, but more careful observation shows that they stand some distance beyond it. Those broken stones mark the front of what is said to have

Position 26. Map 5.

been the platform of the Rostra Vetera. On the map its position is given more definitely. We know within a few years when this platform was erected. There is a record showing that the Volkanal, the elevated space upon which the Arch of Severus was built, was used as a speaking platform in B. C. 449, the time of Appius Claudius, but eleven years later, B. C. 438, Livy speaks of this new tribune. Nearly twenty-four centuries ago the first orators in their long flowing togas were standing there haranguing eager listeners. It was in B. C. 338, you remember, that C. Maenius brought the beaks of war vessels captured at Antium to decorate the platform, from which decoration it took the name Rostra.

We may see from these ruins and the map that the Rostra stood near the border line between the Forum and the Comitium. This enabled the orators to be heard both by the patricians who met in the Comitium, and the plebeians who could assemble only in the Forum. For centuries the speakers faced the patricians, but Gaius Gracchus or Livinius Crassus started the custom of facing the plebeians in the Forum.

The more we look at that mass of crumbling marble, thinking of what has taken place upon it, the more it enthralls us. There is the foundation of that platform from which flashed and thundered that masterful Roman eloquence which, even now, delights the cultured world. What struggles went on there for centuries during the Republic between the aristocracy and the democracy! There later Cicero delivered his third oration against Catiline, and his speech against Antony, which cost him his life. There Marius and Sulla exhibited the heads of their victims, and from this platform were displayed the head and hands of

Position 26. Map 5.

Cicero. It was there that Fulvia, the widow of Clodius, came and spat in the dead orator's face and brutally thrust her bodkin through his speechless tongue.

There were two structures in close connection with the Rostra, which we ought to consider — the Milliarium and the Umbilicus Romae. Look down at our right near the Temple of Saturn, and a few feet this way from the right end of the Rostra. The stones there marked the site of the Milliarium Aureum, or Golden Milestone, a gilt bronze column, on which were given the distance from the city gates to all the principal towns on the main roads which radiated from Rome. Augustus and Agrippa were engaged for years in measuring distances throughout the Empire, (*mensuratio totius orbis* they called it), and that milestone was erected by Augustus in 29 B. C. as a record of the work. It was beside that stone that Galba was murdered in A. D. 68 by his soldiers, who raised Otho to the throne in his stead. At the southern end of the Arch of Severus, just to the right of the right-hand column of the Temple of Vespasian we may see the base of the Umbilicus Romae, the ideal center of the city. All distances within the walls were measured from this and marked upon it.

The third structure of importance in addition to the Arch of Severus and the Rostra on the west side of the Forum, is the Temple of Saturn, which we will speak of at our next position (Position 27) when all of its remaining eight columns may be seen.

On the north side of the Forum was the open space of the Comitium, with the Curia or Senate House back of it, and the Temple of Janus and the Basilica Aemilia to the east. The Comitium lay

Position 26. Map 5.

down there behind the Arch of Severus, just north of the Rostra, and extended for about one-third of the length of the Forum from west to east. The Comitium was (we are always to remember) in the time of the Kings and the early Republic, the center of the civil and political business, while the Forum was then merely a market-place; but as the population increased and the plebians secured more privileges, the center of political life was changed to the Forum. As we have pointed out before, the Senate House stood on the site of the Church of S. Adriano, which we see over the Arch. The Temple of Janus stood just east of the Senate House, while the Basilica Aemilia covered territory still farther eastward as far as the building with a colonnade front, on the right,— the church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda built in the old temple of Antoninus and Faustina. In 1900 an embankment bordering the Forum in front and to the east of the church of S. Adriano was carried back several feet and a considerable part of the Comitium and the site of the Basilica Aemilia were uncovered. In the Comitium an important discovery was made. It is an ancient belief that Romulus was carried to heaven from the Comitium and that his empty tomb was marked by a black stone. Archæologists had long sought for this famous "niger lapis," and in 1899, just in front of the Arch of Severus there was discovered a black pavement about twelve feet square which some claim to be the "black stone." These stones of black marble streaked with white are not the original pavement, but are part of a monument erected by Maxentius in honor of his son Romulus. They serve an important purpose in confirming the fact that the Ro-

Position 26. Map 5.

mans did believe that the tomb of Romulus was located there. Old descriptions mentioned two lions as standing in the same place and the bases on which they stood have actually been found.

The Curia or Senate House stood on the far side of the Comitium, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet from the Rostra. That site of the Senate House, we are told, was covered in the earliest times by a small wood in which was a cave and a spring at which Tarpeia first caught sight of the Sabines. There it was that the first senators, dressed in sheepskins, met in a small hut covered by a thatched roof. Even this hut was consecrated, because one of the earliest laws was that the Senate could not pass a measure unless assembled in a temple. Then came the Curia Hostilia, built by Tullus Hostilius, an oblong stone structure raised on a platform out of the reach of floods. Toward the end of the Republic, the senators were so frugal and stoical that no means had yet been taken to warm the hall in winter. Cicero wrote from here on January 6, 62 B. C. that the speaker Appius had summoned the senators to consider an important matter, but the cold was so intense that he had to dismiss them while the populace stood around and jeered.

The Curia Hostilia was probably repaired and enlarged by Sulla. It was burned down at the funeral of Clodius, we remember, and a temple to Felicitas was contemplated. Then Julius Cæsar secured permission to build his Curia Julia in 44 B. C., though this was not dedicated until 29 B. C. under Augustus, who added to it a court surrounded by a colonnade. The fire under Nero did much damage to the building, which was thereafter repaired by Domitian. It was burned again under Carinus and was again rebuilt by Diocletian. About 630 A. D. Pope Honorius I appropriated the assembly hall of

Position 26. Map 5.

the Senate House for the Church of S. Adriano. The classic form and adornments remained until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Via Bonella was cut through the old building. From a political standpoint the Curia was the most important building in the Roman world. It was the "hall of the assembly in which the fate of the world was decided." While the finely trained Roman senators were framing their laws on that spot for the government of a world-wide empire, while they were laying out the groundwork of law upon which much of modern civilization is founded, savages were roaming over the site of Paris, and half-clad barbarians occupied the British Isles, which then lay almost beyond the confines of the known world.

The ruins of the structures at the east end of the Forum would be more naturally considered in our next position along with the structures bordering the Forum on the south; so there is nothing left for us here excepting the few remains of interest we can see within the Forum area itself.

The most conspicuous object on this pavement before us, which, as we have said, dates from the time of Diocletian, is that Corinthian column, seen down on our right. That is the Column of Phocas, erected in 608 A. D. to commemorate the achievements of that tyrant of the Eastern Empire. It was the last monument erected about the Forum before the time of final ruin set in. It practically marks the close of the ancient period and the beginning of the Middle Ages. Art having degenerated at this time and it being impossible to produce a splendid column like that of Trajan, one was probably taken from some ancient building. It is fifty-four feet high and was originally crowned with a gilded statue of Phocas. Byron called this "the nameless column with a buried base." Its origin was discovered in 1813 when this site was being excavated at the expense of

the Duchess of Devonshire. If examined carefully, it is found to lean toward the southeast.

To the left of the Column of Phocas we see what look like two great slabs of sculptured marble, standing on edge, one behind the other. There has been much speculation about the purpose of those two pieces of marble. They are often referred to as the Sculptured Plutei; some have said they were balustrades to the Rostra; on the map they are designated as Anaglypha Trajani. We are to go very near to them later on, and will then examine them more closely.

Before we turn to our next position there is one building in the mass of structures beyond the Forum which we should notice. Cast your eyes over the entablature of the Temple of Vespasian and the Arch of Severus, and slightly to the right of the peak of the roof of S. Adriano church, and you will see a distant building with three columns and an open porch with three windows above the porch and a low campanile to the left. That is the Church of St. Peter in Chains (S. Pietro in Vincoli), and contains Michelangelo's famous statue of *Moses,* which we shall have the privilege of seeing later.

Without moving from this window in the Capitol building in which we have been standing, we will now turn and look more to the right.

Return to Position 27. The Roman Forum, southeast from the Capitol

[See also page 176]

Before we give our attention to the sites of individual buildings which once stood here, and around which

Position 26. Map 5.

some of the greatest events in history have transpired, we will think about the course of the Sacra Via, second in fame only to the Forum itself. We are looking over nearly the whole section traversed by this most renowned of all roads. When standing here before, we pointed out some of the most striking landmarks on this patch of earth, almost every spot of which is interesting, and we must be sure we have them in mind now. In the distance at the left are the great arches of Constantine's Basilica; to the right of the Basilica is the Colosseum with its tier upon tier of colonnades lifted high in the air. Farther to the right is the Arch of Titus, standing on the elevated ground between us and the Colosseum. and still farther in the same direction is the wooded summit of the Palatine Hill. The church with the tall, graceful bell-tower, between us and the Colosseum, is that of S. Francesca Romana. In the earliest times the Sacra Via is supposed to have run from a point on this side of the Colosseum near its center, directly toward us over the site of the present church of S. Francesca Romana, down the slope toward the eastern end of the Forum, passed along the Forum on the north, and finally ascended in a zigzag way to the summit of the Capitoline Hill. In kingly and republican times it diverged near the east end of the Forum toward the south, between the Regia (the home of the Pontifex Maximus), and the Temple of Vesta. The place where the Regia stood is hidden from us here by the entablature on these columns of the Temple of Saturn near us. The Temple of Vesta (Aedes Vestæ on the map) stood more to the right. From that point to this hill the Sacra Via skirted the south side of the Forum, and then proba-

bly passed in front and to the left of this Temple of Saturn and made its way with several turns to the Capitoline summit.

In the early days the whole course of this road or path was undoubtedly irregular and winding, but as many buildings began to rise on either side it followed a definite line with sharp angles. This original path received its name, Sacra Via, it is belived, because of three very sacred hut-temples which stood beside it: the hut in which the public fire was kept, the Temple of Vesta; the hut which sheltered the household gods or Penates brought from Troy; and a third which served as the abode of the high priest. In those times the road was divided into three sections, the first extending from its origin to the house of the "rex sacrificulus," the priest who made the offerings once made by a king, on the summit of the ridge this side of the Colosseum; the second from this house to that of the Pontifex Maximus, the Regia; the third section lay between the Regia and the Capitoline summit. During Imperial times the name of Clivus Capitolinus was given to the road from the base to the summit of the Capitoline Hill. (Lanciani.)

The Sacra Via changed its course considerably during the last of the Republic and in Imperial times. When the Temple of Cæsar was erected (as some claim, near the place where his body had been burned), in the east end of the Forum, the Sacred Way was made to pass around it to the north and then turn sharply toward its old course on the south side of the Forum. One of the most extensive changes took place under Hadrian when he built a temple to Venus and Rome this side of the Colosseum, on ground now partly occupied by the Church of S. Francesca Romana. At that time he caused the Sacred Via to be turned toward the south around the Temple of Venus and Rome, passing through the Arch of Titus and then to the north in front of the Basilica of Constantine. The pavement of this road of Hadrian's time was uncovered in 1900, a part of which we are to see (Position 29).

Now let us fix our eyes upon those eight granite columns of the Temple of Saturn directly in front of

Position 27. Map 5.

us. The first temple was built on the spot where these columns stand in 497 B. C., though the tradition is that an altar to Saturn stood there many years earlier. For centuries the Saturn Temple was the Aerarium or Public Treasury. The pediment was surrounded with figures of Tritons blowing horns, of which design Macrobius (1:8) gives the somewhat fanciful explanation, that, since the time of Saturn, history has become clear and vocal, while previous to that, like the tails of the Tritons, it was hidden in the earth. The light gray columns we now see belong to a rebuilding as late as Diocletian. They have probably been taken from some other building, and the work of restoration must have been done in a bungling manner, as is shown by the fact that they are placed at irregular intervals. Thrilling indeed are the memories that gather about this ancient structure, and immortal the fame of many of the men whose deeds still influence the world, and who, like ourselves, lingered about it. In the days of the long ago Pompey stood down by these columns surrounded by Roman centurions, listening to the orations that Cicero, Rome's greatest orator, was delivering from the Rostra. On these columns, two thousand years ago, the hands of Horace and of Nero may have rested; and it was there, on the steps right in front of these columns, that Cæsar, marching southward from the Rubicon with his Roman war-dogs, encountered the dauntless form of Metullus who vainly opposed his attempt to secure the public funds abandoned by the terrified Senate. "Stand back, young man!" cried Cæsar. "It is easier for me to do a deed than threaten it." If we notice the location of this temple on the map we see that it really stood

Position 27. Map 5.

at the southwestern corner of the Forum, though it is usually classed as one of those standing at the west end of the Forum.

This brings us to the ruins of buildings on the south side of the Forum. Nearest us on this south side is that spacious and noble pavement laid upon a foundation of ponderous masonry, the site of the Basilica Julia. On the pavement are bases for four rows of columns, sixteen in a row, showing, as you will observe, that the building had a broad central space and double side aisles. The first Basilica Julia was founded there, we remember, by Julius Cæsar in B. C. 46 to enlarge the Forum. That structure was enlarged by Augustus, who dedicated it to his daughter Julia, but before the work was completed it was destroyed by fire. As restored, the building was used for two purposes — as a place for holding the law courts, and as an exchange. It was over three hundred feet long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, a flight of steps ascending to the building from the street. The pavement is partly ancient and partly restored. The central space was covered with richly colored marble and the side aisles were paved with white marble, a portion of which is still preserved, there being drawn upon it a number of circles used by the ancients in playing a game resembling our modern game of draughts. If you will count the pedestals of that row of columns to the left of the center you will find there are just sixteen, including the broken pillar at this end of the line. The pillars were built of brick and faced with marble. The crumbling columns seen at this end of the Basilica are supposed by some authorities to be ancient. On the roof of this Basilica the crazy Caligula used to

Position 27. Map 5.

stand and throw into the Forum gold and silver coins for which the rabble scrambled.

Beyond the Basilica Julia on a raised superstructure may be seen three beautiful Corinthian columns, among the most magnificent architectural remains of the ancient city, belonging to the Temple of Castor and Pollux. The columns are of the purest Parian marble and their capitals and architraves are most splendid, giving evidence of the finest workmanship. The platform of masonry, upon which these columns rest, is twenty-two feet high and was reached by a flight of eighteen marble steps; the columns are forty-five feet high and five feet in diameter. The temple was dedicated by A. Postumius, B. C. 482, to the twin gods Castor and Pollux, in grateful remembrance of aid rendered by them in defeating the Latins at the battle of Lake Regillus in B. C. 496; and ever after, on the anniversary of the battle, numerous sacrifices were offered in that temple, and Roman knights rode by in splendid array crowned with olive wreaths.

Originally, the temple had eleven columns on each side and eight on the front, facing the Forum, and with its lofty superstructure and commanding position it was one of the most striking and impressive buildings in the Forum. The columns we see belong to a reconstruction by Tiberius in 7 B. C. Caligula united the temple with his palace on the Palatine Hill, utilizing it as a kind of vestibule, and, in his mad caprice, he frequently came into the temple and sat between the statues of the gods, receiving with them the worship of the people.

The story is told that a Gaul, once seeing him seated on a throne between the twin gods, with an artificial beard of

beaten gold, in imitation of these divinities, burst out laughing. Caligula sent for him, and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"Most certainly I do," replied the barbarian with blunt candor, "you are an arrant fool."

"Who is this man?" asked the Emperor. On learning that he was a shoemaker, Caligula waved him away saying that it was beneath his dignity to take vengeance upon a cobbler.

Caligula had a favorite horse which he called "Go-ahead," and he built for him a marble stall with an ivory manger, purple housings, and a jeweled frontlet. He even proposed making him consul. Another piece of eccentricity on the part of this Emperor was the throwing of a bridge from the Palatine Hill to the Capitoline and making temples and triumphal arches serve as its support.

In 88 B. C. Sulla and his colleague in the consulship, Q. Pompeius Rufus, were attacked on the terrace in front of this temple by the followers of Marius, and the contest between Cato and Metullus in reference to the recall of Pompey from Asia occurred in the same place.

Pliny tells of a raven that was hatched upon the roof of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and flew to a bootmaker's shop opposite. Every morning it would fly to the Rostra Julii, which some claim was directly in front of this temple near the Temple of Cæsar (see the map of the Forum) where he would salute the Emperor Tiberius, as well as Germanicus, Drusus and other notables as they passed along the Sacra Via in front of the Rostra, after which he returned to the shop. This the bird did for several years, till the owner of a competing shop, jealous of the advertising his rival was receiving, killed the bird. For so doing, the man was put to death, and the bird, such was its place in the popular esteem, was given a public funeral and was buried in the field of Rediculus on the western side of the Appian Way, at the second milestone. "No such crowds," says Pliny, "had ever escorted the funeral of anyone out of the whole number of Rome's distinguished men."

Position 27. Map 5.

A glance at the map shows the exact location of the Temple of Castor and Pollux (Aedes Castorum) on a line with and to the east of the Basilica Julia. These are the two structures which bound the Forum on the south.

As we note also on the map, the Basilica Julia and the Temple of Castor were separated by a narrow street — all the streets in the Forum, for want of space, were necessarily narrow — called the Vicus Tuscus, which led from the Forum to the Circus Maximus. We can see its course in the Forum just this side of the raised platform on which the Temple of Castor stood. Originally, a colony of Tuscans settled there, and from this came its name. The street rivaled the Sacra Via in its religious importance, being the direction taken by the great procession of the Ludi Romani, in which the statues of the gods were carried from the Capitol to the Circus Maximus. That street was anciently occupied by perfumers and incense dealers, whose bazaars offered a very attractive appearance. You can see some brick work, the remains of this line of shops, between the Basilica Julia and the Temple of Castor and Pollux. The end one has been excavated, and, unlike the rest, is a meat shop, famous for a single incident. Those who have been saddened by the pathetic story of Virginius will be interested to learn that this meat shop stood where the Vicus Tuscus meets the Sacra Via, at the northeast corner of the Basilica Julia. It was from this shop that the knife was taken which saved Virginia's honor but took her life. You remember the story. Virginius, who saw his daughter being led away, the captive of a despot, demanded permission to speak with her, and, it being granted,

Position 27. Map 5.

he drew her near a butcher's shop which stood at the corner of the two streets, and, seizing a knife which lay on a meat block, plunged it into his daughter's heart.

Coming now to the east side of the Forum, there are two structures of which remains are found — the Rostra Julii and the Temple of Julius Cæsar. Their location is found definitely on the map (Rostra Julii and Templum divi Julii). To that place the body of Cæsar was taken after his murder. According to some authorities, the new Rostra had been erected there some time before by Julius Cæsar himself. It was on this new tribune of the orators, in March, B. C. 44, the day of Cæsar's funeral, that Mark Antony pronounced his vehement oration, which so powerfully affected the minds of the people that they immediately burned the body behind the Rostra. Such an act among the most sacred temples of the city was an honor unparalleled in the history of Rome. Afterwards, the ashes were interred where the funeral pyre had stood and a memorial column dedicated to the father of his country (parenti patriæ), was erected to commemorate the august occasion. Augustus subsequently extended the temple over the place where the body had been cremated and the ashes deposited, and dedicated it (aedem divi Julii), to the deified Julius Cæsar.

The temple was a small building erected on a lofty superstructure, as were most of the buildings in the Forum, probably to protect them against inundations of the Tiber. That was the first temple in Rome dedicated to a mortal. It was totally destroyed in 1546, and is now nothing but a mass of rough and broken stones.

Position 27. Map 5.

The Rostra Julii, which stood on this side of the temple, was adorned by Augustus with the beaks of galleys captured in the battle of Actium. There the body of Augustus was taken and placed on a bier, while Tiberius pronounced a eulogy over it.

But according to some the Rostra was famed for an earlier event than the funeral of either Julius or Augustus Cæsar. The occasion referred to was when the greatest of Roman generals, Julius Cæsar, was celebrating his last triumph in commemoration of his victory over the Pompeians, at Munda. He had well-nigh reached the summit of his earthly ambition. But one thing remained — to be Emperor of Rome. It is said that Julius Cæsar was fond of repeating the words of the Greek poet:

"Hold sacred law and right! But if thou break them,
Then break them for a throne."

But for centuries the government here had been a republic, and soft words about liberty and fraternity and modest bearing were necessary before even the mighty Cæsar could assume that title. Five months after this final triumph, in February, B. C. 44, a wild and ancient feast of the Lupercalia was being celebrated, in which, nearly destitute of clothing and amid scenes of the most revolting abandonment, the Romans carried on the festival. Cæsar, dressed in his splendid and triumphal robes, sat out there on the Rostra Julii, which had just been erected, watching the mad bacchanalian feast, when Mark Antony, the Consul, half drunk and nearly naked, approached him, bearing in his hand a laurel wreath, which he offered to Cæsar as King of Rome. Twice Cæsar, with well-simulated modesty, refused it, affirming that Rome was a Republic, and that the everlasting principles of equality and liberty forbade his acceptance. A burst of thunderous applause greeted this remark from the crowds that thronged the Forum. But this spontaneous outburst on the part of the people was not in accordance with Cæsar's desires, and it angered him. Springing to his feet he offered to bare his neck if anyone would strike. Many in the vast crowd would have liked to accept the invitation, but the hour had not come.

Position 27. Map 5.

Afterwards Cæsar accepted the crown on religious grounds, shielding himself behind a prophecy in the Sibylline books that none but a king could ever gain victory over the Parthians; and thus, in order, as he pretended, to extend the benefits of the Republic and be victor over its enemies, he fastened upon the Romans the rule and despotism of the Cæsars. It was this piece of disinterested benevolence that cost the Emperor his life. Only a month later he was assassinated, not in the Capitol from which we are looking, as Shakespeare says, nor yet in the Senate House to our left beside the Forum, but the "brute part was played" in the new Senate House of Pompey, situated a half-mile behind us, on the site of the Church of S. Andrea delle Valle on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuel, to which we have already referred.

In this very place where the life of Julius Cæsar centered and where his death was first mourned, the stirring events of his great career come to us with wonderfully increased interest. Julius Cæsar, more perhaps than any other man who ever lived, has impressed himself upon the history and civilization of western Europe. He stood here at the turning point in Roman affairs, when it seemed as though centralized power in Rome was about to vanish, and the numerous Roman provinces revert to their former independence. As with a stroke of magic, he changed all this, and laid the foundation for the most splendid and despotic imperialism the world has ever seen.

Nothing that unfolds or illumines that wonderful life can ever be without interest to men. It is told of him that when but a lad, on a voyage to the island of Rhodes, he was captured by Mediterranean pirates who asked twenty talents for his ransom. To their astonishment he offered them fifty and remained with them thirty-eight days after the money was paid and he was entitled to his liberty, in order to inform himself as to their secret haunts and methods of procedure.

Position 27. Map 5.

The pirates, who were greatly amused at his wit and humor, were loth to part with him; but their sorrow was greatly increased when they met him again, for he returned and captured their entire fleet and carried the pirates as prisoners to Pergamos.

During his consulate, he gave shows of extraordinary splendor and adorned the city with a magnificent colonnade. Bibulus, a mere nobody, was his companion in the consulate, and the wits of the day, in consideration of his nonentity, used to date their notes, "in the consulship of Julius and Cæsar," insted of the consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus. Cæsar took care, however, that his colleague contributed his share to the expense of these extravagant entertainments and elegant structures, but the people lost sight of Bibulus completely and attributed all to Cæsar. "I see," Bibulus was wont to say, "it is with us as with the Dioscuri; everyone speaks of the Temple of Castor and forgets to name his fellow Pollux."

It is not to be wondered at that, at the close of this consulate, Julius Cæsar was a bankrupt. To one asking him how much he was worth, he replied laughingly, "I need two hundred and fifty millions of sesterces to be worth nothing." Fortunately, he had rich supporters, and he borrowed eight hundred and three talents (nearly a million dollars) from Crassus, which, by the aid of the opportunities presented to him in the public service, he readily found means to repay.

As we have already pointed out, the Sacra Via was made to pass around the Temple of Cæsar on the north and then turn sharply south, on this side of the temple, toward the Temple of Castor. It was this construction of the Temple of Cæsar and the turning of the street around it that so materially shortened the Forum, as we have already stated.

At some later time another building was erected across the east end of the Forum, this side of the Sacra Via. It is represented on the map by an open rectangle. Nothing as to the age or use of this latter structure has yet come to light.

Between the Temple of Cæsar and the Temple of

Position 27. Map 5.

Castor stood the triumphal Arch of Augustus (Arcus Augusti on the map). We can almost see the foundations of this arch beneath the short piece of entablature which rests upon that pillar of the Saturn Temple, the pillar nearest the Basilica Julia. The arch was raised in 29 B. C. to commemorate the victories of Augustus in Dalmatia, in Egypt and at Actium.

This completes the ruins of structures that more immediately bordered on the Forum. There are a few more objects of interest within the Forum area that should receive attention. The Arch of Tiberius stood over the Sacra Via in front of this near or western end of the Basilica Julia, but the foundation platform of the Saturn temple hides the site from us. It was erected in 17 A. D. in memory of a victory by Germanicus, in which he recovered the standards which Varus had lost.

On the Forum side of that part of the Sacra Via which lay in front of the Basilica Julia are what seem to be pedestals of monumental columns. Some authorities have claimed that they are the ruins of the row of ancient shops that once stood there — the tabernæ veteres — but stamps on bricks found at the foot of two of them show that they belong to the age of Constantine. These columns must have added greatly to the picturesqueness of the Forum.

The great Cloaca Maxima ran beneath the farther or eastern end of the Forum and the Basilica Julia. The map shows its exact course.

From now we are to consider the ruins of buildings which stood on either side of the Sacra Via between the Forum and the Colosseum.

Excavations in 1900–1901 beyond and to the right

Position 27. Map 5.

of those columns of the Castor and Pollux temple brought to light not only an eighth century church but the far more ancient well of Juturna where the twin gods watered their horses. Near it, directly before us, are some of the most interesting ruins in all this vicinity — the ruins of the Temple of Vesta. On the map their position is given by a heavy circle with the name Aedes Vestæ.

In prehistoric times, when fire could only be obtained by friction, every community preserved a public fire which was always burning night and day, and which was located in the most central part of the village, generally in or near the Forum or market-place. When anyone wanted to start a fire, he went to this common hearthstone, obtained a burning brand and carried it off with him. The care of this public fire was always given to the young girls of the village, since their duties did not call them away from home to cultivate the fields or in pursuit of the chase or abroad on the war-path.

As time went on this simple custom was dignified into a most sacred religious rite. And so it was that, when the early settlers came here, they instituted the worship of Vesta, which consisted simply in the keeping of a public fire by young girls in a little hut out there by the Palatine Hill. Numa, Romulus' successor, built the first Temple of Vesta, and set apart the Vestal Virgins to care for it. These were destined to be, next to the King himself, the most exalted personages in those ancient times. Two considerations doubtless led the King and the Roman people to give such distinction to the worship of Vesta and to her priestesses; one that in a Roman family, the hearth was the center of social purity and affection, so a public fire burning on a public hearthstone was to be emblematic of this social purity for the community, and the virtue of the Vestal a model for all the nation; second, because Romulus' mother was a Vestal Virgin, and hence all those who succeeded to the office were accorded the highest consideration. Numa appointed four Vestals, but the number was afterwards increased to six, each of whom served thirty years. Plutarch tells us that for ten

Position 27. Map 5.

years they were being instructed in their duties, ten years they practiced them, and ten years they passed in instructing others. Ovid says that the Temple of Vesta was made round, as a symbol of the earth. That circular structure was surmounted by a conical roof, which was crowned by a statue of a Vestal Virgin, supposed by some to represent the mother of Romulus, and the Temple contained, besides the fire, the Palladium or protecting image of Pallas, believed to have been brought from Troy. The original temple built by Numa was destroyed by the invasion of the Gauls in B. C. 390. Learning of their approach the Vestals hid the Palladium and the other relics in an earthen jar and buried them in the earth. A second fire, in 241 B. C., again demolished the temple; and in order to save the Palladium, Cæcilius Metellus, the pontifex maximus, threw himself into the flames and rescued it at the peril of his life, losing an eye and an arm. In 210 B. C. another fire broke out in the temple, but the structure was saved by the heroism of a company of slaves. Nero rebuilt it after the fire in his reign. It was again burned under Commodus in 191 A. D., and the restoration by the Empress of Septimius Severus is the last of which there is any record. Theodosius II closed the temple in 394, when the sacred fire, which had been burning for more than a thousand years, was extinguished for ever. As late as 1489 the little structure was in good condition, but in 1549 the builders of St. Peter's razed it to the ground. Thirty-five fragments were found scattered over the Forum in 1877, but only a mass of concrete now marks its site.

Farther away, east of the Temple of Vesta, was the House of the Vestals (Atrium Vestæ or Domus Virginum Vestalium). This was an oblong brick building constructed during the reign of Septimius Severus.

We can get the best idea of the plan of the structure by studying its position on the map to the right of the Temple of Vesta looking toward the Colosseum. We perceive that it was bounded on the north by the Sacra Via, and on the south by the Nova Via. As

Position 27. Map 5.

we can see, the Atrium (Atrium Vestæ), the central room or court of the palace, comprised a large part of the whole area. The Atrium was surrounded by state apartments and the private apartments of the Vestals (Domus Virginum Vestalium). Excavations recently made reveal the fact that the Vestals lived in almost regal splendor.

The atrium of their palace had niches in its walls filled with statues of celebrated Vestals, being one of the most magnificent chambers in Rome, and indeed, from this one apartment the whole structure was named, being frequently called the Atrium Vestæ. A stately colonnade of forty-eight Corinthian columns inclosed the ground floor of the palace, surmounted by a second colonnade of an equal number of columns, made of costly breccia corallina, which gave to the building an elegant and impressive appearance. Two of these columns have been preserved, simply because they could not be burnt into lime. On the ground floor of this palatial abode were spacious courts and splendid apartments of state, and on the second floor were the private apartments of the virgins, consisting of luxurious bathrooms and a sumptuous suite of rooms for each priestess. The walls and pavements of the whole house were faced with richly covered marbles and rare mosaics. Notwithstanding these superb appointments, the building was damp and unwholesome, caused by the moist and clammy bank of the Palatine Hill, which was just beside it on the south, rising abruptly above the ground floor of the house for more than thirty feet. In the beginning physicians were not allowed in the palace, but the miasma which lurked in its marble chambers necessitated a change in this rule. As a precaution against rheumatism and fever the walls were made hollow and a current of hot air passed through them and between the floors, and hot-air furnaces were placed in all parts of the building, but the danger was only partly averted.

It was customary to choose a child under ten years of age to fill a vacancy in the order caused by the death or retirement of a Vestal, which was obligatory at the age of forty. Upon her election by the Senate, the successful candidate took

Position 27. Map 5.

the oath of fidelity and chastity. If they allowed the sacred fire to go out, thus breaking their oath of fidelity, they were scourged by the Pontifex Maximus. If they violated their oath of chastity, they were buried alive. At public functions in ancient Rome, the Vestal Virgins took precedence even of the consuls, and occupied seats with the Empress on all state occasions. If a Vestal passed a condemned man on his way to execution, the man was immediately set at liberty. So great were the privileges of the order, and so eager were aristocratic families to obtain the honor, that Augustus is said to have made a defeated candidate a present of one hundred thousand dollars as a salve for her wounded feelings and in order to propitiate her friends.

The Regia, the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus or high priest, was located a short distance to the left of the Temple of Vesta, near the eastern end of the Forum. The map shows its position just to the right or east of the Temple of Julius Cæsar. It is said that Numa erected a religious structure near these ruins, on neutral ground, between the Romans and the Sabines. Later on this building took its place as the residence of the Pontifex Maximus. It was used in this capacity down to the time of Augustus, who, we are told by Dion Cassius, presented it to the Vestals because it adjoined their temple.

In 1900 a well was discovered near one of the walls of this structure, belonging perhaps to the third or second century B. C. The well, which was about twenty feet deep, was filled with cinders, ashes, pottery, marble fragments of the palace, and bronze spear-points. Records show that spears, with marble shafts and metal points, said to belong to Romulus, were kept in the Regia. These spears were suspended in such a way as to indicate the slightest vibration by their oscillatory motion, and the least

Position 27. Map 5.

movement on their part was thought to foretell coming disaster, frequently an earthquake. They became connected with public worship in this way: Foremost among the gods to whom the Pontifex Maximus offered sacrifices was Jupiter, always represented as holding the threefold bolts in his hand — the bolt *penetrating,* the bolt *burning,* and the bolt *shaking;* the first was represented by the water in the well; the second (burning or lightning) by the sacred fire in the Temple of Vesta; and the third (shaking or earthquake) was represented by the spears.

The memory of Julius Cæsar must always be closely associated with the site of the Regia, for it was there he lived as Pontifex Maximus during the greater part of his public life. His own private living rooms were on the opposite side of the way. There he lived with his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. Indeed, she, rather than his girl wife, kept house for him. And then, too, we remember, it was from that little plot of ground, hardly more than two hundred yards from us, that the great man started out to Pompey's senate house on that last morning of his remarkable life, that ill-fated 15th of March, 44 B. C.

Looking beyond the Forum, there are three structures which we must notice at this point. They stand almost in line extending from the northeast corner of the Forum toward the Church of S. Francesca Romana in front of the Colosseum. The first of these structures is the Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda, the pillared front of which can be discerned just over the Column of Phocas. It is built on the ancient walls of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and the portico with its six columns on the front and

Position 27. Map 5.

three on the side belongs to the original temple. The full extent and the exact location of the Church and Temple should be noted on the map.

When Faustina, the wife of Antoninus Pius, died A. D. 141, the subservient Senate decreed that Temple, with priestesses attached to it, to commemorate her death. As the Emperor died before the structure was finished they dedicated the Temple to him as well. Those old Corinthian columns are of Euboean (cipollino) marble, a variegated green stone, and are forty-six feet high. The frieze, with its griffins, vases, festoons and candelabra, is considered one of the finest gems of Roman art. The beautiful steps of the temple were taken to St. Peter's. Its first dedication as a Christian church was in the seventh or eighth century, and this is largely accountable for its partial preservation.

Just beyond the Church of S. Lorenzo we can see a low circular structure crowned with a small cupola that belonged to the Temple of Romulus (Heroon Romuli), the son of one of the last emperors, Maxentius. Immediately behind that Temple of Romulus was the site of the Temple of the Sacred City (Templum Sacræ Urbis), whose back wall formed part of the enclosure of the Forum of Peace. In the sixth century Pope Felix IV opened a communication between the two temples and dedicated them both as a church to SS. Cosmas and Damianus, two physicians and martyrs. The map by its black lines shows how much of the walls of the ancient buildings still remain. In 1902 excavations near by brought to light remains of buildings of the time of the Republic. After a time we shall be in a better position to inspect the Temple of Romulus (Position

Position 27. Map 5.

29), and then we can see that it shows a decline in elegance and taste. Instead of having its round cupola surrounded by a peristyle of fluted Corinthian columns, as we saw in the Temple of Matuta (Position 1), we find a "confusion of curved and straight lines, a round hall between two rectangular ones."

As we shall not be in a better position at any other time to view the Basilica of Constantine, we will direct our attention now to its three gigantic arches. The great area just east of the Temple of Romulus, covered by the ruins of this vast building, was formerly the Forum Cupedinis, or fruit market, "the latest mention of which dates from the time of Augustus." Afterward Domitian built spice warehouses there, but they were burned down before the Basilica was begun. The monstrous structure, of which those three arches are but fragmentary remains, was commenced by Maxentius in the early part of the fourth century and was finished by Constantine. The Basilica had a broad nave with two side aisles, as we can readily see by the plan on the map. The vaulted ceiling of the nave was supported by eight Corinthian columns. Originally, the structure faced the east and the entrance was on the side toward the Colosseum; afterward a new entrance was opened, on the south side, looking toward the Sacra Via. Lanciani suggests that the roof of the Basilica remained standing until the earthquake of 1349, when the ceiling of the nave and the south aisle collapsed. The roof of the north aisle is still perfect, and for centuries it was covered with so deep an accumulation of soil that, at times, it has been used for a garden. Of course the three arches we see were those on the north side of the nave. The structure itself

has been used for various purposes, as a cattle-shed and a riding-school and, in 1725, as a hayloft.

Contemplating that immense structure, Raphael justly remarked that architecture was the last art that decayed at Rome, the buildings of the later Emperors being as good as those of the first, but that the painting and sculpture of their period were abominable. Only the name of the Christian Emperor Constantine saved the Basilica from destruction in the dark period of the Middle Ages. It is the last of a long series of wonderful buildings which bear the impress of the grandeur of the genius of Ancient Rome, exciting the amazement and winning the admiration of the world.

This brings us to the Church of S. Francesca, nearer the Colosseum, and the ancient Temple of Venus and Rome, built by Hadrian on the site of the vestibule of Nero's Golden House. The S. Francesca Church was constructed on a portion of the site of the temple by Leo IV and Nicholas I, in the ninth century, and was restored in 1612 by Paul V, while the handsome bell tower is one of the best that have been preserved to us from the thirteenth century. The church is a monument to one of the devoted Christians of the earlier centuries. It is seldom that the passing tourist takes time to think of the beautiful and heroic lives commemorated by these old churches. S. Francesca Romana was of noble family and remarkable for her piety. She founded the order of Oblate Nuns, all of whom belonged to aristocratic families. The foundations of the Temple of Venus and Rome were laid on the anniversary of the founding of Rome, April 21, A. D. 131, but the dedication took place A. D. 135. Little remains standing of the original edifice ex-

Position 27. Map 5.

cept a mass of Corinthian cornice near the cellar and facing toward the Colosseum. In 391 A. D. the splendid building was closed and abandoned to its fate, but it continued to stand in good state of preservation until A. D. 625, when Pope Honorius carried off the gilt bronze tiling of its roof to the Basilica of St. Peter's.

Hadrian drew the plans for the temple himself and afterwards submitted them to Apollodorus of Damascus, the famous architect of Trajan's Forum. The architect frankly criticised the Emperor's drawings, saying that the statues were too large for their niches, that the deities, if they rose from their seats would certainly thrust their heads through the ceiling; that the substructure upon which the temple rests ought to have been higher so as to be seen to greater advantage from the Sacra Via and the Forum. Furthermore, he argued that the alterations suggested would have given room for spacious vaults beneath the temple which, from their proximity to the Colosseum, could be used for the storing of the machinery necessary for the amphitheater. It is recorded that this just criticism so angered Hadrian that he ordered the man's eyes put out, but this is very improbable.

Originally the temple had a grand portico of gray granite columns and a double front, so to speak, one toward the Forum and the other facing the Colosseum. Formerly the renowned statue of Nero, one hundred feet high, built by order of Nero, stood near the Colosseum at the entrance of the Golden House of Nero, which covered all the ground between that place and the Palatine. When Hadrian determined to build his temple he decided to remove the statue. This removal was effected by the aid of twenty-four elephants, the statue all the time remaining in an upright position. Hadrian, moreover, changed the statue from that of Nero into a statue of the God of the Sun by altering its features and surrounding its head with bronze rays.

The seemingly barren space lying this side of the Church of S. Francesca and the Arch of Titus, extending approximately, from the church and arch on

Position 27. Map 5.

the southeast to the House of the Vestals nearer us, and from the Sacra Via, in front of the Basilica of Constantine on the northeast, to the Nova Via near the Palatine on the southwest, was very much disputed territory until the excavations of 1878–79. Then the bases of ten or eleven rows of stone pillars were found, which, with other remains, have led to the conclusion that a large building known as the Porticus Margaritaria stood there, a portico occupied by jewelers and goldsmiths. Later on the space was probably cut up into regular shops by brick walls raised between each pair of stone pillars. The shops probably date from about 134 A. D.

The celebrated Arch of Titus, standing so proudly upon the summit of the Sacra Via, is the most beautiful of the remaining arches of Rome. It speaks eloquently for the artistic taste of Titus, who planned the arch, although he did not live to finish it, the work being completed after the death of Titus by his brother Domitian. The arch was erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, and its fine basreliefs represent spoils taken from the temple there — as the silver trumpets, the table with the shew-bread, and the seven-branched candlestick.

The short reign of Titus was saddened by three public calamities, ever memorable in history — the eruption of Vesuvius, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed; a fearful plague in Rome, attended by scenes of indescribable horror; and a fire, which raged for three days and three nights, devastating nearly all the buildings of the Campus Martius. During the ceaseless combats of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries waged here, the Arch of Titus formed the doorway into the fortified enclosure of the domain of

Position 27. Map 5.

the warlike Frangipani family, which included the Colosseum and a greater part of the Palatine Hill, and on this account it suffered great damage.

That portion of the Sacra Via extending from the Summa Sacra Via (the eminence on which the Arch of Titus now stands), and the Colosseum, was the favorite walk of Horace, and we can almost imagine him taking it now. Why, it seems but yesterday when right there on the famous street he met the bore who nearly plagued him to death, as he tells us in the ninth Satire of his first book, which is said to be the best picture of a bore ever written.

"How do you do, my sweet friend?" asked the bore.

"Pretty well, as times go," replied the poet; and then, to his horror, he sees the bore turn and follow.

"Can I do anything for you?" asks Horace, a little sarcastically, broadly hinting in his tone that he prefers being allowed to resume his walk alone. The bore starts in by praising himself and, as he does so, Horace walks very fast in this direction on past the Temple of Vesta, then skirting the Basilica of Julia, vainly looking for the sight of a friendly face or an opportunity to escape this human plague.

"Where are you going?" asks the bore.

"I am going to visit a friend across the Tiber, who lives not far from Cæsar's Gardens," said Horace, inventing a visit far enough distant to dampen the ardor of his companion in case he was set upon following him.

"Very well," replied the leech, "I have nothing to do and am far from lazy; I will go all the way with you. If I am any judge of my own worth, you will make me one of your intimate friends, for I can make good verses, as good and as fast as another. I am sure Hermogenes is jealous of me!"

"Have you a mother, sir?" asks Horace impressively. "Have you any relatives to whom your safety is a matter of importance?"

"None, whatever," was the answer. "I have buried them all."

"Fortunate people!" muttered the poet to himself, and he almost wished that he, too, was dead. He certainly would have been relieved had the bore just then been gathered to

Position 27. Map 5.

his ancestors. As for the bore himself, he was in good health, neither a cough, nor gout, nor poison seemed likely to cause his demise. So Horace, evidently, was destined to be talked to death.

"How do you stand with Mæcenas?" continued the bore. "I am sadly in need of money. Now if you would introduce me, I might be helpful to you as well as to myself."

Very laughable were Horace's repeated attempts to rid himself of this chattering nuisance, in all of which he failed, until finally his salvation appeared in the shape of a man to whom the bore was in debt and who had instituted an action against him in the courts.

"Coward, villain!" yelled the man, pouncing upon the bore. "Why are you not in court to answer my claim?"

In the excitement caused by the arrest Horace disappeared, thankful to the gods for having saved him after all.

This completes our survey of the Forum and the Sacra Via from the Capitol. The massive ruins on the extreme right piled against the side of the Palatine Hill belong to the palace of the Emperor Caligula, but we shall leave all consideration of buildings that have stood on this eminence until we look at it from the Colosseum (Position 32).

Turn now to the Column of Phocas down on our left. You will remember that while in our former position (Position 26) we pointed out two sculptured slabs of marble standing on edge a few feet north of the base of the Column of Phocas. Well, we are to stand next on the farther or northeast side of those pieces of marble and look back this way, but more to our right; that is, we shall then be looking up toward the front of these eight columns of the Temple of Saturn. On the map, this next position is given exactly by the number 28 in a circle near the north side of the Forum, and the two lines that branch from it toward the left or southwest.

Position 27. Map 5.

Position 28.—Bas-reliefs (time of Trajan), Column of Phocas, and columns of Temple of Saturn

We are indeed in the midst of the Roman Forum. What innumerable companies of people have been crowded within this area! What illustrious men have walked here glancing up at temples and columns as we do now! Objects of antiquity lie all about us. Those pieces of sculptured marble, which looked rather insignificant from a distance, are, as we now see, not very small after all.

But first let us get a definite sense of our location here, which we can easily do. Off to our left is the base of the Column of Phocas, in front of us are the eight columns of the Temple of Saturn, and to the right we see towering above us the southern end of the Capitol, the lower dark part of which belongs to the Tabularium. We can even see the window from which we have been looking, the first one from the corner on the second row from the top. The Arch of Septimius Severus must be only a few rods to our right, while the Colosseum and the Basilica of Constantine are far to our left. From this point, in front of the Temple of Saturn, we can see the admirable effect of that temple's noble columns, worn and broken though some of them are. The building seen beyond those columns is the rear portion of the Caffarelli Palace, the residence of the German ambassador, while to the left of that building, directly back of this Column of Phocas, is the famous Tarpeian Rock. We are near enough now to the Column of Phocas to see the effect of age upon it. The blocks of the pedestal are crumbling at the joints, and the whole monument speaks, as with a human tongue, of the ravages of the elements. The date of the erection

Position 28. Map 5.

of that monument, the early part of the seventh century, marks the beginning, practically, of the temporal power of the popes, which was founded by Gregory the Great.

That which especially interests us here, however, is this pair of curious marble balustrades just in front of us, sculptured in relief on either side and surrounded by a finely carved cornice.

You will notice that each balustrade is composed of several pieces of marble, all of which are more or less damaged, and that some pieces are missing. They stand on a base of marble, which, in turn, rests upon a foundation of travertine. These reliefs were discovered in 1872, having been formerly built into the walls of a mediæval tower. For a long time they were thought to be the balustrades of the Rostra, but this has been disputed by learned authorities, who declare that they appear to have always rested upon the pavement of the Forum without any other support than what they now have. For what purpose they were used no one is quite sure. It seems that they are of the time of Trajan and we ought to be able to get a clue as to their use from the figures carved upon them. On the farther one you will observe the animals used in sacrifices — a wild boar, a ram and a bull; and on the other side of that same balustrade, Trajan is represented as making provision for destitute children. On the side toward us of the nearer balustrade, an official seems to be holding a sort of ballot-box into which citizens appear to deposit ballots as they pass; and, on the opposite side, Trajan is represented as burning the bonds on his remission of the debts due the public treasury. In the background of this latter relief are reproduced the various build-

Position 28. Map 5.

ings which formerly stood on the south side of the Forum. The Rostra appears on both of the marbles. Some think, from the presence of the sacrificial animals, that these marbles formed an approach to a temple or altar, and others, from the depositing of ballots and other public references, that they belonged to a polling place of the citizens. Whatever may have been their original use, they serve an important topographical purpose, since they represent the various buildings of the Forum as they stood in the time of Trajan, thus throwing light upon the architecture of many a structure in regard to whose existing ruins we would otherwise have no possible clue.

But we must not tarry here now, for there awaits us one of the most surprising and valuable discoveries ever made in this vicinity. This is found near the Basilica of Constantine, where we have already stood for a few minutes. On the map we find the point to which we are now to return, and our field of vision from that point, indicated by two lines which start from the number 29 in front of the Basilica of Constantine, and branch toward the left or northwest.

Return to Position 29. Forum and Capitol from near the Basilica Constantine, showing ancient pavement of the Sacra Via

[See also page 178]

For long years many eminent archæologists and renowned writers of Roman history affirmed that a rough polygonal pavement running in front of the Basilica Julia, on the south side of the Forum, and winding in and out among arches, temples and basilicas on its course from the Capitol to the Arch of Titus, was the veritable pavement of the ancient Sacra Via, but

during 1900, Signor Boni, one of the foremost archæologists of our time, following the direction of the sewer which runs in front of the Basilica Aemelia, carried the excavations deeper, and found, nearly six feet below the road which had for years been mistaken for the Sacra Via, extensive remains of the fine polygonal pavement of the true Sacred Way. Still more of this pavement has recently been uncovered. At our feet, and stretching away before us, we see this intensely interesting discovery. We can even see the carefully joined blocks of stone, and we can judge from the size of the embankments on either side, how much below the later pavement was the real one.

No cultured man can look upon this pavement, pressed as portions of it have been by the feet of Vergil and Horace, Cæsar and Cicero, Pliny and Pompey, and which, after a millennium and a half, the sun again shines on, and not feel a thrill of gladness blended with an emotion of surprise; and just as in the solar system there are heavenly bodies of surpassing magnitude of whose existence we are assured, that only sweep within the vision of men at an interval of thousands of years, proving anew the fact of their own being, so it would seem that by the sight of this sacred pavement, so long hidden away and which has again appeared to men, the mighty intellects, the brilliant geniuses, the magnetic personalities, that fell long since into human affairs, like a shower of stars of the first magnitude from God's great anvil of creation, have by this discovery again assumed a more tangible appearance, becoming *real* rather than mythical characters in human history.

That we may better appreciate what the uncovering of this particular piece of pavement means, we should

Position 29. Map 5.

understand exactly our position. From the map we know that the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine are directly to our right; the heavy mass of masonry near the limit of our vision on the right is part of its western wall. Just to the left of that mass of ruins is the vestibule of the Temple of Romulus, now the Church of S. S. Cosma-Damiano, and a little farther away is the colonnade front of the Church of S. Lorenzo. The Black Stone, identifying the traditional site of the grave of Romulus, was found a few feet this side of and to the right of the Arch of Severus.

We can see one of the sculptured marbles near which we were standing last (Position 28), in line with the left hand or southern side of the Severus Arch. The column of Phocas stands more to the left, nearly in line with two of the columns of the Vespasian Temple beyond, while the broken pillars standing more to the left, mark the course of the Sacra Via after early times.

From where we now stand, we have by far our best view of the Capitol, and of the old wall of the Tabularium beneath, pierced with several window-like openings, though broken only by a single doorway. Formerly that wall was faced with a double row of Doric columns one above another, which must have added greatly to its artistic effect. The columns on either side of the doorway are remains of this architectual embellishment.

As I contemplate that famous Capitoline hill again, there comes to my mind the thought of the man who built the Temple of Jupiter there, Tarquinius Superbus, and that curious incident in his life which affected mightily the destinies of Rome. It must have special interest for all those engaged in the book trade, for it tells of the remarkable success of a book agent in that far distant age. It seems this ancient

Position 29. Map 5.

book agent was a woman, having the monopoly of a certain edition of valuable books which she carried into the presence of the superb Tarquin and announced, rather brusquely, that she was ready for business and that her price for the set was three hundred pieces of gold. The king was busy and indifferent; at any rate, he thought the price was exorbitant. Finding him unapproachable, the woman, who happened to be a sibyl, a sort of prophetess, turned to the fire glowing upon the hearth, for it was a cold day, and deliberately threw three of the books into the flames, where they were soon reduced to ashes. A few days after she called again, having in her possession the remaining six books, for which she asked the original price, three hundred pieces of gold. Tarquin refused to buy them at that price; whereupon three more were flung into the fire. Once again she called upon the king and, to his surprise, offered the last three remaining volumes of the set for the price asked for the nine, threatening that, if they were not purchased at this call, they would follow the other six into the flames. When the king heard this warning he became alarmed and sent for his wisest philosophers to come and examine the books, which they did, and declared they were well worth the price asked.

So, out on that old hill, the king became possessor of the Sibylline books, which contained a list of remedies for diseases, directions for preparing sacrifices, prophecies relating to public affairs, and many other important matters. They were carefully put away in the Temple of Jupiter, which then stood on the south summit of the hill, and, centuries after, they became the rock on which the Republic split asunder under their skillful interpretation in his own interests by Julius Cæsar.

The large building whose roof forms the sky line, seen to the north of the Capitol and over the Arch of Severus, is the Church of Aracœli, standing on the northern summit of the Capitoline Hill. We spoke of that church, though we could not see it, when looking up the broad steps leading to the Capitol from the opposite side. The Castle of St. Angelo is hardly more than a mile beyond that church, on the other side of

Position 29. Map 5.

the Tiber, and St. Peter's must be standing not more than a mile and a half away, directly back of the Capitol.

Behind us, but somewhat to our right, are the Church of S. Francesca, the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, and the Colosseum, while only a few rods behind but more to the left, is the Arch of Titus.

With a surer comprehension of our surroundings, we now come back to these long buried stones of the Sacra Via. Beyond the right hand embankment, near the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, we see a place where the course of the street was practically the same from the first years of the city to the last.

Standing on this interesting spot, let us try to catch some echo of the voices that once resounded here, and get sight of some of the mighty events that took place on these very stones. Through the Arch of Titus back of us, and over this very pavement, rolled the dazzling splendor of many a Roman Triumph as it passed on to the Capitol yonder, like the continuous glow of a rainbow. We can almost hear the measured tread of those battle-scarred legions, whose footfalls echoed around the world. On either side of the Sacra Via marble structures were piled one above another, glistening like mountains of snowy whiteness in the sunlight. The countless porticoes of temples and palaces, every window front and every available space were covered with spectators all dressed in white, which added to the beauty of the scene. Wherever it was possible, stands or scaffolds were erected along this line of march so that the people might better see the unrivaled pomp of a pageant, such as the world will never see again. On the day of such a triumph,

Position 29. Map 5.

all the temples were open and decorated with garlands and filled with perfume. Streets and public buildings had been cleaned by thousands of slaves, and a force of military police kept the way clear for pedestrians.

The first day was occupied by the carrying of statues and other gems of art taken from the enemy's country; all this was borne by countless slaves, the captives taken in battle.

The second day, file after file of captives would come past here bearing the costliest and brightest armor, coats of mail, helmets and shields, all gleaming in sunlight, and which were taken from the enemy; then followed another army of slaves bearing the silver and gold, the spoils of battle, consisting of cups, bowls, plates, urns, and jewelry, rings, bracelets, so arranged as to produce the most dazzling effect.

The third day was the climax of all. First came the trumpeters in inimitable array, who blared the battle charge just as it is given on the eve of conflict, stirring the hearts and making the blood bound in the veins of the vast concourse of people. Next followed a band of young men clad in the purest white, save for the scarlet sash tied about their waists, who led for the sacrifices one hundred and twenty noble oxen with gilded horns and heads crowned with garlands and ribbons. These were followed by boys who carried gold and silver platters, and these again were followed by slaves who carried, in vessels on their shoulders, gold and silver coins. Next came those who bore the consecrated bowl, weighing ten talents in gold and incrusted with precious stones. Then came the children and relatives of the captured king who wept piteously as they passed, and were it not that a Roman heart was a heart of stone, they would

Position 29. Map 5.

have elicited the compassion of the spectators. After his children came the captured king, proud, yet heart-broken, with a sullen and defiant expression on his face. Behind him marched his defeated generals, whose grief, as was often evident, was more for their king's misfortune than for their own. Then followed, in a chariot covered with gold, the Roman conqueror, and when he appeared the very heavens seemed rent asunder with the thunderous applause of the spectators. After the triumphant general came the victorious army, with boughs of laurel in their hands and the Roman eagles gleaming above all the rest.

When one has passed around the whole Forum and has become acquainted with the principal ruins, he finds his field of investigation has just begun to open out before him. He would certainly be disappointed with the result of his efforts if he stopped with the objects which are left here for the eye to see; but no man can stop with these material things. Every temple relic, every broken column and arch not only tells of a once complete structure of stone and marble, but is an eloquent and undeniable expression of the thoughts and aspirations and triumphs that once existed in the lives of people of warm flesh and blood like ourselves. After having been able to stand in the same physical surroundings as did those stalwart Romans, after becoming familiar with the same hills and valleys, and looking upon some of the very structures that their minds conceived and their hands constructed, we find there is an endless charm for us in our efforts to pass on into their mental world, into their thoughts about each other, about the world

outside, about God. More and more the conviction steals into our hearts that no book of fiction could be more fascinating than the true account of these people's lives. How many ideas that are now being worked out in the world commenced to dawn upon the minds of men and women in this place, in those far-off times. In speaking of the slow discovery of the great truth of the unity of the human race, Goldwin Smith says: "First, perhaps, the greatness of the Roman character broke through the narrow exclusiveness of savage nationality by bending in its hour of conquest to the intellect of conquered Greece; nobler in this than Greece herself, who with all her philosophy, talked to the last of Greek and barbarian, and could never see the man beneath the slave. First, perhaps, on the mind of the Roman stoic, the great idea of the community of man with its universal rights and duties distinctly though faintly dawned, and therefore to the Roman stoic it was given to be the real author of Rome's greatest gift, the science of universal law. Christianity broke down far more thoroughly the barriers between nation and nation, between freeman and slave, for those who were within her pale."

We cannot stop now to go into the life lived here, but we do know that he who passes but once through the Forum, so full of memories, must ever after look with deeper interest into any bit of literature, any book that tells of Rome's great past.

All the time we have been standing here, the Colosseum has been looming up behind us. Now we will turn towards it. To determine this next position, definitely, we must consult the large general map of

Position 29. Map 5.

Rome, the map we are to use for all our subsequent positions in the city. The Colosseum is found on this map four or five inches to the right or east of the lower bend of the Tiber toward the east. Next to the Colosseum on the northwest we see the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, and next to this site is the plan of the Basilica of Constantine, with that part of the Sacra Via near which we have been standing, marked in front of it. The two red lines which start near the Arch of Titus, just south of the Temple of Venus and Rome and extend on either side of the Colosseum toward the east, show our next position and what will be our field of vision from that position.

Position 30. A mighty monument to heathen brutality and Christian courage, the Colosseum

Did you ever see anything grander that that almost incomprehensible immensity, the Roman Colesseum? I am sure I never did, and I have seen most of the world's greatest wonders. So vast is it that Juvenal says, it:

> ". . . in its public shows, unpeopled Rome,
> And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb."

To my mind nothing can impart a more vivid impression of the marvelous power and wealth of the ancient Romans than this mountainous yet beautiful ruin. Its gigantic proportions grow upon us when we remember that, for many centuries, its stones have been sold as from a common quarry, and built into palaces and churches, and even carried off to the ends of the world.

That titanic structure was commenced A. D. 72, by the Emperor Vespasian, and was finished by his son Titus some years later, after the destruction of

Position 30. Map 2.

Jerusalem. It was at that time completely faced with marble four inches thick. Of the captive Jews brought from Palestine twelve thousand were employed upon this work. As you can see by looking at the exterior of the left-hand wall, which remains intact, the building consisted of four stories. Examine it closely, and you may see that the first row of pilasters, between the arches, is of the Doric order, the second Ionic, and the two upper rows are Corinthian. The circumference of the Colosseum is one thousand seven hundred feet, its greatest length six hundred and twenty, and its width five hundred and twenty-six, while its height is one hundred and fifty seven feet. The entrance for the Emperor was between the fifth and sixth lowest arches, counting from this end of the building, those without cornices and facing the Esquiline Hill. There was a similar entrance on the opposite side of the structure. The great blocks of stone which compose the amphitheater were held firmly together by metal clasps. These were all dug out in the Middle Ages, when metal was very valuable, and, as a result, the building is riddled with holes. We do not know who the architect of the Colosseum was, but there is a legend founded upon an inscription to the effect that it was Gaudentius, a Christian, who afterward suffered martyrdom in this very structure.

The amphitheater is purely an invention of the Romans, the cultured Greeks possessing nothing like it. It was used for gladiatorial combats, fights between gladiators and wild beasts, and also for naval conflicts, the arena being so constructed that it could be flooded with water. Subsequently the area within these walls was the scene of terrible Christian martyr-

dom. Heroic men and saintly women and innocent children were torn to pieces by wild beasts, for no other crime than that they believed on the Lord Christ.

The Romans reveled in sports of all kinds, but, unlike the more intellectual Greeks, their pastimes were characterized by an element of coarseness and brutality. Horse-racing, which had been imported from Greece, was popular, but not until it had reached a degree of recklessness and cruelty which had never been witnessed in Athens. Not to be outdone in the good graces of the rabble, to whom Pompey had given a permanent theater, Julius Cæsar favored the people with a permanent circus — the Circus Maximus — especially adapted for chariot racing and situated in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine, and which was one of the most magnificent buildings in Rome. On the map its location is given on the opposite or southern side of the Palatine Hill.

In the days of Julius Cæsar it was one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet long and six hundred and twenty feet wide; circular at one end and straight at the other. On the inner side of the straight end wall, the space was free, but the other three walls were lined with tiers of stone seats, except those near the top of the walls which were of wood. On great occasions, when the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, these wooden seats occasionally gave way, and, in the reign of Augustus, a thousand people were killed. As completed by Julius Cæsar, the structure held one hundred and fifty thousand spectators. A canal, ten feet deep, separated the lowest tiers of seats from the course. Lengthwise, through the middle of the building, was a low, broad wall called the spine, whose summit was adorned with an obelisk and marble sculptures. At each end of the spine was a goal, marked by three small conical masses of gilt bronze, which formed the turning point for the races — chariot races, foot races, and athletic games of various sorts. This structure was the great hippodrome of Rome, but mortal com-

Position 30. Map 2.

bats, both of men and beasts, were reserved for the Colosseum. In the circus, men and women sat together, but in the Colosseum they were assigned to different parts of the building. In the latter structure

> "Rome showed so many maidens and so fair,
> All the world's beauty seemed collected there."

Strange to say, the first introduction of gladiatorial exhibitions here in Rome was on the occasion of a funeral. They were given by Marcus and Decimus Brutus in memory of their father in B. C. 264. They immediately secured the popular favor and it was not long before they became recognized as the Roman's principal pastime.

Besides the amusements offered by the Circus Maximus and the Colosseum — the races and the gladiators — there were various games in which the people indulged, chief among which were those resembling our billiards and dice. "Let them," says old Cato, speaking of the gay and giddy set in Rome, "have their armor, their horses and their spears; let them have their swimming matches and their races, so they do but leave us, among the numerous sports, the 'tali' and the 'tesseræ'" (a kind of dice); but the aged were not allowed a monopoly of this game, as Juvenal assures us —

> "If gaming does an aged sire entice,
> Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
> And shakes in hanging sleeves the little box and dice."

The sight of this great center of Roman life makes it interesting to think over again the way the average Roman spent a day at the close of the Republic and in the Imperial period. It was briefly as follows: The first two hours were taken up by clients who came to pay their respects. The next two hours were spent in attendance and in transacting personal business at the law courts; at the fifth hour (our eleven o'clock) came the noonday lunch to which guests were never invited; and the sixth hour, with a part of the seventh, was a time of repose, in which the Romans enjoyed a noonday siesta; at the eighth hour (two P. M.), they repaired to the baths, after which, at the ninth hour (three o'clock), they went to supper, although the earlier Romans waited for this

Position 30. Map 2.

meal until sunset. Then from the tenth until the twelfth hour (four to six), they flocked to the theater, to the Colosseum or the Circus Maximus, and, in the evening, the wealthier classes gave sumptuous feasts to which they invited their relatives and friends. Thus, generally speaking, a Roman spent almost his entire day in the Forum, the baths, the theater, the Circus or the Colosseum.

Titus celebrated the opening of the Colosseum with a display of unrivaled splendor. A battle of cranes with dwarfs was followed by gladiatorial combats in which women took part, although no noble matron was allowed to appear in the arena. Five thousand wild beasts were slaughtered, and water having been let into the arena a sea fight of terrible fierceness was witnessed. When all was over it is said that Titus sat down and burst into a fit of weeping, but this was probably due more to complete exhaustion resulting from his prolonged dissipation, than from sorrow at the remembrance of the flood of brutality and butchery which he had occasioned.

Hadrian gave an entertainment in the Colosseum on his birthday at which a thousand wild beasts were slaughtered, including two hundred lions. The arena was planted with living trees, shrubs and flowers, and from grottoes and yawning clefts of rocks came forth the wild beasts. In A. D. 181 the Emperor Commodus frequently fought in the arena himself, and killed gladiators and wild animals. Dressed in a lion's skin, his head sprinkled with gold-dust, he called himself Hercules.

In A. D. 217, the amphitheater was repeatedly struck by lightning and so severely damaged that it was abandoned for the Circus Maximus for many years. It was restored in A. D. 223. In A. D. 240, Philippus celebrated here the millennium of the city with a series of entertainments, in the course of which thirty elephants, ten tigers, ten lions, thirty leopards, forty wild horses, one hippopotamus, one rhinoceros,

and two thousand gladiators were slain. At another time, one hundred of the finest breed of African lions, half-starved, were let into the arena together; these were followed by one hundred lionesses, two hundred leopards and three hundred bears, and the thunderous roars that arose from this vast multitude of royal beasts fairly shook the massive walls of the structure as though they had been built of boards. Such an appalling and heart-rending slaughter was never before witnessed, and when, at last, the darkness of night fell upon the awful scene, the arena was flooded with blood and thickly covered with a mass of quivering flesh.

These gladiatorial and wild beast combats came to an end in a very tragic way. In A. D. 403, an oriental monk named Telemachus was so horrified at the spectacle he had been witnessing, that he leaped into the arena and besought the people with tears to abandon their fiendish brutality; the mighty multitude sprang to their feet and poured upon him an avalanche of derision, and before he could leave the arena, they had stoned him to death; but he had won the victory, for his was the last lifeless form ever dragged from that bloody arena as a sacrifice to the brutality of the Roman people.

Viewing the structure from where we do, does it not seem a pity that such a monument of power and greatness should have been blackened and defiled by the satanic cruelty of men? The Colosseum is at all times a striking object, but I think it especially so when the setting sun flings over it a flood of yellow light changing the somber walls and crumbling arches into gold; or when the moonlight transforms the whole wondrous mass — walls, corridors, countless

Position 30. Map 2.

tiers of seats, and even the blood-soaked arena — into a titanic citadel of silver, calling up from out the deep shadows that lurk in obscure corners the dark phantoms of the past. I do not wonder that when Walpole, accompanied by the English poet Grey, visited the amphitheater, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "I would buy the Colosseum if I could!"

We are about to pass beneath one of the eighty arches and enter that mountainous amphitheater. Before we do so we must note several other objects of interest here. This block of Roman concrete, so close we can almost touch it, and most of the other ruins near us on our right, are remains of the Turris Chartularia, a stronghold of the Frangipani family in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But beneath these more prominent ruins are ancient beds of concrete and huge blocks of peperino which belong to the Temple of Jupiter Stator, a temple vowed by Romulus during his first struggle with the Sabines in the valley of the Forum, and built by M. Atilius Regulus in 296 B. C.

Of course the Arch of Titus is only a few rods off to our left, beyond the limit of our vision, and the road before us with a modern pavement follows the course of the Sacra Via between the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum. The small conical structure of stone, in a circular grass plot near the Colosseum, is the remains of an ancient fountain, the Meta Sudans. Beyond the Colosseum, to the left, is the Esquiline; and the ruins upon it belong to the Baths of Titus.

We are to take our next position within the Colosseum near the level of the arena, on the side to our right, and look up toward the side on our left which

Position 30. Map 2.

still towers to its full height. We can see from here a small section of the inner side of that highest left-hand wall, and to the right of that section you see a break in the top of the wall leading down by two steps as it were toward the right. Those steps will be above us and to our left, when we stand within the Colosseum. On the map, this new position is given by the lines which branch within the Colosseum extending from the southern to the northern side.

Position 31. Stupendous interior of the Colosseum—dens beneath the arena and sweep of arcades where fifty thousand people sat

There, lifted high above us, to the right is the break in the top of the wall with the two steps leading down to it which we saw when looking from near the Arch of Titus. Thus we can see, then, that we are looking to the amphitheater's northern side. The buildings seen through the arcades on the right are on the Esquiline Hill.

The arena itself rested upon those broken upright walls which you behold at our very feet. Besides acting as a support for the arena, these walls were used to divide the space beneath into subterranean stalls or dens for beasts, and the remains of the vaulted doorways may be seen in them. The circular modern railing is built upon the remains of the wall surrounding the arena, a wall high enough to protect the spectators from infuriated wild beasts. The foremost seats just above that wall or railing of the arena were called the "podium" and were reserved as places of honor for the Emperor, the Vestal Virgins and the senators, also foreign ambassadors. Above those are three divisions of seats, the first of which, being nearest the "podium," belong to knights, and have

Position 31. Map 2.

fourteen rows. Above this was the row for the citizens, and the topmost row was reserved for the common people. Entrances and staircases were so constructed that each person could gain his seat without trouble or confusion. On the roof of the colonnade, near the summit of the wall, were stationed sailors belonging to the imperial fleet whose duty it was to stretch a sail cloth over the vast enclosure for the purpose of excluding the rays of the sun.

The number of people who could range themselves about these walls has been variously estimated at from fifty to one hundred thousand, but probably the smaller figure is nearer correct.

The first Christian to suffer martyrdom here for his faith was St. Ignatius, a disciple of the Apostle John. It was in this arena that he cried, as the lions were let loose, "I am the grain of the field and must needs be ground by the teeth of lions to become as bread fit for the Master's table." His martyrdom was followed soon afterward by that of one hundred and fifty Christians, who were pierced through with arrows. The list of those who perished here for their faith is an appalling one.

Once, when I was in the Colosseum, the excavations of the débris between the walls beneath the arena (for centuries this was the dumping-ground as well the quarry of Rome) were not quite completed. As it was the noon hour, and the laborers had gone to their midday meal, I tumbled down one of the embankments and, digging under the dirt, dislodged a Roman tile that had certainly not seen the light of day for more than a thousand years. It was foot-worn and hoof-dented and stained almost black with blood, but I treasure it among my souvenirs of Rome, and I

do not find it difficult, when I hold it in my hand and gaze upon this scene, to repeople again these vacant spaces and imagine the arena filled once more with ferocious beasts and still more ferocious men, and hear that strange hush out from which steals a low murmur, and then the hoarse shouts of the vast multitude occupying seats tier above tier upon these arches, while, now and then, above all this mighty roar and confusion rise the piercing cries of the struggling and the dying.

Surely Benvenuto Cellini could not have selected a more suitable place of rendezvous when he invited his companions in necromancy to assemble at midnight among these ruins. In such a place, with its weird, quivering shadows and everywhere a shivering gloom, it would not be a difficult task to call up spirits, if one had any imagination at all.

We are not surprised that, in the turbulent days of mediæval Rome, this Colosseum was transformed into a giant fortress and, later on, Italian banditti found a safe hiding-place within these walls; to-day, the Romans have a strange superstition about this king of ruins. They say that, in sunlight, all is silence and calm, and on starlit nights these continue; but, when the night is dark, and wildest storms beat down upon the ruin, and gales of wind howl through its crumbling arches and empty galleries, then the mighty monument, like a reanimated monster, becomes itself again; the old scenes are re-enacted, and those who once sat upon these benches and long since left the world, occupy them again, and above the screeching of the gale, their voices ring out in mad, delirious cries.

We are told that the Colosseum is crumbling away

Position 31. Map 2.

an inch a year, and in this it seems to have a kinship to the whole creation, and even to the very Alps themselves. Perhaps the prophecy of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrim may yet prove true:

> "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
> And, when Rome falls, the world."

Nevertheless, as we look upon it, we can but be conscious of its dark and troubled past, which would cause us to exclaim with Dickens, as our eyes wander over the structure, "God be thanked; a ruin!"

A few feet below that highest row of windows, and to our left, you will see a short section of modern railing similar to that which we see below us surrounding the arena. We shall climb now to that point and look to the Palatine Hill behind us and to our left. Our field of vision from that point is given on the map by the lines, with the number 32 attached, which branch from the northern side of the Colosseum toward the southwest.

Position 32. The Palatine Hill from the Colosseum

Here we have a near view of the upper galleries of the Colosseum, and over its dismantled walls we see the villas, gardens and the ruins of the Palatine. Doubtless we are surprised as we gaze at the great amphitheater to find that many parts of it are still in excellent repair. These few perfect arches and doorways and this level circular walk in front of them, help us to form a better idea of the appearance of the whole structure in its finished state. Observe that the gallery way, with its stone copings beneath us, appears as cleanly swept as a parlor floor. How many

Position 32. Map 2.

thousands of feet have thronged that circular aisle! It seems to have been the first landing place above the street, and from it stairways led to this second landing beneath us on our right. Just before us, along this upper gallery, is the western end of the highest remaining part of the wall, the part we saw so well from our stand near the Arch of Titus (Position 30). No matter where we stand, though, it is difficult for us to realize that two-thirds of the Colosseum have been taken away, and yet the material that remains is estimated to be worth two and a half millions of dollars. The Romans themselves have a proverb referring to the ruins of the city, "What the barbarians spared, the Barberini sacked," and this is of nothing more true than of the Colosseum.

Over the dismantled walls, then, we see the main portion of the Palatine, the oldest and most aristocratic of Rome's hills. There is a good road which leads up the hill around to our left on the southeastern side, but I like best the unfrequented path which starts from the Arch of Titus, beyond this wall on our right, and skirting those nearest grass-covered walls ascends by that solitary palm tree and is lost in an entanglement of undisturbed ruins beyond. Few tourists enter the lonely seclusion of that path or are aware of its historic interest, for it crosses the site of the once famous Gardens of Adonis, where St. Sebastian, one of the early Christian heroes (represented in many beautiful and immortal paintings as a handsome youth bound to a tree and pierced with arrows), suffered martyrdom.

Such events, of course, only take us back to the first centuries of the Christian era. The buildings we see there, for instance, belong to the church and convent of S. Bonaventure, though they are built upon a

Position 32. Map 2.

portion of the ancient Palace of Nero. It is said that the Cardinal and Bishop of Abana, in honor of whom those buildings are named, was restored from a deadly disease by the prayers of St. Francis of Assisi, and was so rejoiced when he found himself recovered, that he exclaimed, "O Buona Ventura" — what a happy chance! and by this name he became known.

But it is the events of the earlier times for which that hill is especially famed. It was there, we remember, according to the legend, that the wolf suckled the twin sons of Mars and Rhea Sylvia, and there they were nurtured by the shepherd Faustulus. There also was the site of the ancient city of Romulus, which he founded when the auspices or auguries, from which we get our word inauguration, were favorable, far back in the dim and bewildering past. Having decided upon the site of his city he harnessed to a plow a heifer and a bull without blemish and made a furrow to define its limits. He lifted the plow over the places where he intended to have gates. Portions of the wall then built are still remaining on the west or farther side of the hill. Standing where we do, with the famous elevation so near at hand, it is vastly easier for us to recall its soul-stirring past. There is not another record in human history of so rapid and splendid a growth of a single city, from its first settlement on that hillside by shepherds until it became the proud mistress of the world.

From the foundation of the city to the early Empire little is definitely known about the history of the Palatine. During the time of Tarquinius Priscus, 616–578 B. C., it was still honored by the kingly residence. "Toward the end of the republic it had become one of the most aristocratic quarters of the city. The

Position 32. Map 2.

great orators, lawyers and political men of the age resorted to this hill on account of its proximity to the Forum, the Curia and the Rostra." There are records to show that the most palatial residences of the time were here. "M. Fulvius Flaccus built a palace which was destroyed by the order of the Senate after his execution for joining in the conspiracy of the Gracchi. Q. Lutatius Catulus, consul with Marius B. C. 102, with whom he gained a victory over the Cimbri, filled his house with the spoils of war. M. Livius, tribune of the plebeians in B. C. 91, and Crassus, the orator, came here to live. Cicero paid a sum equal to one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars for his home in 62 A. D. M. Æmilius Scaurus, a stepson of Sulla, is said to have had the richest house on the Palatine, for which, according to report, Clodius afterwards paid four million four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Most of these structures stood on the corner of the hill nearest the Forum, and must have been cleared away to give place to the later Palace of Caligula" (Lanciáni). The homes of such men as Quintus Hortensius, of immense wealth, and L. Sergius Catilina, stood on this edge nearest us.

After the beginning of the Empire all others had to give way to the Emperors. Augustus selected the Palatine for the imperial residence and built his palace on the southern corner, the part of the hill seen on our extreme left, now called the Villa Mills, as the map shows. We are told by Suetonius that this Emperor occupied the same bedroom in that palace for forty years. It was at the gate of the same mansion that Augustus sat one day each year receiving alms from all who passed by, in conformity with a vision that he should in that way appease the gods. Subsequently

Position 32. Map 2.

he erected, near his palace, a magnificent temple to Apollo, also a library for the preservation of Greek and Latin manuscripts.

Though there is scarcely any trace of it now, something of a valley crossed the Palatine from the Arch of Titus on the north to the Circus Maximus on the south, dividing the top into two summits. Most of what we see belonged to the southeast summit, or Palatium; the northwest summit, or Cermalus, lies mainly to our right toward the Capitol.

The buildings of Augustus served in a way as a cornerstone from which others were erected until the palaces of the Cæsars covered nearly the whole hill. Tiberius Cæsar built his palace in the center of the northwestern summit, the Cermalus, and connected it with that of Augustus by underground passages. Caligula built an extension to the houses of Tiberius, which covered the remainder of the northwestern summit, reaching, as we have seen, almost to the Forum. Nero located his Golden House on the southeastern corner — this corner of the hill nearest us — though the grounds for his house reached from the Palatine to the Esquiline Hill, behind us. After the death of Nero, Domitian utilized the site of the Golden House for the Gardens of Adonis.

The three Flavian emperors, Vespasian, Titus and Domitian, occupied themselves mainly in uniting the palaces of their predecessors by raising intervening structures, though the Palace of Augustus was rebuilt under Titus. The successors of these emperors for a hundred years did little more than keep the existing buildings in repair. But Septimius Severus not only repaired the great damages of the fire of Commodus in 191 A. D., but also put up an immense range

of buildings on the southern edge of the Palatine, which considerably changed the shape of the hill.

Those who seek to-day among the ruins of the Palatine have great difficulty in tracing the foundations of the individual buildings. This is due to the fact that in order to find room, one emperor sometimes built upon the structures reared by his predecessors. For instance, Vespasian filled up many of the chambers of the Palace of Augustus with dirt in order to make a sufficient foundation for his own. And to-day, this dirt having been partly removed you can inspect the remains of the Palace of Vespasian, then descend into that of Augustus.

Near the Palace of Vespasian, in the center of the hill, was the basilica, or state apartment, in which the emperors tried the cases which came before them on appeal, and there, in that low court on this Palatine Hill, the Apostle Paul appeared before Nero. Fragments of the basilica have been found and a portion of the marble chair in which the emperors sat and the dais on which the prisoners stood while their cases were being tried. Usually the emperors did not live in these palaces, but in villas beyond the limits of the city. They came here to the palace in the morning, attended to whatever royal business properly came before them and left early in the afternoon for their country homes in the suburbs.

In these modern times it is difficult for us to realize the scenes that were enacted on this hill under some of the emperors, the heads of the Roman world. Take the Palace of Caligula, the ruins of which we saw on our extreme right when looking from the Capitol (Position 27), and which lie here beyond the limit of our vision on the right. In those once gorgeous apart-

ments the mad Caligula was wont to rush about, dressed in grotesque costume, appalling his subservient attendants by his wild fancies and cruel pranks. Once, at midnight, he summoned to the palace a dozen of the leading senators, who, not daring to disregard his commands, came with fear and trembling. When they reached the palace, Caligula kept them waiting for an hour in one of the spacious rooms, and then dismissed them without ceremony, laughing boisterously as he watched them hastily make their way along the marble corridors to the exit of the palace.

In one year this crazy Emperor squandered twenty-seven millions of sesterces. One of his wives, Lollia, possessed the most magnificent set of jewelry ever owned by a Roman lady, and of her Johnson writes:

> "She came in like starlight, hid with jewels
> That were the spoil of provinces."

But her beauty was more dazzling than her gems, and ofttimes Caligula would stroke her swan-like throat and hiss fiendishly:

"When I get ready, this lovely throat will be hacked through."

It was in a vaulted passage which led from the palace to the theater that Caligula was murdered by the tribune Chærea. No sooner was the news of the tragedy known, than the soldiers of the Prætorian guard, whose camp was at the foot of the Palatine, rushed into the palace and began to rifle it of its treasures. In one of the chambers they encountered Claudius, the uncle of Caligula, who flung himself at their feet supplicating for mercy. In their savage humor, more in jest than otherwise, they hailed him as Imperator, which he actually became. Later it

Position 32. Map 2.

was, in that very palace, that Claudius ate the supper of poisoned mushrooms prepared by his wife, Agrippina, the mother of Nero, which caused his death. Life to Claudius was largely a matter of eating and drinking, and yet, glutton as he was, he possessed a strong sense of justice and a streak of subtle humor. Once when he was trying a case in the Palatine basilica, a suitor made an apology for the absence of one of his witnesses, saying that the man was dead. "I command him not to appear, then," said the Emperor dryly.

We cannot stop to speak of the grandeur of the many palaces that once crowned this eminence with splendor, but we will pause to think of Nero's Golden House, the most remarkable of them all. As we have said, this house with its grounds extended from the eastern side of the Palatine in front of us, to the Esquiline Hill behind us, covering territory one mile square. In nothing was Nero more extravagant than in his building operations, and in carrying out his ideas he seemed to let nothing stand in his way. Not finding room for the vast structure whose erection he contemplated, he is said to have caused the burning of Rome, which he then charged against the Christians, on account of which accusations many of them were apprehended and smeared with pitch and set up at night in his garden as ghastly torches. This conflagration gave him what he so much needed — room for his Golden House and its magnificent park. In this park he constructed artificial waterfalls, which necessitated the building of aqueducts fifty miles long, artificial lakes upon which floated the royal galleys, while surrounding these were extensive vineyards and woods which abounded in choice game. The house itself had a colonnade one

Position 32. Map 2.

mile long, and its portico was so lofty that beneath it stood a colossal statue of the Emperor one hundred feet high. The other dimensions of the palace were on the same scale. Some of the walls of this monstrous dream of splendor were incrusted with gold inlaid with jewels and mother-of-pearl; others were covered with mirrors that reflected the entire apartment. The *triclinia,* or banqueting-rooms, had vaulted ceilings which were so constructed as to be movable, being changed for each portion of the feast and reflecting the course of the dinner which happened to be on the table; thus fish were seen swimming in the sea, game flying in the air, cattle browsing in the fields, and fruits of every description hanging in golden sunshine. The ceilings, with every transformation, scattered flowers and rained down perfume upon the guests. Such novel and luxurious appointments were common to all the dining-rooms in the palace, but, in addition to these, the ceiling of the state dining-room was circular in form, and revolved continually in imitation of the celestial bodies. The bath-rooms were visions of elegance, being faced with rarest marbles, and the basins were of variegated stone. The faucets, from which the water flowed, were of silver and gold, water being brought in aqueducts from the Mediterranean for the salt-water baths, and the sulphur baths were supplied from springs along the Tiber. "Now I am lodged as Cæsar should be!" Nero exclaimed, when he took possession of this palace, which had cost him more than twenty millions of dollars.

Taking it all in all the Palatine, even now, is a picturesque hill, rising as it does one hundred feet high at its crest and being a mile in circumference at its base. Its grassy slopes as early as March are

carpeted with a profusion of brilliant wild flowers. It is now completely inclosed and is entered through a gateway where an admission of twenty cents is charged.

The hill seen in the distance beyond the Palatine is the Janiculum, and, as we know, the Sacra Via, the Forum and Capitol lie off to our right. To look in that direction we will move from the northern to the extreme southern side of the Colosseum, a point on the ruins farther to the left than we can now see. This next position is given on the map by the two lines which start from the southern side of the Colosseum and extend slightly north of west.

Position 33. The Sacra Via, over which Rome's triumphal pageants passed, west from the Colosseum

Ah! This is an interesting prospect. From whatever side you look, this old-time center of mighty power is entrancing. Down on our left is the Arch of Constantine, and beyond that is the Palatine Hill; the Sacra Via stretches away before us beneath the beautiful Arch of Titus; still farther is the Forum, and in the distance, to the right, is the tower-crowned Capitol.

That bee-hive shaped structure in front of the Arch of Constantine is the same that we saw some time ago when we were looking this way from among those ruins to the left of the Arch of Titus (Position 30). As we then stated it is the remains of a fountain, called " Meta Sudans " or " sweating goal," so named, as many suppose, because of its perpetual issue of foaming water, as though the fountain were sweating; and " Meta " (Goal), from its resembling in shape the goal in the circus. The name " sweating goal " has

Position 33. Map 2.

added significance from the fact that it was right out there that the gladiators used to bathe after their conflicts in the Colosseum, on which we are standing. It is said that these fighters were always surrounded by admiring crowds, their broad ox-like shoulders being stroked patronizingly by the soft, lily-white hands of effeminate patricians, who gathered about the fountain, offering wagers on the next combat. There, too, when the show in the amphitheater was over, the crowds of spectators collected to refresh themselves from its plentiful supply of water.

Some hold that the fountain is of very ancient origin, being restored by Domitian in A. D. 97. And the philosopher Seneca, who died A. D. 65, mentions the space about the fountains as the place where people, without consideration for their neighbors, would come and try new bugles and flutes and make other unbearable noises. "The round basin which supports the railing dates from the time of Constantine."

The memories of the past continually crowd upon us in this place. What masses of people have flocked to this Colosseum over the ground before us! What people of note — Emperors, Vestal Virgins and Senators — have traveled this way beneath the Arch of Titus! Then we are to remember that the great Appian Road, or its continuation within the city, the Via Triumphalis, ended at this fountain, coming up on our left through the Arch of Constantine. The road was there many centuries before the Arch was built.

The first section of that road was constructed in 312 B. C. as far as Capua, and later it was extended to Brundisium at the southern end of Italy, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles. It was the main thoroughfare from southern Italy, Greece and

the farthest Eastern possessions of the Roman Empire. We might stand here for days recalling the notable people and resplendent processions that have passed over that road. Every Roman triumph and every Roman conqueror has passed here on his way to the Capitol and the Temple of Jupiter.

One of the best points from which to look at the Arch of Constantine is on the opposite or southern side, near the Palatine Hill. We are to go to that point now and look back toward this space in front of us. We may find our exact location by consulting the map and finding the two red lines, with the number 34, which extend from the southern side of the Arch toward the northeast.

Position 34. The Triumphal Arch of Constantine

Can you imagine anything more elegant or artistic? The testimony of all beholders of this arch has been that they were fascinated by its beauty and by the strength and harmony of its proportions. While the Arch of Titus is conceded by experts to be the most perfect in existence, to the ordinary beholder this is by far the most attractive. It has stood here for nearly sixteen centuries, having been erected in A. D. 315, to commemorate the victory of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, over his rival Maxentius. The bas-reliefs of the attic representing the Dacian kings, the eight medallions or circular sculptures above the side arches, the eight fluted Corinthian columns and the greater part of the entablature, were taken from the triumphal Arch of Trajan, which spanned the Appian Way near the Porta Capena. The bas-reliefs which you see on the inside of the middle passage are said to belong to

Position 34. Map 2.

the reign of Gordianus, the Younger. "The inside of the arch is a conglomerate, being built with a great variety of materials belonging to monuments of the Fabii and Arruntii, the carvings on which are well-nigh perfect. Under the medallions and just above the side arches are bas-reliefs which refer to the conquests of Constantine, but they are crude and ill-designed. Pope Clement VIII, acting doubtless upon the principle that one good turn deserves another, carried off one of the eight Corinthian columns to finish a chapel in the Church of St. John Lateran." (Lanciáni.)

Because of its striking effect and great beauty, so arranged as to give to the beholder an impression of victory, this arch has always been a favorite subject for painters, and it appears as a background in many famous paintings, notably by Pinturicchio and Botticelli. This family group before us aids in bringing out the magnificent proportions of the arch.

To the right of the fair proportions of this arch we see the monstrous Colosseum again. In their pristine glory these two structures must have formed a most splendid and impressive approach to the Forum and Capitol. Through and beyond the arch to the left is the Esquiline Hill, and through the smaller opening on the left we see part of the fence surrounding the fountain, Meta Sudans.

This finishes our sight-seeing about the great heart of the ancient city, the Forum with the Capitoline and Palatine Hills and the Colosseum. We pass now to the places of special interest more widely separated. First, we shall go to what is, after the Colosseum, without doubt, the most stupendous ruin in Rome, the

Baths of Caracalla. The plan of these baths on the map shows that we are to go over a half mile south of the Colosseum. According to this map plan, we are to see part of the ruins of the northwest peristyle.

Position 35. The magnificent baths of Caracalla—ruins of the peristyle

These baths were begun in 212 A. D. by Caracalla, enlarged by Heliogabalus and completed by Alexander Severus. They are, unquestionably, in many respects, the most superb in Rome, suggesting, as they do, the unrivaled splendor of the ancient Roman baths, to which there is nothing similar in the world to-day. It is well that we can see a part of this magnificent structure even though it be in ruins, for it would be impossible, by any power of language, to give one an adequate impression of "those gigantic walls and noble arches whose summits share with the mountain peaks the first rays of the morning sun." So massive are they that they look as though they might have been built by a race of giants who lived in the primeval age.

The artistic embellishment of these baths must have been unparalleled, adorned as they were with the finest works of art. Numerous statues of the highest merit, including the *Farnese Bull, Hercules,* and *Flora* at Naples, and which we are to see ourselves in the latter city after a time, were found here.

This building was rectangular in form and surrounded by an outer wall. The grounds within this wall were eleven hundred feet long and about the same in width. In the center was the bath proper, and in the court surrounding the places for gymnastic exercise were porticoes, which were used as a meeting-place for literary men, who here read their essays and

Position 35. Map 2.

poems and carried on philosophical debates. Athletes here gave exhibitions of strength and skill, and musicians charmed the assembled citizens by their brilliant efforts. Sixteen hundred people could bathe in this establishment at once, and sixty thousand bathers could be accommodated, at any hour of the day, at all the public baths in Rome.

The arches seen over the stern and jagged wall in front of us — a wall the thickness of which cannot be approached by any feudal castle however massive, and whose prodigious dimensions are brought out clearly by contrast with the people you see — belong to the portico of the building. The vast hall in which we are standing and which is so richly paved with mosaics, was a peristyle or social salon. Out through those doors beyond this spacious chamber are three others: the frigidarium or cold room, which had the largest flat ceiling in the world; the tepidarium or warm room, and the caldarium or hot chamber. Beyond those rooms is a hall similar to the one we are viewing and also called the peristyle.

The bather, when about to take a bath, first entered the tepidarium, which was moderately heated. When he began to perspire freely, he removed his garments, handing them over into the charge of slaves, who put them in lockers arranged for the purpose, or he might have removed his garments in the apodyterium before entering the warm room. Then he entered the caldarium, which was provided with numerous warm baths and marble slabs upon which the bathers reclined. Having lingered in that room until the perspiration flowed copiously, he might pass on to the laconicum, or sweating room, which was a circular chamber for sweating in dry air. The walls of these

hot rooms were hollow and filled with hot air, which was constantly kept in circulation. The laconicum had a vaulted ceiling with an opening at the top which could be closed at pleasure, regulating the heat of the room. Encircling the walls of this chamber were marble steps which rose nearly to the ceiling, the topmost row being supplied with niches containing armchairs, and the bathers ascended these steps and sat in these chairs if they desired a still higher temperature. The bather then returned to the caldarium for a plunge into the warm bath, the alveus; then he re-entered the tepidarium, where slaves rubbed and scraped his skin most vigorously, after which he went to the frigidarium where he took his final plunge into the baptisterium, a large basin sunk in the marble floor. Then returning once more to the tepidarium, he was thoroughly rubbed with oil, wiped with fine towels, and perfumed; after which he re-entered one of the peristyles to recline upon luxuriant couches, to converse or to listen, to sleep or to dream, as suited his pleasure. We can well imagine the voluptuous fascination of such a bath and the delightful and refreshing repose by which it was followed. It is not surprising that the old Romans so often spoke of leaving the palatial appointments of the Bath of Caracalla buoyed up by the most exquisite sensations and seemingly treading on air rather than walking on the hard stony pavement of the city streets.

These ruins of the Baths of Caracalla were a favorite resort of the poet Shelley; he loved to stroll "among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air." All this is changed now; the

Position 35. Map 2.

trees have been uprooted, the wild flowers have been swept away, the moss and the lichen have been removed, and this beautiful mosaic floor, as we see it, and these frescoed walls glowing with figures of nymphs, sea-monsters and tritons have taken their places. "This poem," writes Shelley in his preface to *Prometheus Unbound,* "was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla."

Turning north again past the Colosseum and the Roman Forum, we go now to the Forum of Trajan. On the map we find Trajan's Forum a short distance to the north of the Capitoline Hill. The two red lines found there show that we are to look slightly north of west.

Position 36. Trajan's Forum and Column

This Forum, which measured about three hundred feet in length and about three hundred and eighty feet in width, was designed by Apollodorus, the celebrated architect of Damascus, in A. D. 114. It contained a group of buildings famous for their architectural splendor, and while not as historic as the Roman Forum, it became the most magnificent forum in Rome. Its construction was part of a great scheme for relieving the overcrowding of the old Forum, a movement which caused the erection of the Fora of Julius, Augustus and Nerva, all of which were needed to accommodate the ever-increasing political, judicial and commercial transactions during the early years of the Empire.

It will repay us to give that Column of Trajan our undivided attention and even our closest study, for, when we look upon it, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in all the world there does not exist a

Position 36. Map 2.

column of its kind that rivals it. So perfect are the figures carved upon it, representing as they do the campaigns of Trajan, that artists from Michelangelo to the present day have found them a source of education and inspiration. Here are illustrated the weapons, the engines of war and the dwellings of the barbarians; besides ships, horses, women, priests, and a battle which is being waged with deadly effect.

The column, which rests upon a sculptured pedestal, is of purest Carrara marble, and is one hundred and twenty-eight feet from the pavement. The pedestal itself is eighteen feet high. The shaft measures twelve feet in diameter at the bottom, but is only ten feet at the capital. It is not, as you may well imagine, a single block of stone, but it is composed of thirty-four separate blocks, each of which is hollow and so accurately executed and placed, that a spiral staircase, consisting of one hundred and eighty-four steps, is cut in the shaft itself, and runs from the base to the summit. You can see the entrance door to this staircase in the pedestal. On the outside, running parallel with these stairs, is a broad marble band, three feet wide at the bottom and nearly four at the top, showing more than two thousand five hundred figures sculptured in bas-reliefs.

The whole of this column was originally covered with gold and brilliant colors — crimson, blue, and yellow — and each of the carved figures was colored in realistic fashion. The noble shaft, gleaming with gold and gorgeous colors, must have dazzled the eyes of the beholders with its more than oriental splendor. When erected, a statue of Trajan stood upon its summit, but at such a height above the ground it was almost lost to sight. Trajan was the only one of the

Position 36. Map 2.

emperors who was buried within the city, his ashes, it has been said, being placed in a golden urn and interred beneath this column. The statue which we see now on its summit is that of St. Peter, placed there by Sixtus V.

The following extract from an ancient writer is interesting:

"Having now entered the Forum of Trajan, the most marvelous invention of human genius — *singultarum sub omni coelo substructum* — he (the Emperor Constantine) was struck with admiration, and looked round in amazement, without being able to utter a word, wondering at the gigantic structures — *giganteos contextus* — which no pen can describe, and which mankind can create and see only once in the course of centuries. Having consequently given up any hope of building himself anything which would approach, even at a respectful distance, the work of Trajan, he turned his attention to the equestrian statue placed in the center of the forum, and said to his attendants that he would have one like it in Constantinople. These words having been heard by Hermisdos, a young Persian prince attached to his court, he turned quickly to the emperor, and said: "If your majesty wants to secure and keep such a horse, you must first provide him with a stable like this."— *Ammianus Marcellinus* (XVI., 10).

It is said that one day, Gregory the Great, while contemplating the splendor of this forum, was so saddened by the thought that so gifted a man as Trajan should be in torment, he succeeded by prayers in securing the release of the soul of the Emperor from purgatory; but, as a penalty for so doing, he himself was afflicted with suffering and disease for all the remaining years of his life.

This stately pillar, which, with all our boasted progress, could not possibly be reproduced to-day, stands near the northwestern end of the forum, and these

broken columns, a "grove of stone," which you see in this hollow square, are the remains of the elaborate and beautiful Basilica Ulpia whose rich and lavish decorations baffle all description.

It was in this Ulpian Basilica, in A. D. 312, according to ancient authority, that, the lords of the empire having been here assembled, Constantine arose and proclaimed the abjuration of polytheism in favor of Christianity; and hence, it was on this very spot that he closed the long ages of antiquity and ushered in the dawn of modern civilization. The senators listened to the words of the Emperor in sullen silence, for the patricians were attached to the old order of things and feared that any change would be for their disadvantage; but the people, a mighty throng, who had crowded into the Basilica when the Emperor began speaking, listened with rapt faces, and when he concluded, announcing that the religion of the Crucified should henceforth and forever be that of the Roman Empire, the multitude burst into tumultuous shouts of joy, which, we are told, "continued for the space of two hours." But when the people caught sight of the bitter and contemptuous faces of the patricians, their joy turned to frenzied rage, and a terrible outburst of passion and revolution was only averted by Constantine, who beckoned the people to silence and then spoke as follows: "To be a Christian," he said, "one must desire to be one; and to refuse admission to such an one, seeking it, would be a grave offense; to impose it upon any would also be blameworthy; this is the rule of truth. Those who do not imitate us, shall not lose our good graces, while those who become Christians with us shall be our friends." And thus on that day, in this historic place, the great and wise Constantine had the wisdom of a sage and the tolerance of a saint. In one breath he proclaimed Christianity as the religion of the State, and the right and liberty of every man to workship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and the world, after these fifteen hundred years, is only now coming into the full heritage of this latter truth. And so, while geographically an ocean's breadth and half a continent separate Trajan's Forum from Plymouth Rock, yet in thought and feeling

Position 36. Map 2.

they lie close together, for they both stand for that eternal truth, the right and freedom of worship.

As an example of how quickly, in the course of centuries, structures become buried by the action of the elements, it may be stated that, if not swept once a week as it is now, Trajan's Forum would be covered with four inches of dust in a year, at the rate of thirty-three and one-third feet in a century. Considerable of the Forum area is still buried beneath the modern streets and buildings, but enough has been excavated to reveal something of the remarkable beauty of the original buildings, proving that the sculptors of Imperial Rome were not inferior to those of Imperial Greece.

"All that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much had perished there."

Ruskin says that the people who dwell among the Alps are the most insensible to their glories, and you will notice that, of all the persons whom you see about this Forum with its majestic column — persons bent on pleasure or on business, some hurrying by and others lingering for a morning chat — but one, or at most two, seem at all conscious of the presence of these monuments, for the seeing of which, a man might well go to great labor and expense. And yet, notwithstanding their apparent indifference to this priceless heritage, the poorest child in Rome catches some inspiration which is denied to the children of other lands, for it is generally found that it feels itself related, in some real and yet mystical manner, to the great ones who lived here long ago. An American, referring to United Italy, spoke of it in the presence of a Roman nobleman as a "young nation." The prince, without lifting his eyes, while drawing

and replacing his scarf-pin, replied languidly, "Ah, yes, very young, with many centuries upon its shoulders."

The church on the right is that of the Nome di Maria, built to commemorate the liberation of Vienna from the Turks in 1683, and the one on the left is that of S. Maria di Loreto. The three-story house with blinds, between the two, is a police station. We could soon become as familiar with some of these streets and buildings in Rome as with those we pass every morning when at home on our way to business. The Colosseum is nearly half a mile directly behind us here, the Capitoline Hill and the Island of the Tiber lie sharply to our left.

But we are to move on now to our right, and look upon some of the modern glories of Rome. Only a block away to the right of the Nome di Maria Church is the Palace of Colonna, the home of one of the oldest Roman families, which played an important part in Italy during the time of the Papacy. On the map it is found just north of the Forum of Trajan.

Position 37. The gallery of the palace of Prince Colonna

Truly this is a grand hall, adorned as it is with mirrors and statuary, painted with brilliant frescoes and portraits by the great masters and paved with the finest marble. At night, when the crystal candelabra are all ablaze, mirrors, marbles and frescoes render the gallery a scene of dazzling splendor.

The Colonna Palace was begun in the fifteenth century, by Martin V, a member of the Colonna family. It is said by some to have been constructed partly

Position 37. Map 2.

from material belonging to Aurelian's Temple of the Sun, but this is very doubtful. The glistening marble pavement before us is said to have been formed from pieces cut out of a fragment of the frieze of this mammoth temple.

Close at hand is the site of the ancient castle belonging to this celebrated family where Prince Colonna entertained Petrarch, during one, at least, of his visits to Rome.

This beautiful gallery abounds with works of art of the greatest value — Raphael, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Vandyke and Tintoretto being among the painters here represented. That vaulted ceiling is one of the finest in Rome and is adorned by Coli and Gherardi with frescoes of the battle of Lepanto, in which Marc Antonio Colonna took part. As one wanders through these fantastic and fairy-like rooms, filled with gems of art, a light and playful fancy guides the eyes from one object to another — portraits, landscapes, battle scenes, tapestries and fine old cabinets inlaid with ivory and lapis lazuli; but the object which arrests the attention oftenest and lingers in the memory longest is the chaste yet simple emblem of the family, a pure stately column which appears in paintings and works of art again and again. A flight of seven marble steps, in which is imbedded a cannon-ball fired into the city during the bombardment of 1849, leads to this gallery.

The greater part of the palace is now occupied by the French ambassadors, one appointed to the Quirinal and the other to the Vatican.

Having stood for some time in this delightful spot, surrounded by so much of beauty, we will now, on

the principle that variety is the spice of life, go to one of the most curiously interesting places in Rome, the Cappuccini catacombs. The convent and church beneath which these catacombs are located are found on the map a considerable distance to the north of the Palace of Colonna, on the north side of the Quirinal Palace.

Position 38. Chamber in the Cappuccini Catacombs

Long years ago the basement of the convent was filled, to the depth of a number of feet, with earth brought from Jerusalem, in which, when they died, the members of the order were interred; but the cemetery soon proved too small, for, at length, the last grave was filled. But what an injustice to the surviving members of the brotherhood! When they came to die, what then? Must they be deprived of the privilege of resting in the holy earth? This could not be, and so, when another died, the brother who had lain there longest was taken up, and when his bones had undergone a little treatment, they were laid away in a pile, which constantly grew by the addition of others, as the years went by. Then came along a bright, suggestive monk, one who was an artist by nature and a genius, and having received permission to do as he pleased, he arranged them in this remarkable manner, saving the entire skeletons of those who had achieved fame — becoming cardinals or the head of the order, and, clothing them in the usual gown worn by the Capuchins, stood them up in niches made by the bones of the rest. The cardinals, judging from their expression, enjoy the humor of the situation.

But it must be confessed that, to the ordinary observer, to see thigh bones and shoulder blades, arms

and pelves, worked up into bouquets, garlands, and elegant tapestries, and to behold above our heads, as we do now, a unique lamp formed out of a skull, and vertebræ suspended from the ceiling by the bones of the forearm, and to see before us, on the opposite wall, a perfect mantel-piece on which rests a row of genial craniums, and above them another row still, and above them, again, a couple of arms extended as though inviting you to lay aside your reserve and walk up and shake hands with them, is certainly a sight calculated to

> "Make each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Since the present government has had charge of the city, burial in this basement has been prohibited, but the bodies that now sleep in the narrow graves marked by the simple crosses are permitted to remain there.

In this Church of the Cappuccini is a famous painting by Guido Reni, *The Archangel Michael trampling upon the Devil.* The Devil is said to be a portrait of Pope Innocent X, whom the painter disliked exceedingly. The private preacher and confessor to the Pope has always been a Capuchin monk.

Leaving these mournful reminders of our mortality, let us go next to something that almost seems possessed of enduring life and majestic power, something which is at once one of the glories of Rome and of modern art, the *Moses* of Michelangelo. This statue is in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, which is found on the map a few blocks north of the Colosseum. We saw the church with its open porch and low tower when looking from the Capitol (Position 25).

Position 38. Map 2.

Position 39. Michelangelo's "Moses," in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli

This colossal Moses, as you see, is seated, holding the two tables of the law pressed between his right arm and side and stroking his beard between his thumb and forefinger. His head is slightly turned to our right and, upon it, peeping out above the wavy locks of his thick hair, are two diminutive horns, the symbol of power and strength among the Israelites, who loved to sing, "My horn wilt Thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn." Moses has two horns, to show his exceptionally exalted position. Observe the droop of those powerful shoulders, the veins of the arm and hand and the folds of the robe as it falls over his giant-like knee. Notwithstanding the fact that the critics of a day have found much fault with it, declaring that the leg is too long for the foot and the head is too small for the beard, the longer we gaze upon it, the more we are impressed that the critics are all wrong, and that never was chiseled out of stone anything that represented so grandly the imperious will, the moral ascendency, and the ceaseless energy of an immortal and heroic leader as does this statue of Moses. What a lightning glance! What masterful muscles! What inherent dignity! If, in the midst of some surging multitude mad with riot, he should start up and speak with that terrible voice of his, how the waves of human passion would cower and vanish, as did the storm on Galilee at the Master's command. It is scarcely to be wondered at, as we are informed by Vasari, that, in the early years of its existence, the Jews of Rome used to come every Saturday, their Sabbath, and worship before this figure.

Position 39. Map 2.

A stalwart Englishman with golf suit and cap, viewing the statue through the medium of a single eyeglass, affirmed, in the presence of a party of friends who stood beside him, that in his opinion, "the gentleman had very fine features," a compliment which ought to have made even a marble statue relax.

This wonderful work of art was intended to adorn a gigantic tomb of Julius II. The tomb was to be eighteen feet high and twelve feet wide, and was to have contained forty statues, but Julius died before this monument was fairly begun and no one survived him who thought enough of him to finish it.

The niche where the statue stands is altogether too small for it; indeed it would need the wide sweep and lofty height of Constantine's Basilica or Aurelian's mighty Temple of the Sun to do it justice.

It is said that Michelangelo created a new world of art, a colossal planet in which his Moses was high priest. Certainly in his daring energy, he produced stupendous results, which those who followed him could never imitate without becoming ridiculous or grotesque.

Up to this time, all our sight-seeing has been within the limits of the city, but our knowledge of Rome would not be satisfactory if we did not view its old walls and even look upon scenes beyond them. Right across the city at its southern extremity are two very interesting architectural monuments — the Gate of St. Paul and the Pyramid of Gaius Cestius. On our map of Rome we find them directly south of the Aventine Hill, near the lower map margin. The red lines there, with the number 40 attached, show where we are to stand, and that we shall be looking north.

Position 39. Map 2.

Position 40. The Gate of St. Paul and Pyramid of Gaius Cestius

We are outside the ancient city now looking up to its southern wall. There is the Pyramid of Cestius on our left with the St. Paul Gate farther away to the right. The Gate of St. Paul, originally the Porta Ostiensis in the Aurelian Wall, was rebuilt by Belisarius. It was there that the Emperor Claudius, when returning to the city from Ostia to take vengeance upon his wife Messalina, was met by his two children, Octavia and Brittanicus, and also by a Vestal Virgin who insisted upon the rights belonging to her order and demanded that the Empress should not be condemned without a hearing. This gate belongs to the old wall, a portion of which may be seen in the lower part of the right-hand tower.

All the walls on this side of the Tiber are, with only a few changes, the same as those commenced by Aurelian in A. D. 272 and finished a few years later by Probus. Repairs were made by Honorius, Theodoric, Belisarius, and several popes. Benedict XIV in 1749 made the last repairs of any great extent. The wall is composed of red brick set with cement and is so solid that when there was occasion to build a railroad through it, dynamite had to be used to demolish it.

The gray, sharp pyramid of Gaius Cestius makes a very striking and picturesque combination with the battlemented Gothic towers of the gateway. Each intensifies the effect of the other because of the greatness of the contrast. I do not remember to have seen in Rome, and scarcely anywhere, a more unique and curious architectural object than this pyramid of mar-

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Position 40. Map 2.

ble which is one hundred and twenty-five feet in height and one hundred feet square at the base. This is the only instance in Rome of a pyramid serving for a tomb. It stands partly within and partly without the wall of Aurelian, for, as it had been standing here several hundred years before the wall was built, Aurelian simply included it in the line of his fortifications. The pyramid was erected in honor of a tribune of the people, who died nearly two thousand years ago, 29 B. C., leaving to Agrippa a sum of money to provide for him a suitable monument. Two colossal statues were erected in his honor at first, as well as the pyramid, but the statues have long since disappeared. As you observe, the pyramid is well-nigh perfect to-day, being of the shape best suited to defy the ravages of time. That protecting wall has been built to guard its base from the many vehicles passing around it on this much frequented road.

Extending from the pyramid toward us, you will notice a short section of the old wall. Just back of that wall lies the beautiful Protestant Cemetery in which the gifted poet Keats, who died in Rome of consumption, lies buried.

His friend, Severn, wrote of his last hours: "Among the many things that he requested of me to-night, this is the principal, that on his grave should be this:

'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'

"At times, during his last days," he continued, "he made me go to see the place where he was to be buried, and he expressed pleasure at my description of the locality of the Pyramid of Cestius, about the grass and many flowers, particularly the innumerable violets, also about the flocks of goats and sheep and a young shepherd that attended them; all these intensely interested him. Violets were his favorite flowers, and he joyed to hear how they overspread the graves.

Position 40. Map 2.

He assured me that he had seemed to feel the flowers growing over him." And there they do grow all winter long, violets and daisies mingling together, and, in the words of Shelley, who is buried in the same cemetery and not far away, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Sixty-one years after the death of Keats, Severn was buried by the side of his friend of boyhood days. They rest together, life's fever gone, near the entrance of the old portion of the cemetery.

On Keats' tomb are the words, "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'" On Shelley's tombstone are the words, "Cor Cordium." Speaking of this place, George Eliot wrote, "It was a spot that touched me deeply. It lies against the old city's walls, close to the Porta S. Paolo, and is one of the quietest spots of old Rome. And there, under the shadow of the old walls on one side, and the cypresses on the other, lies the 'Cor Cordium' forever at rest."

The monstrous walls, grim old pyramid and the silent cemetery alone with its dead, would all be oppressive, were it not for flashes of present-day life and gladness that, like the coming of the birds and flowers, brighten everything. We only need to catch sight of that proud little urchin standing erect as a soldier and the laughing young woman beside him to bring our thoughts back to the Rome of to-day, to the bustle and blessing of the brightest, busiest century that ever the sun shone on.

Along this very road it is believed that the Apostle Paul, the greatest man of his time, went to martyr-

Position 40. Map 2.

dom. One of the most beautiful churches in Italy, S. Paolo fuori le Mura (St. Paul's Without the Walls) is found a mile and a half out along this road, and here the apostle was buried. This gate being on the road to the church thus obtains its name.

When, in Rome, finding myself wearied at times by wildernesses of ruins, and by enormous structures too vast to contemplate without an effort, I used to stroll out of the city by this old gate, linger for a little at the foot of the pyramid, sombered as it is by the sunshine and the storms of two thousand years, step into the Protestant Cemetery and pick a handful of daisies, and then walk out to the Church of St. Paul's Without the Walls. To-day, I am not alone, for we shall go and stand amid its splendors together.

Position 41. The splendid altar of St. Paul's presented to Pope Pius IX by an infidel

I am sure it would not be difficult for us to imagine just now that we are looking at a chaste and exquisite Greek temple built on Mars Hill in the golden days of Athenian glory; for I know nothing else to which to compare this noble structure, so pure and radiant is it, unless it be to the spotless robe which glistens eternally upon the shoulders of Mont Blanc.

This church, in which we are standing, is in the midst of a vast solitude on the very edge of the mournful Campagna and close to the Tiber. The surrounding territory was not always desolate. During the Middle Ages, a large and flourishing suburb called Johannipolis, from its founder, John VIII, stood here, but the fearful ravages of that dread and awful pestilence, the Roman fever, transformed the place into a pitiable desert,— a fitting locality, however, in which

Position 41. Map 2.

to speak forth the story of the martyrdom of St. Paul.

The more ancient structure which stood here was destroyed by fire, July 15, 1823, and this basilica took its place in 1854. It may be of interest to English speaking people to know that while the sovereigns of France were recognized as the protectors of St. John Lateran, and those of Spain of S. M. Maggiore, the sovereigns of England, before the Reformation, were the protectors of this S. Paolo fuori le Mura.

It is four hundred and ten feet from the apse to the far end of the nave of the church, along which we are now looking, and the width is two hundred and twenty-two feet. We are standing near the western end looking east. Four ranges of violet granite columns with white marble bases and capitals surround this space; one of the second row may be seen through the altar on the right. Above the inner rows of columns we may see a series of mosaic portraits of the Popes, and though we might not at first think it, each of these portraits is five feet in diameter.

The grand triumphal arch, resting on the two superb Ionic pillars, just beyond and above the altar — the left-hand one we can see plainly — belongs to the old basilica, erected in 386. We catch enough of the fine sweep of the arch to note the beautiful carving which covers it.

Now examine the high altar. It is supported by four pillars of oriental alabaster, presented by a Mohammedan, Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt; while back of us, at the ends of the transepts, are altars of malachite, the gift of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, the head of the Greek Church.

Beneath this high altar is the "Confessio" where the Apostle Paul is said to be buried. As for myself,

Position 41. Map 2.

I have often looked long and admiringly at this church, at the lustrous pavement, doubling, as on the surface of a mountain lake, all the arches and vaults. Its flat, gorgeously paneled ceiling adds wondrously to the exquisite effect of the whole.

Ever since first I saw the interior of this church, my regret has been that such a dream of perfection in stone could not have been placed beside some crowded thoroughfare, where men and women, wearied with life's battle and worn with its burdens, could step into its calm loveliness, and from the vantage-ground of its sacred beauty and spiritual repose, catch sight of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Before we leave this place, we must see the cloisters, one of the best examples of monastic architecture that have come down to us from the thirteenth century.

Position 42. The beautiful twisted columns of the ancient cloisters of St. Paul's

A monastery has always been connected with the church, but here, as in many of the fairest paradises of the tropics, miasma lurks with its deadly poison and, on this account, but few monks are attached to the place.

These beautiful twisted columns were not made by machinery and turned out at so much a dozen; they are the finest work of the most talented sculptors of the twelfth century, when men worked for the sake of doing their very best and put life and strength and love into what they wrought. Almost every known variety of column, or combination of varieties, is found here. Notice that the cloister extends around

the garden; thus you gain an idea of the number of these columns. It is not chance or accident that causes these monks to come here to study; they are drawn here irresistibly by the charm and beauty of these columns and arches, as though they were under the influence of the fabled magnet of the fairy tales. And I vouch for it, that their minds are never so intently absorbed with the prayer-book, but that, occasionally, albeit unconsciously, they rest their hands with fond admiration upon those spiral gems while musing on the whole vision of loveliness.

Before we go farther from Rome, there is one more Gate we should see, the Gate of S. Sebastian, through which the Appian Way pierced the Wall of Aurelian. It is found on the map near the lower margin to the east of the St. Paul Gate. The red lines with the number 43 attached show that we are to stand south of the wall and look at the fine old Roman gateway from the outside.

Position 43. Gate of St. Sebastian, the Porta Appia of the Aurelian Wall

Who could help admiring those two massive semi-circular towers? They are part of the old Wall of Aurelian, though the basement upon which they rest is more recent, having been faced and strengthened by marble blocks taken, in all probability, from the Temple of Mars, which stood to our right along this Appian Way. It is easy for us to see the difference between the more recent masonry by Honorius, in the early part of the fifth century, and the battle-scarred face of the older wall above.

Under the ancient archway of the Porta Capena,

Position 43. Map 2.

which stood over this road, nearer the city, the Apostle Paul passed on his way to Nero's Council Chamber when he came as a prisoner from Cæsarea; and there, 57 B. C., the Senate and people of Rome, a mighty concourse, received Cicero upon his return from banishment. Beneath the arch before us, that of the Aurelian Wall, passed the last triumphal procession which entered the city, that of Marc Antonio Colonna, after the victory of the battle of Lepanto in 1571.

It would require a volume to describe the scenes of conflict and of splendor that have taken place in the shadow of these grim old towers, whose walls have been assaulted by every known engine of war, and yet, in their defaced and battered condition, still keep watch and ward over the famous Appia Via, the queen of the world's highways. On the other side of this gateway, over the arch, is a Gothic inscription which recounts the repulse on this spot of unknown invaders. The gates of Rome have seen more historic events during the sixteen hundred years of their existence than almost any other monuments in the world.

Beyond the gateway we may see the lower portion of a column and a section of an arch. They belong to the so-called Arch of Drusus, which spans the road at that point.

The Arch of Constantine, where the continuation of the Appian Way (within the city known as Via Triumphalis) merges into the Sacra Via, is about one and one-quarter miles beyond this gateway.

Apart from the memories of the past, which invest this place with deep historic interest, there is always a degree of bustle and confusion about it which imparts to it a strong local coloring that never fails to

attract the interest of strangers from other lands. To the left of the gateway there is usually a mounted policeman, an almost invariable adjunct to Roman gateways, for here baggage and merchandise are examined and duties collected before they are allowed to enter the city.

Turning away from this entrance, which admitted into Rome all the vast throng that came over the Appian Way through so many centuries, we shall take our stand next on this road about one mile from here.

Position 44. Along the Appian Way, constructed in the fourth century B. C.

What changes the centuries bring! If Julius Cæsar should rise from his grave, he would scarcely recognize this as the renowned military road of the Romans; indeed, the only thing by which he could identify it at all would be that imposing round tower rising so majestically on the summit of the road, the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, that

> "Stern round tower of other days,
> Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone."

This tomb is built of concrete and the facing which we see is travertine. It is surmounted by a frieze and cornice of marble, and is lined with brick in the interior. The tomb is one hundred feet in diameter and thirty-four feet in height, with walls thirty-five feet thick. We need to know these facts in order that we may understand how it could remain there through nearly twenty centuries. The enormous solidity of this structure speaks of a rude and semi-barbarous age. Cæcilia, for whom it was built, lived in the closing years of the Republic and was the

Position 44. Map 2.

daughter of Metellus Creticus, Consul 69 B. C., and wife of a Crassus, probably M. Licinius Crassus. From this mausoleum was taken the beautiful sarcophagus, now in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace. It is the oldest Roman structure remaining intact, of which we have positive knowledge, in which marble is used. In the Middle Ages, it was turned into a fortress with battlements by the warlike Gætani, who also threw an arch over the Appian Way at that place, thus forcing all travelers to pay them tribute,—

> "The simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

The street-cleaning brigade has evidently been doing good service here, as is shown by the heaps of dirt ranged along the side of the roadway. In 1871, the first year of Victor Emmanuel's reign, seventy-two thousand dollars were expended by the city in street cleaning. In 1885 this amount had increased to one hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars. At the present time the expenditure is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and more than two hundred tons of dirt are removed from the streets each day. The little stone house standing just to our left, sadly in need of whitewash, is an interesting establishment. It is a wine-shop, as is indicated both by the word "vino" on the wall facing us, and by that olive branch which is *not* growing out of the front wall. Throughout Italy the numerous wine-shops, encountered at intervals along the dusty road, are designated by just such a branch, which gave rise to the Italian proverb that, "good wine needs no bush," by which they mean, that any wine-shop famed for its excellent wines, does not require a bush hang-

Position 44. Map 2.

ing outside to insure it custom. Here we have some neighborhood gossip dispensed on the doorstep; and, at the corner, an interesting conversation is being carried on, but the most interesting person in sight is the little girl who stands in front of us with her raven locks stealing out from under her tightly fitting headdress and her crumpled apron which looks as roguish as herself.

Let us now stroll out along the Appian Way three miles beyond the fifth milestone.

Position 45. Venerable tombs and young Italian life, beside the renowned Appian Way

The memories that throng upon an intelligent student of Roman history, in a spot like this, are almost inexhaustible. He calls to mind that, on both sides of this great highway, were reared magnificent palaces, and beside each palace was constructed a tomb, and because the hard, practical instinct of the Roman told him he should need it longer, the tomb was always built more massive and enduring than the palace. This is why the ruins of the palaces have long since disappeared, while those of the tombs remain. We may judge of the titanic solidity of these mausoleums by the ruins which we see before us, some of which overtop those trees on the right-hand side of the road and stand out against the sky like huge bastions.

The mass of towering walls seen on the left-hand side of the road belong to the mediæval fortress, Torre Mezza Strada, which was built out of material taken from the wayside tombs. Along this road, almost as perfect now as then, came the resplendent funeral procession of the Emperor Augustus, when his body was

Position 45. Map 2.

brought from his southern villa where he died, to the world's capital, lying five miles behind us. This was the road, too — perhaps his feet pressed some of those very stones — over which the Apostle Paul was led to appear before Nero; and past here the fair Queen Zenobia of Palmyra came, also a captive. Nero, on his way to the Bay of Naples, rode by this very spot, attended by a brilliant escort of Roman soldiers, and a retinue of servants in charge of one thousand wagons filled with the luxury and wealth of an empire, and five hundred she-asses which were taken along in order that the emperor's wife might have a bath every day in their milk. And it was along this Appian Way, so the legend goes, that the Apostle Peter was fleeing from the city during the persecutions under Nero, when, over the broad pavement, though nearer the city than where we are now, he saw the Lord Christ approaching, his face set toward Rome. "Lord, whither goest thou?" cried the terrified disciple, and the answer came, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." Peter understood, and bowed his head and returned to martyrdom.

How short, though it be prolonged to three-quarters of a century, seems this young life near us in comparison with the many centuries that have passed over these venerable tombs! Human life seems as brief, in the light of such a scene as this, as that of an insect of a day. Once a fly perched upon the cup of a poet, and, as he contemplated it, he wrote:

> "Both alike are mine and thine,
> Hastening swift to their decline;
> Thine a summer, mine no more,
> Though repeated to threescore.
> Threescore summers, when they're done,
> Will appear as short as one."

Position 45. Map 2.

But though individual lives are short, though tombs do cover the earth, yet life, fresh, vigorous and happy, still goes on. What promises we have of this in that sweet little Italian girl with modest posture, who might well serve a modern Raphael as a model for a Madonna. And those two boys examining a coin with eager interest as to its genuineness; the one seated upon the stone is clad in the picturesqueness of tatters, while the feet of both lads are wrapped about with cloths and have sandals tied upon them. Their hats are of the antique type, possibly to match their present surroundings, and one of them has a feather stuck in his hat-band, seemingly in imitation of Yankee-Doodle, who came to town thus arrayed. Beneath the hats, dilapidated as they appear, are bright, intelligent faces, full of the joy and gladness of life. We can expect one of them to look up presently, as soon as he has made quite sure that the lira we have given him is genuine, then a smile will light up his dark face and a flash of gratitude, jewel-like, leap from his black eyes; and when he has thanked us for our liberality, he will bound away again, over the wide Campagna, followed by his playmate, and be lost among the nameless ruins that are scattered over this shaggy plain.

There is one more view we wish to see, before we leave the Campagna, the greatest ruin outside the walls of Rome.

Position 46. Aqueduct of Claudius, which was forty-six miles long and constructed in A. D. 52

This gigantic highway for conducting water into the city was built by the Emperor Claudius, the water coming from the neighborhood of Subiaco, over thirty

Position 46. Map 2.

miles distant. The arches were made lofty in order to carry the water to the Palatine Hill, for the water brought in this aqueduct was used in the palaces of the Emperor. The full length of this waterway was nearly forty-six miles; for thirty-six miles it was subterranean, but for ten miles it was carried on arches. No city in the world was more abundantly supplied with water than was Rome under the Cæsars. Huge aqueducts approached the city from all directions, very much as railroad tracks do now. And there was need of this, for the numerous and extensive public and private baths required three hundred and thirty-three millions of gallons a day, the inflow of a perfect river of water.

At the present time, by means of four of these ancient aqueducts which have been restored, an amount of water is brought into the city every day equal to one hundred and ten gallons for each inhabitant, while Paris receives but seventy gallons and London only thirty daily. So Rome is still the best watered city in the world.

To my mind, there is something wonderfully grand and beautiful about these ponderous and broken arches out here on the solitary plain. Their crumbling stones, as they lie strewn about in the long grass, look like the fragments of fallen worlds.

The Campagna itself suggests a wide, dreary sea or a desert of death surrounding the city on all sides. The depopulation of this fertile plain is due to the ravages of the Roman fever, but, as it has been drained of late and sanitary precautions have been taken, the health of the district is greatly improved and farms are springing up again in every direction. So that it may be true of the Campagna as was proph-

esied of another land which is also desolate, "that the desert and the solitary place shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

As I look at that lad, lying in about the only position in which a boy can be thoroughly comfortable, I can but think of another lad who once, near this spot, found his fortune in his lifework. This locality is a famous place for artists who are fond of painting the dark-red stone arches of this old giant waterway. One day, now many years gone, there came hither a celebrated German artist who had spent years in Rome. He desired to paint the old ruin, but felt the need of something to give life and vividness to his picture. Right here he met a boy from the mountains, a real Albanian savage, who was rolling about in the tall grass simply because he had nothing else to do. Being attracted by his noble physique and his remarkable beauty, the artist asked him if he would pose for him — be his model for an hour. The boy consented, but said he had never acted in that capacity and did not know what to do. "Do as I tell you," said the artist, and he did, standing as though he were carved out of stone for more than an hour. When it was all over, the German, a kindly man and a bachelor, and one of the finest artists in Rome, asked the boy his name and where he lived. The lad gave his name and said he had been a week in the city, where in company with his father he had played before the shrines, but now Christmas was passed, he must find other work to do.

"How would you like to sweep out my studio and wash my brushes and clean my palette? I will pay you what it is worth, and if I see you have a talent for it, I will give you lessons in painting." To be

Position 46. Map 2.

able to paint had been the dream of the boy's life, and he most gladly accepted the offer and began his work by shouldering the easel and taking under his arm the little camp-stool used by the artist and followed his benefactor into the city. It is a long story, and we have not space to tell it all, but this I will say, the Campagna idler has become one of the foremost painters of our day, and when blindness befell the man who was more than a father to him, he supported him by his own exertions to the end; and, even now, handsome and successful as he is, his eyes will fill with tears when his patron's name is mentioned, and he often speaks of the day when, beneath the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, he found his friend and his fortune.

Well, we must leave Rome, for there are other places of interest in Italy, but we go away with precious memories of what we have seen; how precious, only the coming years can reveal to us. Especially to the young, it is probable that Rome will seem at first a place of dry, dead bones, but as life goes on, as our own experiences deepen and broaden, as we pick up this book or that article, or listen to a lecture on some phase of the life once lived here, then the lifeless, unsightly bones in one place after another take on flesh and blood, and we gradually see the deserted places inhabited again, until finally the grand old city swarms with living, fascinating memories. The longer we are acquainted with Rome, the more profoundly we believe in the truth of the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who says:

"A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority for his not having seen what

Position 46. Map 2.

it is expected a man should see. *It ought to be the business of every man's life to see Rome.*"

No matter what has been our first impression of Rome, we shall find them tending more and more to those of Hawthorne:

"When we have once known Rome, and left her where she lies, like a long-decaying corpse, retaining a trace of the noble shape it was, but with accumulated dust and a fungous growth overspreading all its more admirable features — left her in utter weariness, no doubt, of her narrow, crooked, intricate streets, so uncomfortably paved with little squares of lava that to tread over them is a penitential pilgrimage; so indescribably ugly, moreover so cold, so alley-like, into which the sun never falls, and where a chill wind forces its deadly breath into our lungs — left her, tired of the sight of those immense seven-storied, yellow-washed hovels, or call them palaces, where all that is dreary in domestic life seems magnified and multiplied, and weary of climbing those staircases, which ascend from a ground floor of cook-shops, cobblers' stalls, stables and regiments of cavalry, to a middle region of princes, cardinals, and ambassadors, and an upper tier of artists, just beneath the unattainable sky — left her worn out with shivering at the cheerless and smoky fireside by day, and feasting with our own substance the ravenous population of a Roman bed at night — left her sick at heart of Italian trickery, which has uprooted whatever faith in man's integrity had endured till now, and sick at stomach of sour bread, sour wine, rancid butter and bad cookery, needlessly bestowed on evil meats — left her disgusted with the pretense of holiness and the reality of nastiness, each equally omnipresent — left her, half lifeless from the languid atmosphere, the vital principle of which has been used up long ago or corrupted by myriads of slaughters — left her, crushed down in spirit by the desolation of her ruin, and the hopelessness of her future — left her in short, hating her with all our might, and adding our individual curse to the infinite anathema which her old crimes have unmistakably brought down — when we have left Rome in such a mood as this we are astonished by the discovery, by and by, that our heart-

Position 46. Map 7.

strings have mysteriously attached themselves to the Eternal City, and are drawing us thitherward again, as if it were more familiar, more intimately our home, than even the spot where we were born."

"Then, from the very soil of silent Rome,
You shall grow wise, and, walking, live again
The lives of buried peoples, and become
A child by right of that eternal home,
Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls
The sun himself subdued to reverence falls."

Position 46. Map 2.

SOUTHERN ITALY

Although Rome is profoundly interesting, yet — ah! there is always a *yet* in this unsatisfied nature of ours — our thoughts fly to other places of great renown in Italy. Notwithstanding we have been delighted with what we have seen in Rome, still we cannot rest content until we have looked upon the far-famed Bay of Naples, an imaginary picture of which has ever floated before our eyes.

It will be well, before proceeding further, to refer to the general map of Italy (Map No. 1) in order to get a clear conception of the relative distance between Rome and Naples, and what is included in the intervening territory. You will observe that Naples is about one hundred miles southeast of Rome on an indentation of the coast which forms the celebrated Bay of Naples. Next we should turn to Map No. 6, "Environs of Naples," and note carefully the contour of its charming bay, with Vesuvius ten miles east of Naples, and Herculaneum and Pompeii, respectively, seven and fifteen miles southeast of the city.

Where are we to go first? Note the two red lines which branch east from Naples. We are to stand at the point from which those lines start, an elevation on the west side of the city, and look over all that is included between them. We should see, then, part of the city near at hand, part of the Bay, and Vesuvius in the distance, with the intervening towns.

Maps 1 and 6.

Position 47. A birdseye view of Naples and Vesuvius

Here it all is! There is the city far below us, beyond is the Bay, and looming up against the sky ten miles away is the ominous pile of Vesuvius. Around to the left and right of Vesuvius we see more distant elevations which lead our thoughts on to the southern extremity of Italy, little more than two hundred miles from us. But what memories crowd into this part of Italy before us!

In gazing at the prospect here we will do well to bear in mind, as with all other places of deepest interest, that its full glory is not revealed at a glance. We must come back to it over and over again, becoming familiar with its various aspects, before we can adequately appreciate the wealth of its attractions; and then we shall understand the falsity of the saying current in Italy, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori!" ("See Naples and die!") for when we have really seen this enchanted spot, we desire more than ever to live so that we may enjoy its matchless charms.

We are looking down upon the city from a balcony in front of the suppressed Carthusian monastery of San Martino, begun in 1325 by Duke Charles of Calabria. Back of us and higher up (eight hundred and seventy-five feet above the bay) is the massive Castle of St. Elmo, erected by Robert the Wise in 1343, and subsequently enlarged and strengthened.

From our lofty station we look down upon a city of brilliant hues and ceaseless mirth, enthroned like a queen beside a peerless sea, and, with its surroundings, constituting one of the fairest scenes in the whole world. Fame has not exaggerated the rich-

Position 47. Map 6.

ness and variety of its charms. The moss-green tiles of the city's peaked roofs, the domes of its churches, the silvery plumes of its fountains, the numerous groups of statuary gleaming amid the acacia, fig and orange groves, and the dreadful yet majestic Vesuvius with its lava-ribbed dome, are here spread out before us. From this spot, on bright, sunny days, as far as the eye can see, sparkle the sapphire waters of the Bay of Naples.

From our present position the city at our feet, with its narrow, intersecting streets, looks like a huge cheese cut into innumerable pieces, with the slits crossing one another almost at right angles; and up from these darkened, chasm-like thoroughfares there rises through the startled air such a deafening chorus of wild and piercing cries as probably may be heard in no other city on earth. From early morning till late at night the streets resound with the shrieks and howls of venders of all sorts, some selling matches, pencils and newspapers; while others have fish, fruits, fresh vegetables, boiled shellfish and roasted chestnuts for sale. If, by some unaccountable good fortune, the pandemonium should cease for a moment, the organ-grinder is always on hand to keep things moving. All this uproar and confusion reaches its climax in the principal street of the city, the celebrated Toledo, now called the Strada Roma. Let me call your attention to this Broadway of Naples in the magnificent panorama here presented to our view. Directly below us, and to the left, observe the dome of a church with windows between the ribs. To the right of the church is a peaked roof, and, over the farther extremity of this roof, notice a dark, narrow street that extends away in front of us like a broad black line

Position 47. Map 6.

until it meets an opposing building having roof-windows, and beneath the roof four upper windows may be seen over the intervening houses; at the left-hand portion of the same structure part of two other windows are visible. That building is on the opposite or eastern side of the Toledo, and if you cast your glance on either side of this structure you will see the upper windows of other houses that are situated on the same side of the street. This thoroughfare, in all probability the most animated and joyous in the world, was laid out about four hundred years ago. It extends nearly north and south, and is about one and a half miles in length, slightly longer than the Corso in Rome. It separates the Naples of the Middle Ages, which lay down there between it and the bay, from the modern city which extends from this street to where we are standing. At its northern extremity — to our left — outside of our range of vision is the National Museum. The finest shops in the city are in the Toledo, and there, too, are spacious palaces and popular theatres with projecting iron balconies and lofty windows.

The long, bright avenue is always crowded with carriages and thronged with people, but the animated scene is made still more brilliant by the presence of the gayly clad and laughing-eyed girls of Portici and other coast villages, offering their fruits and flowers for sale, with the suggestion that the young man gladden his sweetheart and the married man appease his mother-in-law, by making a purchase from her stock in trade.

I know of but two other places in all the world — the Galata Bridge in Constantinople and the Jaffa Gate in Jerusalem — where one may find so many dif-

ferent types of humanity and such a variety in costume and speech as meet you there in the Toledo. It seems as if individuals of every nation were present, and as though the very ends of the earth were represented on its stony pavements, worn smooth by the ceaseless pressure of thousands of restless feet. It is the life, so intense, so varied, so explosive, rather than the buildings you see, that gives to this thoroughfare its world-wide fame.

To our left, and just a little beyond the Toledo, you may see the dome belonging to the Church of S. Maria la Nuova, erected in 1268. A large chapel in this church was built by Gonsalvo da Cordova, whose nephew Ferdinand, in carrying out the precept, "do good to them that hate you," erected on either side of the altar magnificent monuments to his two most vindictive and malicious enemies, Pietro Navarro (who strangled himself when a prisoner in the Castello Nuovo) and Lautrec, a Frenchman, the general of Francis I (who died of the plague in 1528 while besieging Naples). The monuments are attributed to Giovanni da Nola.

Directly below us you will notice a long building with a peaked roof, and in the center of the roof a square ventilator. That is the New Theater.

Following the narrow street seen over this low tower (used as a ventilator), to where it stops in the Toledo, you will observe on the opposite side of this famous thoroughfare an imposing building whose roof and upper row of seven windows may be plainly seen. That is the Fiorentini Theater.

In the building across the narrow street to the right are seen the three upper windows of the hotel in which it is supposed that Mendelssohn lived for a

Position 47. Map 6.

while. In speaking of his hotel experiences, the great musician writes: "My landlord invariably gives me too little for a piastre, and when I tell him of it, coolly fetches the rest. When you give anything to them in return for any service, they say, '*Nienti di più?*' (No more?) Then you may be sure that you gave them too much. If you give just the right fee, they will walk away and then come and beg for it again."

Follow with your eye the dark, narrow street which runs between the Fiorentini Theater and the hotel, until you reach its farther extremity. Then look to the left about half-way over to the next street, and you will see a dome back of which is a lofty building. This dome belongs to the Chapel of the Incoronata, which was erected in 1352 by Queen Johanna I to commemorate her coronation and marriage with her cousin Louis of Taranto, and which includes the old chapel of the Palazzo di Giustizia in which the marriage took place.

Now look straight across to the third street on the right and you will observe nearer us and facing the broad Piazza del Municipio, a group of buildings forming a hollow square, and within this square are seen the roofs of other buildings. These are, in reality, but different parts of one great structure, and constitute the City Hall of Naples. There also are the Police Headquarters where many an indignant tourist, exasperated beyond measure at the exorbitant demands of the Neapolitan cabmen, has sought redress, and I fear with rather indifferent success.

The square-roofed building which you see at this corner of the peaked roofs of the municipal buildings, and extending half-way across the end of the

short street which leads out into the Piazza, is the Bourse or Exchange of Naples, something like our New York Stock and Produce Exchanges combined, and, like them, a very noisy and excited place when values are fluctuating greatly.

Over the roofs of the municipal buildings, if you look sharply, may be seen the low, square tower of the Church of San Giacomo, erected in 1540, containing the elaborate tomb of its founder, Don Pedro di Toledo. The church is now being restored.

Over the municipal buildings and beyond the Church of S. Giacomo, is the Piazza del Municipio, which contains an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II. Bear in mind that we are looking in an easterly direction. Now, at this end of the Piazza del Municipio (the northwest corner) begins the Strada Medina, which runs north and south and parallel with the Toledo. The first house on the opposite side of the street, the one, you will observe, with the rounded corner, is a modern apartment house; and facing this, on the side of the street nearer us and the first from the piazza, is the Palazzo Sirignano, only the dark, tiled roof of which may be seen. It was there that Goethe lived when he visited Naples in 1787.

On the right-hand side of the Piazza del Municipio, just without the field of our vision, is the Castel Nuovo, begun in 1283 by Charles I of Anjou. It is called the Bastile of Naples, and is in appearance somewhat similar to the Tower of London. This castle has a fine triumphal arch erected in honor of Alfonso of Aragon.

The Piazza, as you perceive, is continued at its eastern extremity by a pier forty-two feet wide, called

Position 47. Map 6.

the Molo Angioino, sometimes called Strada del Molo. That is one of the favorite resorts of the seafaring class, almost every nationality being represented, and the scene one witnesses there in the long, bright afternoons, is most striking and picturesque. The pier is also the scene of the dramatic and sensational sermons of Padre Rocco, a famous Italian monk. On one occasion he preached so vividly and impressively on hell and its torments, that his hearers prostrated themselves in terror before him. Then he cried, "All who most truly repent and forsake your sins hold up your hands!" All did so; upon which the monk exclaimed, "Holy Archangel Michael, thou who, with thy adamantine sword, standeth at the right hand of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically!" Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco thundered out additional and scathing invectives at the humiliated crowd.

At the end of the Molo is the lighthouse from whose gallery, which is reached by a pair of spiral marble steps (fee one franc), a fine view of the bay may be obtained. Beyond the lighthouse, to the left, are covered docks, on which cargoes are loaded and unloaded; while the large buildings to the left of the lighthouse are bonded warehouses. A branch railway line, for freight only, connects the railroad station and these docks, and the track may be seen on either side of the Strada del Molo.

The body of water lying between these warehouses and the breakwater, seen farther to the left of us, is the Port of Naples or Mercantile Harbor, and is one-fourth of a mile square. It has two lighthouses, the lofty structure at the southeast corner, to which

we have already referred, and a smaller one, seen to the left and below this larger one.

To the right of this harbor, beyond the limit of our vision, is the Military Harbor, Porto Militare.

Following the shore some distance to the right of this harbor, and beyond our vision limit, we come to Virgil's tomb, a chamber fifteen feet square, with a single doorway. In its walls are ten niches for cinerary vases, with what appears to have been a larger niche where probably stood the vase which contained the ashes of the poet. Here, in Naples, Virgil had a villa and there wrote his Georgics and Æneid. Before revising the latter poem he set out for Greece, a journey which Horace has invested with melancholy interest, praying "that the ship may bear him safely to the Attic shores." On his return, Virgil reached Brundisium, and there died. His ashes were brought to Naples and placed in this tomb, which has been recognized as his burial place from the earliest times. This whole district throbs with the life and deeds of philosophers, poets, warriors, senators, consuls and emperors of bygone centuries.

Direct your eyes to that white building standing out from the shore, a little to the left of the end of the mercantile wharf on which are the bonded warehouses. That building, which is just to the left of an imaginary line drawn from our point of view to the smoking cone of Vesuvius, is the Immacolatella, containing the Headquarters of the Quarantine Bureau, or the Health Officers of the Port, and the Custom House. To the right of that building is the quay where passengers coming by sea make a landing and from which those departing embark. And from this point, also, steamers for Capri and Ischia start.

Still to the left of the Immacolatella is the broad thoroughfare which skirts the bay, called the Strada Nuova, and which is always full of life and bustle.

In Naples many of the people earn a living by

Position 47. Map 6.

fishing, and these fishermen may be seen here, standing beside their boats in the water lying on the beach, basking in the sun for hours at a time. They are an abstemious, frugal, happy and careless set, living in a delicious climate which has enervated the hardiest races, and which imparts to them a languid spirit, the " dolce far niente," the sweet do-nothing. If things do not come favorably, what is that to this amphibious class? Is not the climate friendly, and cannot fish always be lifted from the sea?

The open space, which you see some distance to the left of the Custom House, is the Villa del Popolo, a sort of public garden. There every afternoon about four o'clock public readers may be seen declaiming passages from Tasso, Ariosto, or other poets, to an audience made up of 'longshoremen, rag pickers and porters who pay two centimes (two-fifths of a cent) for the privilege of listening. Where else but in Italy would this class care a straw for such an entertainment?

The low, square structure seen in the Villa del Popolo, or People's Park, is the Aquarium, one of the most famous in the world.

On the shady side of this building is the favorite resort for quack doctors. There they extol their nostrums in exhaustive and noisy harangues which they intersperse with the drawing of teeth for any in the ever-present crowd who may be suffering with toothache.

Back of the Villa del Popolo is a part of the city called the Porta Nolana, where on every Monday and Friday morning, may be seen a curious sight, a veritable rag fair, a wholesale " rummage sale," where old clothes of every description are exchanged by their

owners, who, in a short time and without spending a penny, are arrayed in an entirely different costume from which they just wore.

The railroad strikes the opposite shore of the bay at the foot of the slope of Vesuvius and at a point half way between its two peaks; that is, at a point seen over and beyond the Custom House. The buildings seen on the shore across the bay and over the roofs of the warehouses on the pier of the Mercantile Port, belong to the village of Portici, and those still further away (over the lighthouse) are in Herculaneum. Still further distant on our right, as the map shows, and not seen by us, are Pompeii and Sorrento; and twenty miles away, directly to the south, is the Island of Capri.

What can be fairer than this graceful, curving outline of the Bay of Naples, resembling a crescent of emerald and gold, surmounted by the cone of fire-scathed Vesuvius, which, although ten miles distant, blazes at night like an immense ruby. Gaze where you will, your glance always comes back along an harmonious combination of lines to one common center, that fiery summit of Vesuvius, which is the regnant and impressive feature of the entire landscape.

But it was with very different feelings that people here in Naples gazed toward that mountain in April, 1906, during the destructive eruption. The mountain itself was for many days invisible, the air was so full of powdery "ashes" or volcanic dust. As the dust settled on streets and housetops it accumulated like banks of snow, causing roofs to collapse under the unaccustomed weight. One great market, filled with purchasers, was thus overloaded; the roof without any warning crashed downwards, several people

Position 47. Map 6.

were killed outright and two hundred more or less injured. The churches were thronged with frightened worshippers beseeching the Virgin and the Saints for protection. Fortunately the damage done here was limited to accumulations of ashes, and people soon learned to keep shoveling them off the roofs.

They tell us that Spartacus, when, with a band of gladiators and slaves, he rebelled against Rome, took his stand and made his fortress in the crater of Vesuvius, which had been inactive for untold centuries; and, at that time, its sloping sides up to the very top were covered with a thick forest.

The vicinity of this city is a famous place for sportsmen. Victor Emmanuel I, when only a few miles from the city, shot ninety wild boar in one day.

As may readily be imagined, one of the chief charms of Naples lies in the fact that ideal excursions may be made in a few hours to neighboring places of wonderful beauty and great historic interest; to disinterred Herculaneum and Pompeii, to the orange groves of Castellammare, to the magical isle of Capri with its fairy-like blue grotto, to Salerno and Amalfi, a series of beautiful sunlit resorts, extending along the shore of a sapphire sea like a string of lustrous gems.

We have spoken of the Toledo as the most brilliant of city thoroughfares, but it cannot approach in picturesque interest the narrow, steep streets hemmed in by high crumbling walls and frequently consisting of a series of broad steps, that one encounters in the poorer portion of the town. Invariably the laundry belonging to numerous households is suspended high above the pavement, from which I have known fireworks to be sometimes set off by the enthusiastic

populace; in the midst of such conflicting interests the washing naturally gets the worst of it. It is indeed a curious sight, when passing along one of these stone alleys, to look up and see a variety of garments with arms hanging down beseechingly or pointed implor-ingly to the heavens, and, amid this flapping array, to catch sight of a shrine of the Virgin fixed firmly against the wall of one of the houses well up toward the roof. Now and then the scene is brightened and sweetened by a cluster of plants growing in a box set on the stone ledge of a window sill, and so far above you that the timid flowers look as though they were part of the long blue ribbon of the overhanging sky. Let us go down into one of these congested streets.

Position 48. The "Lazzaroni," as they live in the streets of Naples

What a scene for degenerate character study! Or is it merely illustrative of Darwin's *Descent of Man?* At any rate, those old women with the flax and distaffs would serve as horrible models for Shakespeare's witches, and it would require no great stretch of the imagination for us to picture them leaning on their staffs and gazing into the smoking caldrons, as they mutter:

> "Double, double toil and trouble:
> Fire burn and caldron bubble."

As you look upon this crowd of people by which they are surrounded, you can almost hear these "secret, black and midnight hags" repeat:

> By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes.
> Open, locks,
> Whoever knocks!"

Position 48. Map 6.

These people are called Lazzaroni, from Lazarus, the poor man, mentioned in the New Testament, or, as others think, from the Hospital of St. Lazarus. In the beginning they formed a semi-criminal class, and, indeed, many vicious criminals were found among them. They are now of different classes, some being loafers, who do nothing, and others who only work occasionally and for a short time, acting generally as porters or peddlers, living mostly by their wits, and many of them, without the burden of house rent and taxes. Originally their clothing was of a most primitive style, that of the men consisting of a coarse white shirt open at the front and a pair of ragged overalls. Alexander Dumas declared that the Lazzaroni degenerated as a potent factor in Neapolitan life from the time that they began to devote any attention to clothing.

Closely allied with these people, and, indeed, hardly to be distinguished from them, was the powerful and well organized society called the Camorra, a class of ruffians addicted to all degrees and variety of crime, composed of liberated convicts with remarkable acuteness or great physical strength, who, in the capacity of brigands, set a price on every one's head and struck terror to the hearts of the well-to-do and law-abiding classes. So powerful did they become that even the police and ward politicians were forced into a league with them. They used property as they pleased, and even defied the custom-house officials. The present government has succeeded to a large extent in suppressing this society, and, by demolishing much of the district of Naples which used to contain the haunts of the Lazzaroni, has greatly increased the healthfulness of the city and somewhat modified the

character of the Lazzaroni themselves. A large class of such people could be produced only in a city where the climate is conducive to laziness, making any effort wearisome, and, as a rule, idleness and crime go hand in hand.

Many of these people live in what is called a "basso," which is a sort of shed or stable, with a door that may be closed at night, but no windows. You may see one of these structures directly in front of us, on the roof of which is a balcony with an iron railing. Every particle of refuse from such places is thrown into the streets to stay there until the garbage cart comes around, but not to lie there undisturbed, for it is poked over by the ragman and pulled apart by the dogs and scattered by the fowl that live in the streets, and hence it becomes too widely disseminated to be decently gathered up by the indifferent Neapolitan street-sweeping brigades.

In front of the basso, almost invariably, is a shop of some kind, a wine shop or a shoemaker's shop, or a soup-house, where all day long a vegetable soup, called "bouillabaisse," simmers, and the fumes that rise from it are appalling. Thackeray describes it as consisting of

> "Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
> Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
> All these you eat at Luna's tavern
> In that one dish of bouillabaisse."

Also in front of this basso which you see before us, is a blacksmith's shop, and the one room back of it holds the family bed, which is occupied by the entire family, however numerous, and on hot nights during the long, burning summer the place is stifling, while

Position 48. Map 6.

the condition of those who live in the streets is more endurable.

On account of their extreme poverty and the salubrity of the climate, the life of the people of Naples is carried on with greater freedom and publicity than in any other city in Europe. Almost all the offices of daily life are attended to in the streets. Stoves, as you see here, are set up in the open air, and cooking is carried on at a brisk rate. Herds of goats and droves of cows are driven into the city every morning and milked into the customer's bottle in front of his own door; they even intrude into the Toledo, and goats are taken into the large tenement houses and mount to the top floor, stopping at the different stories to be milked for waiting customers. Abject poverty is expressed by the Neapolitan in the remark that for such an one "Passa la Vacca," "the cow goes by," that is, he has to do without milk. In these street scenes it is not unusual to see, what we behold here, women combing each other's hair upon the sidewalk. After passing through a scene like this, no matter how warm the day, one shivers for a month, imagining all sorts of sensations which, in reality, have no existence.

At Christmas time, flocks of turkeys are driven into the main streets and to the very doors to sell. You take your pick and pay the price and the remaining turkeys are driven on to the next customer's abode.

The conversation of the Lazzaroni, and, indeed, of Neapolitans generally, is largely made up of gestures; it is more emphatic and saves considerable trouble. An outward wave of the hand signifies "good-bye,"

and an inward, "come!" a downward, "stop!" Thumb pointed backward, "look!" to the lips with a backward toss of the head, a drink. Passing the hand across the forehead, as though wiping off perspiration, means fatigue; the forefinger drawn across the mouth, anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the knuckles against the closed teeth, eating; closing the teeth and shaking the lower jaw against the upper, hunger; hand extended and thumb and forefinger rubbed against one another, "the price," and so on.

Selfishness here, as elsewhere, is a prevailing characteristic. When a Neapolitan sees a funeral go by he always exclaims, "Salute a noi!" (Health to ourselves!)

In elbowing my way one day through just such a company as this, I encountered a vicious looking fellow selling knives and sharpening them in the street. Upon espying me he cried out, "Eccolo, Signor! it will cut a sausage into strips as thin as paper; it will split a hair, and"— here he brandished the knife over his head with considerable energy which showed he was an old hand at the business —"it will cleave the heart of your enemy in two!" As he uttered these last words he made a lunge with the knife in my direction, which caused me involuntarily to take a step backward. I concluded not to make a purchase and moved away.

No Neapolitan crowd is complete without the presence of children. It would be interesting to count the number here before us — see that tiny infant in its mother's arms just back of the old women who are spinning. They literally swarm the streets of the city, and it is amusing to see them cry, for they al-

Position 48. Map 6.

ways go to the wall for it — their "wailing-place"— a relic of Saracenic rule. Strange how an insignificant custom points back with its tiny finger across the centuries.

That good-sized woman with the broad shoulders and the "battle-face"— for of all classes in Naples the women are the most desperate and courageous and fight savagely — the one holding the baby in her arms — recalls the history of an infamous person who lived in this city and in just such a street as this, some years ago. Beside her the woman to whom I have referred would have been a child, for she was of herculean build with the physiognomy of a beast. Her hair was coarse and red, her face broad and pitted, looking like a huge bronze breast-pin from which the setting had fallen out. Her eyes were small, but black and piercing; her neck was short and ox-like. But with all this, she combined such force of will and dignity of carriage as to win the title from her associates of "Her Majesty." After having been imprisoned several times, she married, at thirty, a half-witted, deformed man, in company with whom she opened a provision store, giving her husband five sous a day, one cent, for pocket money. She ran the establishment with a tyranny that brooked no opposition. All day long the hunchback stood behind the counter and waited on customers, and at night he went to a neighboring café and spent his five sous for sour wine, while Her Majesty attended to affairs of her own. This woman kept "children for hire," about thirty of them, ranging from five to twelve years of age. These she fed and lodged and hired out to sing and dance for organ grinders in the streets; or else they were sent out to peddle small

wares. Each child must bring home thirty sous, six cents, at night, no matter how obtained; and woe be to the child who failed to do so. It was fearfully beaten and sent to bed without its supper. This woman was the confidante and adviser of all the thieves in the neighborhood, and yet nothing could be proved against her; she even managed the disposal of their booty, but so ingeniously that she was never detected in any of her transactions. For thirty years she ruled not only her idiotic hunchback husband, but the entire street, with a despotism never exceeded by any royal tyrant; and yet, she was not the only woman of her class, and worse types may be found in Naples to-day.

Most Neapolitans, and even young boys belonging to the lowest order of the people, carry knives, and to stab an enemy or to gouge out his eye with a piece of glass is thought to be a fine pugilistic effort. It is truly said that Naples is a "Paradise inhabited by devils," but among them are merry, rollicksome devils, as well as many that are vicious and corrupt.

Tattooing is a rage among these people, both men and women, but when the operation is carried out on a large scale, as it frequently is, it causes the victim, especially the women, to faint; this, however, is not an objection so far as the operator is concerned, for he can then continue his work without opposition from the subject.

Notice to the right of the cook stove a baker with his tray of rolls, which he carries on his head, and on this side of him is a standard with extended arms, on which the open-air cook-shop keeper throws an awning when the sun is excessively hot; also beyond the cook stove is a queer arrangement serving as the

Position 48. Map 6.

shafts of the wagon. Observe that instead of a pole simply, such as we use here in America, they have three, one in the center and one on each side. On the shafts is spread a strip of cloth for an awning. There does not seem to be enough of it to cast a decent shadow, however.

These people, like the colored people in America, have a streak of humor. A young fellow, upon being asked his name, replied, "I don't know; I believe it is either Peppino or Giuseppe" (which are really the same), "but where I come from they always call me 'Soup' and 'Tripe.'"

Call them what you will, the essential characteristics of the Lazzaroni still exist in Naples.

We will now view a distinctive industry of the city, the making of macaroni, and those of us who believe in using nothing but the imported article will have an opportunity of seeing the conditions under which it is produced.

Position 49. Our wholesome macaroni drying in the dirty streets of Naples

Shades of Vesuvius! What a calamity it would be if that boy grinning under the cap, which is several sizes too large for him, should drop those four sticks off his shoulders and let that macaroni slide down into the puddle of dirty water just beneath it! Ah, well! In case that should happen, what then? It would be gathered up again, placed once more on the sticks and hung up on the rack to dry and sold at a fancy price to some unsuspecting American on account of that especially delicate flavor which you only get in the imported article, and which is the re-

Position 49. Map 6.

sult of a combination of causes. Flies in clouds light on these threads of gold, dust whirls about them all day long, and children play hide and seek among the swaying tresses, all of which is calculated to impart something aromatic to this popular article of commerce. That lad standing this side of the lamppost, with his hands in his pockets and his face all broken with a broad grin, seems to be enjoying our discomfiture as we gaze on the production of what has long been our favorite article of diet.

The chap nearest us with the basket on his arm is taking a more serious view of the situation, for he is perplexed as to what the children and the macaroni-makers of Naples will do for a living in case we withdraw our valuable support by refusing to purchase the article. Never fear, little fellow. You don't know us. We will have, we must have, the imported article, even if it carries the whole town with it.

I never see macaroni but I think of a macaroni fiend whom I once encountered sitting beside a portable cookstove which was blazing away beneath an awning in the middle of a Neapolitan street. For one lira, about twenty cents, the fellow offered to eat all the macaroni in the shop, and that, not by chewing it, but by swallowing it whole. I did not believe he could do it, as there was a large panful on the stove which had been cooked with tomato sauce and which appeared to hold about one-fourth of a bushel. However, I agreed to the arrangement and he started in. First of all he took the pan from the stove to cool. Before the temperature was lowered sufficiently to allow the contest to begin, a dense crowd had assembled about us, and I was in imminent danger either of being pushed over on to the red hot stove

Position 49. Map 6.

or of having the stove pushed over on to me, and the day was very hot even for Naples. When the macaroni was ready he undid the front of his shirt, loosened his waistband and placed the pan upon his knees, after which he proceeded to twirl the forefinger and thumb of his right hand about in the savory mass of macaroni until he had secured half a dozen ends of the yet steaming delicacy. Then, holding them at arm's length above him, he threw back his head and opened his mouth wide and let the suspended streamers disappear into his mouth and down his throat with lightning-like rapidity, never moving a muscle of his face until they had completely disappeared, which they did in a surprisingly short time. This process was repeated with a dexterity that was magical until three-fourths of the contents of the pan were consumed, and, all the time he was at work, he was the target for the gibes and ridicule of the crowd. In his sitting position, however, he had reached the limit of his capacity and he therefore found it necessary to stand erect, upon which, individuals in the crowd offered all sorts of original and comical suggestions as to how he could the more easily dispose of the remainder. When the last bunch of paste had fallen into his mouth I paid him his lira, and the last I saw of him he was leaning against the wall of a neighboring building with his hands clasped in front of him and a woebegone expression on his face as though life was not worth the living.

Gloves, coral necklaces, brooches and wine are manufactured in Naples, which has a population of five hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred, but the distinctively characteristic product is macaroni, which is made from white wheat flour mixed

with water and kneaded with heavy wooden blocks worked with levers; when sufficiently firm, it is forced through holes, each with a spindle in the center, which, in this way, forms it into hollow cyclinders. It is named according to the size of these holes, macaroni, vermicelli and cappellini (little hairs).

Until recently the Italians thought that macaroni could only be made by manual labor. Now it is almost universally manufactured by machinery, and the article thus produced is not inferior to the old. If they could now invent some way of drying it other than by hanging it out in the streets, it would be the most desirable improvement possible.

The workman who, you observe, is squinting at us while he holds four sticks of macaroni between the fingers of his right hand, makes from fifty to seventy cents a day; but in a land where taxes are so excessive and so unequal, wages must necessarily be low, and poverty, even where the people are disposed to be industrious, which, in the large cities of southern Italy they are not, must be widespread. The peasants of Italy are the hardest working people in the world, and yet they are miserably poor. How can it be otherwise when the land is taxed thirty-three and one-half per cent. of its net income? In Italy tobacco, salt and oil are government monopolies; and grain, as well as numerous other necessities of life, is heavily taxed.

In one year the government made five million dollars out of the lottery. The government pays thirty cents for two hundred and twenty pounds of salt and sells it for eight dollars. It pays three dollars and twenty cents for two hundred and twenty pounds of oil and sells the same for thirteen dollars. One year the tax

Position 49. Map 6.

on grain was one dollar and a half for two hundred and twenty pounds, and the government's revenue from this source alone was somewhat over eight million dollars.

In Italy, as in America, taxation is unequal, but Italy is extremely poor, and its lower classes can ill afford to pay the bulk of taxation. A great part of the non-territorial wealth of Italy is concentrated in Liguria (Genoa and Pisa), places we shall visit later; an army corps is stationed there, most of the royal seats lie within its boundaries, and its people hold one hundred and sixteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six of the two hundred and ninety-nine thousand eight hundred and forty-one shares of the Banca d'Italia, the national bank of Italy, and a majority of the owners of Italy's merchant marine reside there; and yet Liguria pays less than two-thirds as much to the national revenues as does the province of Naples. What can you expect but socialism and anarchy from the eighty thousand straw-plaiters whose wages sometimes go as low as twenty centesimi (four cents) a day, and of the charcoal burners of Tuscany, who do well on the day when they earn from thirty to fifty cents? No wonder the thought steals into their minds as they contemplate the privileged classes, "they have everything, we have nothing; let's divide among ourselves what they squander upon themselves."

An aristocratic Italian, talking with a cultured Englishman who had spent years in Italy, about the question of taxes and extravagant government expenditures, said languidly, "I know, everybody in Italy knows, that we spend a little too much. Dio mio! the nations around us — are they not doing the same thing, more or less?"

"That is true," was the answer, "but we in Italy are not so rich as they are."

"Yes, I know that. Nevertheless, please to observe that our security, perhaps, and certainly our pride, require us to go on imitating our neighbors. Tell me, would you go to a grand reception in a cutaway coat when everybody else was in evening dress?"

"Perhaps so."

"Certainly not; you would be ridiculous; you would not go."

"Excuse me; I would go, if I were sure to be there the next time with my silk facings."

The nobleman made no reply, and, in this case, at least, silence gave consent.

It is this excessive taxation, combined with the inequality in its distribution, that drives more than one hundred thousand people out of Italy every year. Formerly, the majority of them came to the United States, but now most of them emigrate to South America, principally to Brazil, and it is to the mountain-bred men of Italy, the strong, energetic and intelligent peasants, and not to the loafers of the cities, that Brazil owes much of its present advancement.

This condition of things not only drives men but coin out of the country. The depreciated paper money alone remains. How is this done? Ask the small tradesman, and he replies, "Una piccola combinazione, signore!" And what is this little combination? Why, this. The people save their money until they get five lira or more, when they bring the silver to the tradesmen, who put it with that received from others and send it over into Switzerland, where it is sold for a higher price than can be obtained in Italy.

Position 49. Map 6.

Last year Switzerland had on hand eighty millions of Italian lira, and France had twice as much.

Take one more look at those buildings with their balconied fronts; the ground floor only is used for the manufacture of macaroni, while the floors above are rented to skilled artisans and clerks. The rent for five rooms is from sixteen to twenty dollars a month, and they are respectable apartments, occupied by neat and self-respecting people, as is evident from the fact that the balconies are not loaded with filthy rags. Good apartments for the poorer classes consisting of four rooms may be had for five and a quarter dollars a month; two rooms for three and a half dollars.

Look just beyond the boy with the basket on his arm and you will see a woman standing in front of the slat door of the factory — those doors serve to keep out intruders and to let in the air. The woman is probably of a retiring disposition, for she does not wish to be seen. The man holding the macaroni sticks is evidently her husband, and the boy who is helping them is doubtless their son. It is but a simple statement of the truth to say that wives among the lower classes in Naples are not much thought of, while a mother is loved and revered. The worst criminal will make up verses — and Italians of all classes are passionately fond of versifying — in which he "kisses her gray hair" and addresses her in most endearing terms. Mothers frequently starve themselves for their children. A sweetheart in Italy becomes the absolute slave of the one she loves, and the more he abuses her the more she lavishes her affections upon him.

"Tony is madly in love with me, for he is always

beating me," a Neapolitan woman confided to her intimate friend. If an Italian girl is treated gently and kindly by a lover, she soon abandons him for another, for she explains contemptuously, "a man must be a man, you know."

Let us now leave the present crude and practical side of Neapolitan life and, entering the National Museum at the north end of the Toledo, view one of the art treasures of antiquity.

Position 50. Beautiful Venus Callipygus, in the gallery of ancient statues

This exquisite piece of statuary was found on the site of Nero's Golden House near the Palatine Hill at Rome. It was sadly marred when first brought to light, and the right leg, left arm and hand, also the head, are restorations. If you examine the work carefully, you may see where the plaster repairs join the marble of the statue. Notwithstanding the destruction which made these additions necessary, the statue is one of the most graceful and lovely in the entire museum, which is rich in antique sculpture, both bronze and marble, and retains, in this twentieth century, the same wealth of faultless beauty that it displayed in the first century, when it stood admired and treasured in Nero's Golden House.

The different objects in the museum are being constantly changed about to suit some new plan of arrangement, but as these statues now stand they are as follows:

Back of this famous *Venus Callipygus* is a *Faun* carrying the boy Bacchus on his shoulders. That is a charming work of Greek genius from the Farnese

Position 50. Map 6.

collection at Rome. The Faun, a light and airy figure, seems scarcely to touch the ground, which he spurns with the tip of his toes as he sways to the music of the cymbals which he holds in his hands. His laughing countenance is turned toward the boy, who grasps with one hand the Faun's hair to prevent his falling, and with the other he holds out a bunch of grapes with a roguish and playful air, at the same time looking down into the Faun's merry face with a charming and affectionate expression which is beautiful to behold.

Back of the dancing Faun is a torso (a headless and limbless trunk) from a reproduction of the seated *Ares Ludovisi* at Rome.

Back of this is a most remarkable work of art, long thought to represent Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, but this designation art criticism has compelled us to abandon. The figure is that of a Roman lady who sits in a cushioned chair and who is of an unpretentious but beautiful form; her position is easy, graceful and dignified; her hands are clasped and rest supinely in her lap; the drapery is finely executed, and reveals rather than conceals the beauty of the figure.

> "She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells,
> A perfect form in perfect rest."

Back of this Roman lady is seen a finely executed and artistic statue of *Adonis,* from the amphitheater of Capua. The figure has an easy yet elegant pose, and is so splendidly proportioned that it touches the emotions of the beholder like a delicate yet rapturous strain of music.

Back of Adonis you may detect, in the shadow, the equestrian statue of M. Nonius Balbus, praetor and

pro-consul, which was found in the Basilica of Herculaneum.

To the right of the *Venus Callipygus* is seen the beautiful bust of *Homer,* which is without doubt the finest of all the representations of the great poet, and which is one of the loftiest and noblest achievements of Greek art. To have taken an old blind man as a subject and then to work into the cold marble such intellectual power, such luminous insight, such sublime inspiration, coupled with the serene and placid expression that usually characterizes the blind, is the mark of transcendent genius.

The first figure seen to the left of the Venus represents Æschines, the Athenian orator, who lived in 350 B. C. He was the champion of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes. The statue was found in the House of the Papyri at Herculaneum. It is a fine production of high Greek art, the figure being admirable in its oratorical pose and in the disposal of the drapery.

To the left of the orator is a statue of Pallas, an excellent and ancient work of art brought from Velletri; and beyond this is a statue of Juno; while next to this, and seen but imperfectly beyond the right limb of the Faun, is the torso of Bacchus, a genuine Greek work of the highest merit.

Contemplating this hall of ancient masterpieces filled with the immortal gems of resplendent genius, that, for long centuries, were buried in the earth, and now are once more bathed in the light of day, we wonder why it is that the visions of beauty that floated before the minds of the ancients seem ever to elude the men of our day; and we long for the coming once more of the geniuses of that far time, the men of

Position 50. Map 6.

kingly thought and execution who, at the chisel point, could almost make stone breathe and cold marble blend into living grace and beauty and glow like human flesh. Will they ever come again, such souls as these, or have they left the earth forever?

"When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the souls of men?
Here, all things in their place remain,
As all were ordered ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince."

Let us now step into another room and view a group of statuary which is one of the most famous, and is believed by many to be the greatest, in the world.

Position 51. The Farnese Bull

This immortal work of art is worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon it, for the grandeur of its conception and the marvelous skill of its execution have never been excelled and probably have never been equaled. It is the work of the renowned Rhodian sculptors, Apollonius and Tauriscus, and was found in 1546 in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome in a sadly mutilated condition.

In order to appreciate the immortal genius that is so brilliantly displayed in this colossal group, we must understand not only the nature of the effect which the sculptor sought to produce, but also the forces which brought the statue into being and contributed to this result. In Grecian art, sculpture and mythology, of which poetry was the highest and most artistic expression, went hand in hand, and long before the

Position 51. Map 6.

myth which the work represents was incorporated into stone, it had been immortalized by a celebrated tragedy of Euripides. The scene before us is full of terror and daring, and though wrought in the cool, snowy marble, is yet quivering with intensest passion and frenzied malice.

As you may see, two powerful youths are battling with an enraged bull; the forms of these young men, especially of the one in front of the bull which can be plainly seen, are characterized by remarkable strength and agility. Notice how the muscles of the calf of the right leg are expanded and how they swell to whipcords down by the ankle. Over the horns of the mad bull this young fellow has placed a rope noose which the other brother is drawing tight and by means of which he assists in holding the furious beast, which is plunging desperately and striking the air with its hoofs. Their purpose is to bind to the horns of this terrible animal the helpless yet beautiful form of the woman whom you see in danger of being trampled by the bull. Only a moment they have to complete their diabolical task, for the combined strength of these two young giants cannot hold back this cyclone of fury; any minute it may break away and their vengeance be foiled. It is the supreme moment, when the struggles of the bull have reached their uttermost, when the strength of the men is put to its farthest limit, when the agonizing supplications of the beautiful woman are heartrending, and when the pity of the mother, standing in the background, breaks through all restraint and beseeches her two sons to be merciful, that the sculptors have caught and imprisoned for us in the gleaming stone. In order to appreciate the horrible fascination of the

Position 51. Map 6.

work which produces such a powerful impression upon all beholders, we must answer several questions which spring to the lips as soon as we see the group.

What is the cause of the hatred of these young men toward that lovely woman? What could impel them to such brutality? The story is quickly told, and it is a familiar one in ancient Greek literature. When Antiope, who is represented by the female figure standing in the background with the long spear resting in her left hand and against her shoulder, had given birth to Amphion and Zethus, she was driven away from her father's house and had to abandon her sons. The boys were given over into the care of an old shepherd who brought them up without their having any knowledge of their mother. Antiope, deprived of her children, also suffered terrible wrongs at the hands of her relative Dirce. One day, wandering on Mt. Cythaeron, in wild bacchanalian revel, Dirce met the two young shepherds, who at once became fascinated with her. Thinking her power over them complete and appreciating their great strength, she bids them bind Antiope to a mad bull that she may be dragged to a cruel death. In company with Dirce, they seek Antiope, but recognize their mother before it is too late. Then they consign Dirce to the fate she had prepared for another. To further illustrate the myth, notice the work on the base of the statue. A small boy adorned with a wreath, a figure regarded by some as the mountain god Cythaeron, decked with Bacchic ivy, is placed beneath the left foot of Amphion, and beneath his right foot springs the lithe and graceful form of a shepherd dog, and leaning against the trunk of a tree are a thyrsus or wand and other symbols, while on the right side of

the base are carved the figures of a sheep and goat. But all these minor details are far surpassed in interest and power by the principal figures and their action. Nothing in the whole realm of art can surpass the artistic refinement of its execution, the exquisite folds of the drapery, the strength yet graceful symmetry of the forms, and the vivid and overwhelming sense of life and agony which pervades it all. No wonder the famous group exercises such a majestic and overpowering influence upon the minds of men; and remember also that it is the work of two artists and the whole group was sculptured out of a single block of marble. The parts restored are the head of the bull, the figure of Antiope (except the feet), the head and arms of Dirce, and portions of Amphion and Zethus. For boldness, life and masterful energy, blended with grace and beauty, this piece of statuary stands unrivaled and alone.

Gazing at these remarkable productions of ancient genius, we can but recall many a fair legend of those distant days, which causes the fancy to kindle and the heart to glow; but still we shall never be satisfied unless we can look upon the life these worthies lived, and enter into their homes and walk the streets that their feet have trod. Such a thing seems simply impossible, for the centuries cannot be rolled back upon themselves, even if the sun might be made to stand still. And yet, the impossible has been achieved, and the first century, with its streets, its homes, its art, fresh as though painted with this morning's sunshine, waits our coming. Cities buried for almost two thousand years are flooded with the light of to-day, and all their treasures lie open for our inspection. We

do not realize how many of these buried cities there are, all of them being once populous centers and powerful towns, having their armies and their navies, before which, for a time, even the power of Rome stood baffled. Among these were Cumae, the oldest Greek settlement in Italy; Puteoli, of great commercial fame; Capua, the strongest southern fortress of Rome; Baiae, often called the Vanity Fair of the first century; and still others, many of which have been altogether forgotten, and some are beneath the present site of Naples. As we are eager to see one of these disinterred cities, let us leave Naples for a while and visit Herculaneum.

When we were looking from Naples to Vesuvius (Position 47) the site of Herculaneum lay to our extreme right along the shore of the bay. We shall go to that point now. As the map shows by the red lines connected with the number 52, we shall be looking toward the sea, or toward the southwest.

Position 52. The ruins of Herculaneum

Naples lies off toward our right here, while Vesuvius is directly behind us. At our feet we have a most remarkable sight, a city of the first century, and above it is built one of the twentieth century. This modern town, a few buildings of which we see in front of us and to our right, is called Resina, and contains about thirteen thousand inhabitants. The old town, called Heracleion by the Greeks, derived its name from the worship of Hercules, which was popular at this place. Heracleion is said to have been founded by Hercules himself, during one of his visits to this region. After it became subject to Rome, its salubrious climate and its charming situation, with a

Position 52. Map 6.

river on either side and the glorious bay stretching away in front of it, made it a favorite resort for Roman nobles, who built spacious villas here.

At that time Naples was not a city with a population of half a million as it is now, but was, like Herculaneum, a fashionable resort for the emperor and nobility of Rome. The first eruption of Vesuvius of which there is any record took place on August 24, 79 A. D., near the close of the Roman Republic. This destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum and also caused the death of Pliny the naturalist, whose nephew became the historian.

In his letter to Tacitus, Pliny the historian, an eye witness of the fearful tragedy, writes that his mother called the attention of his uncle, who was stationed with the Roman fleet at Misenum, to a vast and curious cloud rising and spreading above Vesuvius; a cloud shaped like a pine tree, for it shot up into the air to a great height in the form of a trunk and then spread out on all sides in the form of branches. Through the center of this trunk leaped up a long train of fire, resembling a broad flash of lightning. As the shower of ashes fell, the air became stifling and the sea rolled back upon itself. Then, he continues, "At length a glimmering light appeared which we imagined to be a forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as, in truth, it was, rather than the return of the day as some supposed. However, the fire fell at some distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. At last the dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned and even the sun appeared, though very faintly and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes, which were extremely weakened, seemed changed, being covered with white ashes as deep as snow. In the midst of this awful calamity," he concludes, "what mournfully consoled us was the thought that the

Position 52. Map 6.

whole universe was perishing with ourselves." And, indeed, in this eruption, besides Pompeii and Herculaneum five other coast cities were buried.

We are fortunate in having the testimony of an eye witness, and of one so well qualified to give an accurate and vivid description of what took place. From the accounts we have, it would appear that no lava issued from the volcano on this occasion but only ashes, red hot stones and fragments of other volcanic material; also great clouds of steam rose from the mountain and, being mixed with the ashes, covered everything (especially in the direction of Herculaneum), with a thick pasty mud. This mountain was, till then, a charming sight, wooded from base to summit and, except an occasional earthquake shock, which was not infrequent in Mediterranean countries, there was nothing to warn the inhabitants of the towns clinging to its sides and nestling at its base of its fearfully destructive powers. They lived and toiled over a volcano and knew it not. Evidences were not wanting that, in prehistoric times, this had been a scene of volcanic eruptions, but the grass and flowers had covered all the scars, and the lava streams were hidden away beneath a forest of green. The poets sang of the mountain as the genial source of fruits and flowers and golden wine, all the gifts of the gods.

Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* speaks of the city as "Herculea Urbs." Among distinguished Romans who had villas here were Servilia, the sister of Cato of Utica, and the mother of M. Junius Brutus, the murderer of Julius Cæsar, who resided in a villa presented to her by the man whom her son afterward murdered. Agrippina was placed here by her uncle Tiberius in a villa which was subsequently destroyed,

as Seneca tells us, by Caligula, in order to obliterate all reminders of his mother's suffering.

It would seem as though comparatively few people lost their lives in the catastrophe which overwhelmed these cities, as there was sufficient warning to enable most of the inhabitants to escape. Only two victims have been discovered in Herculaneum, and from the position of one of them and from the fact that a bag of money was found beside him, it is evident he perished while trying to remove a bag of gold. Very little money or jewels or even household furniture have been discovered at Herculaneum, and not much more at Pompeii, indicating that the inhabitants had ample time to remove these things before the towns were entirely buried, a process which must have required a number of hours, or else, as is considered more probable, all articles of value were taken in later years by those who tunneled their way into the houses.

The knowledge that a city lay buried here was ever present with the people of the surrounding towns, for the upper portions of the walls of the highest buildings protruded above the ashes that had buried it; but what city it was and when it had been overwhelmed, none could tell. The discovery of the real site of Herculaneum, like most important discoveries, was a matter of accident. In the year 1711 Prince d'Elbeuf constructed a casino at Portici, about two miles to our right, near the Granatello, which he wished to embellish with rare marbles. Having heard that some one in sinking a well at Resina had come upon fragments of precious marbles, both statues and mosaics, and being up to the Italian trick of digging out of the magical soil of Italy priceless

Position 52. Map 6.

treasures of art, while the same process in other countries only brings forth stones and iron and coal, he purchased from the government the right to search for what he desired and appropriate to his own use what he might find. In sinking the well they struck, at the depth of ninety feet, the seats of the ancient theatre, and during the five years in which the prince continued his excavations he brought to light a vast number of statues and mosaics without once suspecting the name or history of the site upon which he was digging until, at length, coming upon a very beautiful statue belonging to the Balbi, the Austrian viceroy interfered and revoked the permit for excavation, and with remarkable coolness appropriated all that had been discovered in the name of the state and sent the entire find to Vienna and Dresden. It is to be hoped that at least he gave back the amount paid by d'Elbeuf for the permission to excavate, even if his Austrian lordship did not feel disposed to pay the cost of the digging, for the prince must have needed the money. It would seem, however, as though the poor prince had to stand the whole expense, as we have no record of any money being refunded. The artistic ardor of other Italian princes having been extinguished by the experience of d'Elbeuf, and the Austrians not caring to incur the expense, excavations ceased until 1738, when Charles III, desiring to build a palace at Portici, ordered the work to be resumed. In 1750 a long narrow passage was cut down through the volcanic rock into the theater, near where the well had been sunk, in order to effect an easy access to the place, and this is the entrance at the present day. You can see it to our right. Notice the door in the stone wall, extending

along the highway, which lies between the ancient and modern towns. The steps which you see are cut in the solid rock and a railing makes them safer and easier to climb.

The finest statuary in the Neapolitan Museum from any of the buried cities, has come from Herculaneum. It is to be regretted that the early excavators, d'Elbeuf and Charles III — although as things turned out you can hardly blame the former — did not remove the débris from the place and so leave the town uncovered as far as they carried on their work. Instead of this, in order to save time and expense, since they were only seeking for what they considered of value to themselves, they filled up one house with the material taken from another, and when they quit their labors, the town was as completely buried as ever. In 1770 the work of excavating was relinquished because of attention being turned to Pompeii, which seemed an easier and more productive field.

With the exception of the period from 1828–1837, when excavations were resumed, at no time have investigations been made with the same persistency and regularity as at Pompeii, and little if anything has been done. Nevertheless the future may have in store for us very interesting discoveries. At present the work is not being pushed very rapidly. They dig down the required depth, say from fifteen to thirty feet, until they strike the top of walls or columns that still may be standing. Then they proceed to uncover them as carefully as possible. A blacksmith is always on hand, who places iron bands and rivets in the walls or columns whenever they appear weak. These walls are never excavated but

Position 52. Map 6.

part way down, being left until the Director of Excavations comes out from Naples, which is usually once or twice a week, and he superintends the rest of the work. The space already excavated is only eighteen hundred feet long and nine hundred feet wide, the most important part of which we see.

From the entrance at the foot of those stairs on our right there is a passageway leading into the theater which, as it extends beneath the roadway seen on the right, is exceedingly dark, and the shadows are only deepened by the flickering light of the candle which the guide holds in his hand. In order to prevent the rock above from giving way with its superimposed weight of roadway and houses, huge buttresses have been built, which add to the gloom and cave-like appearance of the theater. The structure contained four marble platforms or steps for the chairs of distinguished spectators who might happen to be present, and above these are sixteen tiers of seats in six sections, and, between these, flights of stone steps ascend to a corridor, above which are three more tiers of seats. The building could accommodate about eight thousand spectators. The floor of the theater lies about ninety feet below the level of this modern city of Resina, and a faint light streams into the subterranean building through the narrow cylindrical shaft of the well by means of which the building was first discovered. From an inscription on one of the walls we learn that L. Annius Mammianus Rufus, a duumvir, erected the structure and that Publius Numisius was the architect.

We are about sixty feet above the top of the walls seen directly below us, the excavations here varying

from forty to sixty feet deep. These walls, which you observe are very thick, are built of a light volcanic stone called "tufa" which is found near Mt. Vesuvius. The houses in Herculaneum are larger than those at Pompeii and unlike the latter, often have a second story, but as the ground plan of Roman houses is invariably the same, these are, in that respect, similar to those found elsewhere. That street down into which we are looking and which is bordered by edifices, was doubtless one of the main thoroughfares of the town, and yet it is but twenty feet wide. It is paved with polygonal lava blocks, the highest part being in the center and sloping down to a narrow gutter, on the inner side of which you observe a curbing of lava blocks, and back of this a sidewalk of the same material extending to the walls of the buildings.

In the house whose walls are seen just over and below this lichen-covered piece of marble near us — the first on the left-hand side of the road — were found the remains of skeletons belonging to the victims to which reference has already been made. The house opposite, the first on the right, in whose wall you perceive a shrine to one of their many gods, was used as a place for trading purposes, as was the one beneath the entrance steps. Beyond this is seen an open space surrounded by the bases and portions of broken columns. They formed part of the arcade or peristyle that, as was customary in Roman houses, enclosed the sides of the courtyard or garden. On the street in front of the entrance to the house, you perceive portions of two columns, one on either side of the doorway. Still further away and on the same side of the street, is seen what must have been

Position 52. Map 6.

a spacious and beautiful structure and the remains of what, up to the present time, is the most imposing private dwelling found in this old city. We do not know who occupied that sumptuous mansion, but from a painting of Mercury before Argus and Io found on the walls of the dining-room, it is called the House of Argus, otherwise known as the Villa Suburbana. Even the ruins of the structure are elegant and ornate, and they stand, after having been buried for nearly two thousand years, as splendid monuments to the cultured taste and artistic skill of the ancients. You will observe that the garden or courtyard of the house is enclosed by an arcade of columns and buttresses, ten beautiful columns being on each side. From the arcade opened out the various rooms of the house, some of which were decorated in a lavish and brilliant manner. Notice the marble balustrade on the roof of the house and see how the side wall nearest the street is shored up with heavy beams and how in front of the street entrance stand broken columns like helpless monitors who can no longer watch and guard. This gives us an excellent opportunity to see what was the general plan of a Roman house.

It is also interesting to note how the street, at that point, begins to slope downward, which incline is very perceptible if you look at the bases of the columns, and it also shows the proximity of the ancient town to the sea. The eruptions of Vesuvius, however, have driven the sea back a half mile or more, and we can now but faintly discern it over the tree tops and beyond the high chimneys.

This beautiful structure, the House of Argus or Villa Suburbana, is said to be the dwelling, in a small

room of which, evidently the library, were discovered in 1752, in presses or cupboards ranged about the walls, a large number of what appeared to be sticks of charcoal and, for some time, the structure went by the name of the House of the Coal Merchant. When first discovered some of these sticks were destroyed, but one day some one happened to notice Greek and Latin words on them and immediately an investigation was made which resulted in the discovery that these were originally rolls of papyri on which were ancient writings, and that they had been changed into their present state by the action of the air and moisture. The problem then was how to unroll them without destroying the writing. Many experiments were tried but with indifferent success. At last Padre Piaggio invented a curious and ingenious machine for separating and unrolling them, but the process being exceedingly intricate and painfully slow, it was hoped that chemistry might be of service. Accordingly the celebrated chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, was invited to visit Naples for this purpose. He accepted the invitation and made numerous experiments, but at last was compelled to abandon his efforts for want of success. So Padre Piaggio's machine is still in use as the best method obtainable. Of the one thousand seven hundred and fifty papyri found, less than five hundred have been unrolled.

During the eruption of 1906 "ashes" (*i. e.* volcano dust) fell thick and fast in this neighborhood, and the townsfolk of Resina fled for their lives, fearing the place was to be re-buried. It was no wonder they were panic-stricken! But as a matter of fact the damage done in this vicinity was comparatively

Position 52. Map 6.

slight. The lava-streams poured down the farther side of the mountain and not in this direction.

Mr. W. D. Howells' account of his visit to Herculaneum is interesting.

"Emerging from the coal bins and potato cellars the visitor extinguishes his candle with a pathetic sigh, profusely rewards the custodian (whom he connects in some mysterious way with the ancient population of the injured city about him), and, thoughtfully removing the tallow from his fingers, soon arrives at the gate opening into the exhumed quarter of Herculaneum. There he finds a custodian who enters perfectly into his feelings; a custodian who has once been a guide in Pompeii, but now despises that wretched town and would not be guide there for any money since he has known the superior life of Herculaneum, who in fine, feels toward Pompeii as a Bostonian does toward New York. Yet the reader would be wrong to form an idea that there is bitterness in the disdain of the custodian. On the contrary he is one of the best natured men in the world. He is a mighty mass of pinguid bronze, with a fat lisp and a broad sunflower smile, and he lectures us with a vast and genial breadth of manner on the ruins, contradicting all our guesses at things with a sweet "Perdoni, signore! ma—." At the end we find he has some medallions of lava to sell; there is Victor Emmanuel, or, if we are of the "Partito d'azione," there is Garibaldi, both warm from the crater of Vesuvius, and of the same material which destroyed Herculaneum. We decline to buy, and the custodian makes the national shrug and grimace (signifying that we are masters of the situation and that he washes his hands of the consequences of our folly) on the largest scale that we have ever seen, his mighty hands are rigidly thrust forth, his great lip protruded, his enormous head thrown back to bring his face on a level with his chin. The effort is tremendous, but we, nevertheless, feel that he loves us the same."

As Herculaneum lies on the road to Vesuvius we shall appreciate the more our visit to Pompeii, and

understand better what we shall see there, if we first ascend that "peak of hell rising out of paradise." Byron, in his Childe Harold, speaks of "Vesuvius rearing his hackneyed height." But what would he say to a railroad climbing the sides of that smoking mountain, its roadbed hewn in the solid rock and not more than seven feet wide, skirting, at times, deep precipices and steeply shelving embankments, yet carrying with absolute safety to the foot of the crater fifteen thousand tourists every year? For myself I prefer going on horseback as far as possible, well knowing that thus mounted one realizes more fully the grandeur of the scene.

We shall move now about a mile nearer Vesuvius and look up to its summit. The map shows that we shall be looking toward its western side.

Position 53. On the road to Vesuvius

In climbing Vesuvius it is best to set out in the morning, the earlier the better, unless one takes the railway as far as the foot of the crater. In making the ascent a carriage insures the greater comfort, but the view is better and one can climb higher on horseback. Until the lava is reached, so smooth is the road and so gradual the rise, that bicycles may be used to good advantage to the height of one thousand feet. In coming down there is a ten mile slope along the coast on which a wheel glides like the light.

Our party of four started out on horseback, and it was scarcely light when we began our journey. We went on a brisk trot most of the way, each one trying to pass the others. The horses we rode were small, bony affairs, and, if our feelings when we dismounted

Position 53. Map 6.

were to be relied upon, they were like turtles and wore their skeletons on the outside.

Now, unless you have seen this locality, you cannot have a very satisfactory idea of its essential features, and a careful and intelligent study of this scene is, therefore, worth the reading of many volumes.

We are now facing east. Part of the ground between here and the summit was overflowed by streams of lava only a little over one hundred years ago (1794). The fearful eruption of 1906 sent clouds of volcanic dust over this way, but the lava-flow ran down the farther (east) side of the mountain and down its southern side, *i. e.*, the one towards the right.

After having taken a good look at Vesuvius, you will want to know what this white building is, the one just the other side of the roadway. It is a wayside chapel, of which there are many in Italy, and it was built in commemoration of the victims, members of a party of spectators, who perished here during an eruption of the volcano a number of years ago. At that time, 1872, amidst terrific thundering, the crater poured forth huge volumes of vapor, mingled with glowing stones and lava, to a height of nearly five thousand feet. An inscription over the entrance records the tragedy. Above the inscription you may see a shrine of the Virgin. The façade of the little structure is decorated by a cross and a diminutive belfry. The only window in the building is a circular, grated one beneath the cross and, except for the presence of an altar, the interior is destitute of furniture. A spring issues from the farther extremity of the right wall and you can see two thirsty

wayfarers refreshing themselves with its cool and sparkling waters. Almost as far as eye can see, except on the summit of that fiery mountain, are luxuriant vineyards interspersed with gardens and villas; for, in spite of repeated warnings, these slopes are all inhabited and cultivated on account of the extraordinary fertility of the soil. From some of these hilltops delightful views of the bay are obtained, and the choicest of fruit is raised here, for, remember, we are

> "In lands where the olives grow,
> Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
> Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row."

To the left of the cross upon the little chapel, you will notice a fine old stone house crowning one of the noblest spurs of Vesuvius, and commanding a superb view of the surrounding country.

There is a legend connected with that house which our guide related to us in his enthusiastic and impressive way, as we lingered about this wayside spring that gushes forth from the white wall of the little chapel. As nearly as I can recollect it, this is the story that he told. When Paul, the Christian philosopher and preacher, was being brought a prisoner to Rome the ship touched at Puteoli (Pozzuoli on our map, about ten miles to the west of Naples, on the coast). Hardly had the anchor been let go when the centurion summoned his noted prisoner and said, "We stay here seven days. If you desire you may visit Naples, but accompanied by a soldier." Paul gladly accepted the invitation, for there was a handful of Christians in the place, and he longed to see them that he might cheer and strengthen their hearts. So he sought out his brethren in the faith and that

night they sat together in unity. Thus the apostle came to Naples and the followers of the Nazarene were made glad by his coming. But the temples and the theaters of the city, its mad swirl of pleasure and its gay and giddy throngs wearied him, and his feet turned away from its clamor and its frivolity and sought the majestic solitude and the inspiring grandeur of the then calm Vesuvius. Then there was no terror in its mien or in its name; no cloud of destruction hung above it, not a sign that there was an awful fire within. Only floods of golden sunlight rested upon its brow, and dwellings, simple yet adorned with every comfort, nestled upon its shoulders of perpetual bloom. Somewhat exhausted by his long walk and heated by what had now begun to be an arduous climb, he sat down, according to tradition, to rest upon the threshold of yonder house; and, beside him, stern, silent, Herculean, sat the Roman soldier. The owner of the house, an old man with silvery hair, when he saw the stranger, stopped his work among his vines and came forward to meet him, thinking at first he must be some distinguished personage for he had caught sight of the flash of the soldier's helmet and the gleam of the scabbard in which hung his short sword. Judge of his surprise when he beheld a man, bent and round shouldered, not old, but worn with labor and with care, with eyes so weak that he shaded them continually from the sun, and yet with a genial light in them that spoke of a noble and sympathetic soul. The heart of the old man was touched at the sight of this gracious yet battered man and he invited him to come under his roof. Paul accepted the invitation and the soldier, who never left his side, followed his

prisoner into the house. Then the daughter brought forth the fruits of the field and the vine, and the real "lacrymae," to be recognized ever by its deep, rich color and its exquisite bouquet. Paul praised the wine and said, "For years it has been as though I were tossed on a wild and wintry sea and felt the full brunt of its surges and its storms. I fear I shall not endure it long, no man could, and this wine"— and he held it from him in a broad stream of sunlight that entered the room, turning the precious liquid into a ruby gold—"this wine pours new life and gladness into me. It is strange, since I do not usually care for wine." Then spake the host, and while in silence his face took on an expression of beautiful repose, when he spoke, light seemed to stream through every pore and his countenance was fascinating to behold. "Its origin, too, is of the strangest, and, as yet, I cannot understand it. One day, many years gone now, I was coming from my vineyard when I met a young man seated just where I found you to-day; he had golden locks and curly beard and a brow as white as a lily. He was clothed as a Hebrew, but beautiful as a son of a god and not unlike Dionysus. The young man, who sat looking over the land and the ever widening shores and the vanishing sea, remarked that this spot was a bit of the glory of paradise; and, as he spoke, he wept at the thought of the sin and suffering with which the world was filled. After he had departed, there sprang up from the ground upon which his tears had fallen a vine, which grew with remarkable vigor and rapidity and bore the grapes that made the wine that you are now drinking. Since that day I have pondered long over the matter and I have my own

Position 53. Map 6.

thoughts about the youth; a god has honored the earth with his presence. He was Dionysus, the giver of the grape and son of the supreme god."

"I think with you," assented the soldier gruffly as he emptied his goblet, and these were the only words he had as yet spoken.

"You are both right," said the apostle, "for God's son he assuredly was, and a noble, life-giving wine He has given us, similar, I should say from what the other apostles have told me, to that He made at Cana of Galilee, and I drink the cup in memory of Him."

"You know Him, then, you also?"

"Yes, even to me He has appeared on the earth, not as Dionysus, but as Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of the Living God."

"Jesus of Nazareth? He did so name himself!" cried the old man, passing his hand over his forehead as if he would revive a half-forgotten memory.

"Would you care to hear more of him?" asked the apostle, and both father and daughter and even the rough soldier cried as if in one voice, "Yes, tell us all you know!"

And Paul began to speak, beginning with his experience on the road to Damascus when, in one high noon-time, he saw Him face to face; and he was still speaking when the sun sank behind Ischia and flooded the sea and its hovering sails with the purple light of evening. Before him sat the three earnest listeners; the old man dignified and noble, the soldier with his grim but eager bearing, and the lovely daughter drinking in every word that fell from the apostle's lips with rapt and angelic countenance. It grew dark, the lamp was lighted, and still

the converted Jew spoke on, until the shadows of the long night were hidden away in the rosy folds of another day. Before he departed, he had baptized the whole household, and even the soldier, who ever after guarded him in the name of the Lord Christ; and as for the wine, it was ever after called "lacrymae Christi."

As we left the wayside chapel, peasants crowded about us and offered what they called "lacrymae Christi" for one franc a bottle, but I fear it was not genuine, at any rate we did not buy any. We shall stand next upon the second ridge in front of us, the one beyond the two white villas. Further to the right, through the haze, you may catch a glimpse of the railroad that climbs the mountain side.

Position 54. In the wilderness of lava, at the base of Vesuvius

This is where we abandoned our bony steeds. The one carrying the fat and genial doctor was called "the devil," and he was worthy of the name. Getting off the animal with painful deliberation, the wise and learned physician remarked, "Well, that settles a question I've had on my mind for forty years. The Devil has a backbone. I know this to be a fact, for I've ridden on it for the last five miles or more, and a mighty sharp spinal arrangement he has, too. Why, for the past hour I've been in imminent danger of being split into a clothes-pin."

We were not any of us in prime condition to climb, and therefore we improved the opportunity to stand still for awhile and gaze out over this sea of lava, part of the flow of 1794, whose petrified bil-

Position 54. Map 6.

lows seem almost ready to break at our feet. Many a time have I stood upon the seashore and watched the waves roll in, playfully yet majestically, each succeeding one being higher and mightier than those that have gone before; and that, you will observe, is the case with these waves of stone, from whose curling crests you half expect the feathery foam to fly. The one nearest us, on which the boy is sitting, is the smallest; the one back of that, on which you see a man reclining, is higher; and back of him you see still another which is higher yet.

From this point one gets a good view of the summit of the mountain ahead there at the east. The summit rises and falls like the tides of the sea; that is, the height of the mountain varies with the eruptions, being sometimes thirty-nine hundred feet and again forty-three hundred feet. (It lost about six hundred feet during the eruption of 1906.) In the distance between us and the cone of Vesuvius, notice two mountainous waves of lava. Now by looking directly over the man whom you see reclining on the lava to the right in front of us, and above those great ridges of lava back of him, you may see more plainly the railroad extending up the side of the cone and clinging to it like a huge serpent. That is a wire-rope railway. It is twenty-seven hundred feet long and the upper end is thirteen hundred feet higher than the lower, so that the height it attains is nearly half its length, having an average grade of about six inches to the foot. The ascent or descent is accomplished in twelve minutes.

Near the top of the cone is a plateau, about five miles in circumference, which is bounded by a craggy ridge. There are really two cones, the lower of

which, the old crater, was active in prehistoric times, and is called Monte Somma. It lies a little farther to the left than we can see, being three thousand seven hundred and thirty feet in height. It was once crowned by a temple dedicated to Jupiter. A deep valley, rapidly being filled up, called Altrio del Cavallo, separates Somma from Vesuvius, which is four thousand three hundred feet in height. The latter was formed by the eruption that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii; before this, the part of the mountain now called Vesuvius was hundreds of feet lower than Mt. Somma. The ancients called this new cone Vesevus and Vesvius. With the exception of Stromboli, in the most northern of the Lipari Islands, Vesuvius is the only permanently active volcano in Europe.

Long before we were ready to begin climbing we were besieged by a crowd of men and boys, who urged us to avail ourselves of an "aruto" or strap, which was to be placed about the waist of the tourist and then one of these attendants would go ahead and pull, the cost of this ingenious assistance being two francs. When, at last, we began our onward march these "helpers" would run alongside and in front of us and, unsuspected by us, would steer us into streams of cinders and ashes, where, with every step we tried to take forward, we slid back two. It did not take more than a half hour of this sort of thing to use us up completely, but we resolutely refused to take the strap, especially when we learned that an American lady unaided had made the ascent the year before. The doctor was so exasperated at the poor success that attended our labors that he looked as though he was thinking in very emphatic

Position 54. Map 6.

language; and he confessed a day or two after, when he was in a condition to be about again, that if he had expressed his sentiments when he was floundering among the cinders, it would have imperilled his eternal happiness; but the constant view of the volcano belching forth fire and smoke, which was ever before him, furnished him with a motive for self-control. At last, one of the party saw through the trick which was being played upon us and left the ashes and made for a stream of hardened lava which extended down the mountain side, and began to climb on that. The rest of us followed him, to the total destruction of the shoes we were wearing, but so far as ascending the mountain was concerned, the plan was a perfect success. It required an hour and a half of almost the hardest work any of us had ever performed to make the climb, but we got even with both guides and volcano on the way back. The credit of the discovery belongs to the doctor, for we all started to come back on the lava, thinking that what had been a success in the ascent would serve equally well in the descent; but, by some good fortune, the doctor made a misstep and stumbled off the lava and into the cinders, which he struck in a seated posture, his feet spread wide apart and, before he was aware of it, he was shooting the Vesuvius "chute" in a terrific way, sliding down fifteen hundred feet in a surprisingly short space of time. The rest of us did not stay long on the lava, but followed the doctor's example, and, as a result, we were very sore from the operation.

Did the sight we beheld at the summit of the volcano repay us for our arduous journey? It most

certainly did. And what did we see? You may look for yourself.

Position 55. Looking into the awful crater of Vesuvius

Is this tremendous abyss in which these clouds of vapor and ashes dash against the mountain sides in vast rolling billows, a view of the lower world, where, amid incessant flashes of lightning and the shooting of mysterious tongues of flame, horrible, demoniacal forms are seen passing to and fro in the lurid glare, as though they themselves were on fire? Or, has the end of all things come and are the heavens being rolled aside as a scroll, and is the old earth a mass of surging fire to the universal terror and for the destruction of men? When the conflagration has burned itself out, will it leave the globe an immense ball of black and smoking cinders madly careering through a universe of charred and blazing worlds? Certainly one is to be excused, if, when gazing into this burning lake of liquid fire, he grows superstitious and feels awed at the sight. Surely nothing but a spectacle like this — an immense stone caldron in which fiery, weltering waves of red-hot lava boil up to the edge of the crater and then die down again — could have inspired and given rise to the crude, blood-curdling Dantesque visions of the Middle Ages.

What causes such a volcanic phenomenon? With all our progressive science, we have no complete and satisfactory explanation of the causes which produce such a condition of things; but, from the fact that the principal volcanoes are situated near the sea, it is reasonable to suppose that the water finds its way

Position 55. Map 6.

to the fires which burn in the interior of the earth, and dense clouds of steam are thus generated, which expand with enormous power and ultimately find a vent through some mountain summit; the earthquakes which precede an eruption being caused by the gases and vapors struggling to find this outlet.

Before the first recorded and most terrible eruption of Vesuvius, in 79 A. D., when Pompeii was destroyed, severe earthquake shocks were occasionally experienced and, during one of the most alarming of these, Nero was entertaining the populace of Naples with the rendering of a cantata which he composed, and a chorus of five hundred trained voices accompanied the royal singer. While the emperor was singing a selection, there came a fearful shock and the building gave way, but even though surrounded by cracking floors and crumbling walls, Nero, inflamed with wine, sang on, stopping only to command that no one be permitted to leave the building. The first shock was followed by another still more terrible and, as the structure began to totter, even the drunken Nero concluded it was time to move on, and only with the greatest difficulty escaped with his life, while many of the spectators were overwhelmed in the ruins.

In all, there have been sixty eruptions since that time and in one of them, on December 16, 1631, attended by scenes of most appalling and indescribable terror, eighteen thousand persons lost their lives, and Bosco, Torre Annunziata, Torre del Greco, Resina and Portici were overwhelmed.

It is impossible to give any accurate estimate of the number of people who have perished as the result of the destructive power of this volcano, but the

number extends far into the thousands. A period of quiescence, when the crater becomes choked with stones and ashes, is always followed by an eruption whose severity is in proportion to the amount of obstructive material, for the longer the steam and lava are held back, the greater and more tremendous is the eruption when they make a vent for themselves. In 1871, an eruption of unusual severity took place, when the mountain "sweated fire," and lava streams a mile in breadth and, in some places, a hundred feet deep, poured down its lightning-scarred sides. Since 1872, the mountain has been comparatively quiet, till in 1900, it again showed signs of unusual activity.

In April, 1906 a gigantic pillar of "smoke" two miles high rose from this crater and fiery masses of stone were thrown up three thousand feet or more. A huge mass was torn out of the body of the mountain and liquid lava overflowed once more. Hundreds of deaths were caused in villages and towns near-by, and a hundred thousand people took temporary refuge at a safer distance. The lava that poured down the eastern and southeastern slopes moved slowly enough so that people could abandon their houses when necessary; the losses actually due to the lava were mostly of property, not of life. But in several different villages volcanic dust accumulated on the roofs of churches, dwelling houses and other buildings in such quantities that roofs collapsed, burying men, women and children in the ruins. That happened, indeed, as far away as Naples! It was difficult to estimate how much strain a roof would bear, and hundreds of lives were lost in consequence. The destruction of dwellings, fields

and vineyards was enormous, and a terrible amount of suffering ensued among peasants who had found, during the best of times, difficulty enough to earn a living.

When we were within fifty feet of the edge of this crater, our guide warned us to stop, but still we pressed on. "Stand back!" he shouted. We were certainly headstrong and foolhardy to advance as far as we did, but, in spite of the stifling fumes of sulphur and other gases, the sight was so fascinating and dreadful that, as through the exercise of a diabolical and irresistible charm, it drew us toward the very edge. A year before, three Englishmen had ventured even nearer and, being suddenly overcome by the insidious gases, toppled over into the burning abyss. The place where we stood was so hot that we had to literally keep on a hop in order to stand there at all. One long, earnest gaze into this "bit of hell" on earth, and we turned quickly and retraced our steps to where our guide stood, but none too quickly, for we had already begun to feel faint. Yet even there the lava was hot, and thrusting a stick into a stream of it which ran past us down the mountain slope, and twirling it around until quite a lump adhered, I shook it off upon the cooler lava on which we were standing and then inserted a copper coin into the glowing mass. When it had cooled, I picked it up, though it was still rather warm, and I have it yet as a reminder of the day we looked into the crater of Vesuvius.

We have seen Herculaneum and Vesuvius, but our knowledge of this region would certainly be incomplete unless we paid a visit to Pompeii.

Position 55. Map 6.

On the map No. 6, "Environs of Naples," we find Pompeii some eight miles to the south and east of Vesuvius. The two red lines which branch slightly north of west from Pompeii show what is to be our field of vision from our first position there. We shall evidently be looking back toward Vesuvius.

Position 56. The Forum of Pompeii and Vesuvius

There in the distance to the left is the summit upon which we were just now standing beside the crater. Monte Somma, the edge of the older crater, is more to the right, several hundred feet lower. After seeing the close proximity of Vesuvius to Pompeii it is easier to understand how the great eruption could bury the old city, in the midst of which we are standing. Much of the awful devastation in 1906 took place on those slopes which we see ahead and at the right.

In order that we may know what part of Pompeii we see before us, we should turn to map No. 7, "Pompeii." This map gives an outline plan of the city within the walls, so far as the walls have been determined, and the Street of Tombs leading toward Herculaneum.

In the lower left-hand portion of the city we find the Forum. The two red lines with the number 56 attached which branch from the lower and southern side of the Forum toward the north and west, show our position and the particular section of the city we are looking over.

This Forum was the center of life and interest in the ancient days and is now the most imposing and spacious spot in the city. It was surrounded by a portico of fluted Doric columns of greyish white

Position 56. Maps 6 and 7.

limestone, twelve feet high and two and one-fourth feet in diameter. Two of these columns seen to the right near us are complete; only portions of the others remain standing. Upon these Doric columns were placed a second series of the Ionic order, constituting an upper covered passageway, traces of steps leading to which have been found. In front of this portico were pedestals for statues, some of which from their size must have been equestrian. A few of these pedestals bear the names of distinguished residents of Pompeii, among which are Pansa, Scaurus, Sallust and Rufus.

At the opposite end of the Forum are the remains of the Temple of Jupiter which, as you see, stood upon a raised platform of masonry nine and one-half feet high, approached by fifteen steps. Apertures in the floor of the temple admitted light to the underground chambers. In that temple, which was the Capitolium, were three chambers in each of which was a statue, probably the images of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, similar to those which were in the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill at Rome. At the time of the eruption the temple was in ruins, the result of the terrible earthquake of 63 A. D.

On either side of the temple are two triumphal arches of brick, which originally were covered with marble. The arch to the left stands near the front of the temple, the one on the right at its rear. On the north side of these arches are niches which may have served as fountains. To the right of the temple is the Macellum, a market where provisions were sold, the most northerly building at the east side of the Forum. In front of it are pedestals for statues.

The walls of this provision market are decorated with valuable frescoes, of which those to the left of the entrance, representing Argus and Io, and Ulysses and Penelope, are in a good state of preservation. Above these are representations of birds, fowl and animals used as articles of food, which indicate the purpose of the building.

Over the center of this building was a domed roof, and beneath the dome were found twelve pedestals for statues. Near the center of the building was discovered a pit with an arrangement for carrying off water, indicating the position of the fish stalls.

In the eastern or right-hand portion of the building were found eleven small rooms painted red, which were probably stalls or shops for the butchers. On the east side is a room which was used for the purpose of a chapel in honor of the imperial house. This, built in honor of Claudius, probably contained his statue and those of Agrippina and Nero. Two statues, one of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and another of Marcellus, have actually been found here. A large meat block similar to those used by butchers to-day, was found in the building; and from the butchers' stalls ran gutters in the pavement to carry off blood or the water used in cleaning the floors.

At this end of the market is the sanctuary of the city Lares, a square roofless building, in the center of which was found an altar. About the walls are niches for statues. That is probably the shrine of the municipal gods. Originally the walls of this building and the pavement were covered with marble, and presented a rich and artistic appearance. In front of the remains of that structure can be seen a small marble monument to Fiorelli, the

Position 56. Map 7.

able archaeologist, who died in 1896, and under whose efficient superintendence the work of the excavation of the town has been satisfactorily carried on for many years. We must bear in mind that the memory of Pompeii was never obliterated and that the city was rifled of its treasures through long centuries. The Emperor Severus came here to plunder for the purpose of enriching Rome, and it has only been in the last century and a half that the work has been intelligently and systematically carried on. About eighty workmen are employed constantly on the excavations, and Fiorelli estimated that with that number the rest of the town could be excavated in sixty years at a cost of one million dollars. About eight thousand dollars are received in fees from visitors every year.

The square walls seen this side and to the right of Fiorelli's monument belonged to the Temple of Vespasian, formerly called the Temple of Mercury. In front of this temple originally was an arcade, and in the middle of the building, as was common in such structures, was an altar, the sides of which were carved in bas-reliefs, representing sacrificial animals and utensils. On the back of the altar was carved a garland of oak leaves between two laurels, which was the symbol of the imperial house. The building had in the rear three chambers which communicated with rooms in the back of the sanctuary of the city gods.

Between that square structure — the Temple of Vespasian — and the narrow street seen beyond the fifth fluted column on our right and called the Street of Abundance (Strada dell' Abbondanza), stood the building of Eumachia. Over the entrance, which still stands on the Street of Abundance, is an inscription which tells us that this structure was erected by a

priestess, Eumachia. The building was used as a cloth market. It was, like other Pompeian structures, built about an open court, which was surrounded by a two-storied colonnade of white marble, only fragments of which are left. Formerly a statue of Eumachia, which is now in the Museum at Naples, stood at the back of the colonnade. Near the entrance on the Street of Abundance was a fountain with a bust of Concordia Augusta, which was for a long time taken for a bust of Abundantia, from whom the street derived its name. On the opposite wall (the north wall) of the building, beyond the limit of our vision here, are represented the twelve gods with their attributes, almost effaced. At the corner on this side of Abundance Street, and back of these fluted columns to our right, was the Comitium, or voting hall of the citizens.

The buildings on the south side of the Forum, in other words the buildings that once stood immediately behind our point of view, extending toward the left, were for municipal purposes. They consisted of three structures or chambers, the center being rectangular and those on each side semi-circular. They were built of brick and covered with marble, the center one being the meeting place of the municipal council and the others were probably used for various city magistrates. In front of us on the marble pavement of the Forum may be seen a beautiful, variegated, marble pedestal for an equestrian statue; and to the left an altar whose walls of brick were faced with marble. Some think this was the pedestal for a statue of Agrippina. Please notice that these fluted columns which we see at this end of the Forum are of the pure Greek type. In the time of Pericles, a Greek

fluted column consisted of twenty flutings, but later they degenerated and contained any number according to the size of the columns and the width of the grooves, all of which was determined by the taste of the artist. Moreover the Doric column, like those we see here, stood on the floor or pavement without a base, but I would like to have you observe that the columns on the raised platform of masonry belonging to the Temple of Jupiter at the opposite end of the Forum, as well as those found in many Pompeian houses, stand upon pedestals or bases, and that, when found, their capitals, which are Roman, are inferior in their beauty and execution to those of Greek workmanship.

On the southwest extremity of the Forum, one hundred and twenty-five feet to our left, beyond the limit of our vision, are the remains of the Basilica, whose construction and decoration point to pre-Roman times. Its arcade fronted toward the east facing the Comitium, which we remember stood just to our right. This Basilica was used as an exchange, as well as for law courts. There was a roofed courtyard in the center surrounded by twenty-eight brick columns, which were covered with stucco, while their capitals were of tufa; above these was another row of columns, the building having a second story. At the end of the edifice was an elevated platform of marble, on which was the magistrate's chair. This building, like the other structures surrounding the Forum area, was greatly damaged by the famous earthquake and had not been restored when the town was buried. On the walls of this building some enterprising Pompeian boys have scribbled, just as Yankee boys do now on public monuments, the name of the

building, "Basilica," and a hopeful yet rejected lover has written this distich from Ovid's *Art of Love*:

"What is so hard as a rock or what can be softer than water?
Hard rocks, nevertheless, by water are worn away."

At the end of the Via Marina (which as we may see on the map is a continuation on the western side of the Forum of Abundance Street, the latter entering the Forum to our right), is the Porta Marina or Water Gate. In the wall of a building near that gate, and high above the street, I remember seeing a kit of mason's tools in relief, with the inscription, "Diogenes structor" (Diogenes, the builder). It certainly is not a mason's sign, the inscription could not be read from the street; it is simply a workman's signature. Evidently Diogenes had built the wall and built it well, and wanted to leave a record of his skill; and there it is after two thousand years.

On the left-hand or western side of the Forum, shown on the map, but hidden from us here, stood the Temple of Apollo, which was damaged by the earthquake of 63 A. D. and subsequently restored. It was a building of very ancient origin, six hundred years intervening between the earliest and latest buildings found in Pompeii. In front or on the southern side of this building was a court, and the court and temple were surrounded by forty-eight columns which originally were Ionic, but changed by the application of stucco into Corinthian. This alteration has crumbled considerably. For some reason the front of this building was not exactly parallel with the side of the Forum and, in order to overcome this irregularity, eight buttresses were built at intervals, each project-

Position 56. Map. 7.

ing out farther than the others. As is usual with Roman temples, the structure stood on a platform of masonry, in this instance seven and a half feet high. To the left of the steps leading to the principal entrance was a sun-dial, and in front of the columns of the portico are busts on pedestals bearing the names of Mercury and Maia. The Mercury still occupies its original position, the Maia is lost. Four statues representing Venus, a hermaphrodite, Apollo and Minerva were also found here, the first about one-half life size; the two latter are life-size in bronze. They are now in the Museum at Naples. Fourteen marble steps six inches high form an approach to the temple. On the right of the entrance is a pedestal on which stood a statue of Apollo and on the left a conical Omphalos symbol of Apollo. In the structure was a chamber for priests, decorated with frescoes. "We learn from an inscription in the temple that about the year 10 B. C. the city purchased from the residents, whose property adjoined the colonnade of the temple, for the sum of three thousand sesterces, about one hundred and fifty-five dollars, the right to build a wall in front of their windows."

The open area in the center of the Forum is five hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and nine feet wide, and was paved with square blocks of marble. Only a few of these blocks remain, as we can see.

When at Pompeii, I stayed for a few days at the Hotel Diomede, which is just outside the buried city, for I found that repeated visits to the ruins were necessary in order to get an accurate picture of its ancient life distinctively and impressively fixed in my mind. I well remember a sunny afternoon in early spring-

time when I made a farewell visit to this famous spot, which was once the center of Pompeian life. The shadows of these columns fell across the brilliant pavement, and the rich tints of the slanting sunbeams fired the red and yellow walls of the disinterred city until, in the soft balmy atmosphere, they flamed like rubies and gleamed like burnished gold. For a moment it seemed to me as though the old life came back again and repeopled the Forum — the stately Romans versed in arts and letters, and the merry, giddy set who chattered incessantly of games and combats and fair women. See! yonder goes the praetor followed by the distinguished citizens of the town. They leave the Forum by the first street to our right, the Street of Abundance, along which they go to the Amphitheater, for famous gladiators are to face each other and a new consignment of wild beasts will fight to death in the arena. On the way they pass by a house in which a woman lies sick, watching from the window the gay and noisy crowd as they hurry on to the scene of brutality and slaughter. Her skeleton is in the Museum at Naples, but what she saw and what she thought that last awful day, who can tell? Yet this we know, that on that day of what appeared to be universal destruction, as to-day in New York or London, there were the sick, the sad, and the toilers, as well as the strong, the merry hearted and the seekers of pleasure; then, as now, there was the life of the street, of the store, of the home. Into it all came the deathly stillness, the weird yellow light. And look! a huge column of vapor, charged with ashes, shoots far up into the blue air from the summit of Vesuvius yonder, and as they glance toward it the people turn pale as death itself. Then follow the

Position 56. Map. 7.

tempest of lightning and the crashing of thunder, a hundred peals rend the blackened air and the very earth quivers and reels as though smitten by the hand of the Almighty.

In this appalling hour, surrounded by scenes of suffering, death and ruin, men thought of their treasures, as they ever do at such a time; they ran for their gold, their jewels, their precious things, and much, if not nearly all of these, may have been saved. Then they returned for what they could not take at first, and also for treasures of art and furniture, but ere they got them, or when in the very act of hastening off with them, another terrible shower of mud and ashes falls mixed with red hot stones, and as it descends the blackness of night settles and it is agony to breathe — not air, for there is none, but stifling ashes — and, battling for life-giving atmosphere, they suffocate and fall and are buried beneath the blinding storm. And where they fell they lay entombed for eighteen hundred years.

Before we look at more of the actual ruins in Pompeii, it will be advisable for us to examine a model of the ruins which is now in the National Museum at Naples. In no other way can we get so comprehensive an idea of Pompeii in so short a time. The part of the city we shall see in this model is marked out on the map as there explained by the lines connected with the number 57.

Position 57. Model of the ruins of Pompeii, National Museum, Naples

In this model we have spread out before us most of the town, as it now appears. We can see that it

Position 57. Map 7.

must have been a populous place, as indeed it was, since it had twenty thousand inhabitants or more, and of these less than two thousand perished. The town has three principal streets, two of which extend from right to left, or east to west, and but one from north to south. This latter street, the Strada Stabiana, we see stretching away in front of us. At the southern extremity of this street is the Porta di Stabia.

Nearer us, and to the right, is the Teatro Coperto — the small theater which was used for the rendering of musical pieces, and which accommodated fifteen hundred spectators. The building was constructed in 78 B. C. An inscription informs us that the marble pavement of the orchestra was presented by M. Oculatius Verus, a duumvir. To the left is the Great Theater, called the Teatro Scoperto. This building was probably erected some years after the smaller theater and both were constructed of brick, but faced inside and out with marble. This structure was used for performances upon the stage, probably Greek verses and plays. Behind the orchestra is a long narrow stage in front of which is a depression in the ground for the rising and falling of the curtain. The rear wall of the stage has three doors, according to ancient custom. Back of the stage was the dressing-room. Beyond the theater, just over the extremity of the left wall, is the ancient reservoir from which saffron water was sprinkled upon the spectators as a means of refreshment on a hot day. The building seated about five thousand people. The stone rings for the poles supporting the awning, which was spread over the building on hot or rainy days, may still be seen at the top of the encircling wall. At this end of the theater are the remains of the quarters

Position 57. Map 7.

for the gladiators, originally a portico attached to the building consisting of seventy-four columns. As Kelsey says, "the promenade for theater-goers became barracks." Here were a number of separate cells for gladiators and rooms for the various officials. One of these chambers was used as a prison in which, when the city was destroyed, there were three prisoners. In the excitement accompanying the great catastrophe they were overlooked and left to perish. Three skeletons and iron stocks for the feet were discovered here. Sixty other bodies and a number of gladiatorial weapons were found in this building, also the skeleton of a dog which appears to have died in great agony.

Over the left wall of the Great Theater may be seen an open space which was the Triangular Forum, surrounded on three sides by a splendid arcade composed of ninety-five noble columns, some of which are standing. The south side, the one next the sea, was open. It was used principally as a lounging place by the frequenters of the theater and contained a statue of Marcellus with an inscription. There also was a Temple of Minerva, one hundred feet long and sixty-seven feet wide surrounded by columns. Only a few fragments of walls and columns remain. This complete ruin was, perhaps, the result of the earthquake of the year 63, rather than of the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

Over the northern or circular wall of the Great Theater may be seen two rectangular structures adjoining one another. The one to the right is the Temple of Isis. This also was damaged in the shock of 63, but, as an inscription over the entrance informs us, it was restored by a lad six years of age at

his own expense, and in recognition of his liberality, he was received into the rank of the decurions and his name, Numerius Popidius Celsinus, was engraved upon the wall of the building. The temple, as was customary with such structures, had a court surrounded by columns in which were found several altars and a shrine where ablutions were performed. The building beside it on the left is the Palaestra or open air gymnasium, with a court surrounded with tall columns, some of which are standing. There was found what is wrongly restored as a doryphorus, or spear-bearer, but which was probably a Hermes. It is now in the Neapolitan Museum. The street which skirts the north side of these buildings is called the Street of the Temple of Isis. The street north of this one is the Street of Abundance, whose western extremity we saw at the southeastern corner of the Forum. If you will glance along Stabian Street, the long street which extends away in front of us, you will see near its farther extremity an open space beyond a wall on the right-hand side of the street. That is the courtyard of the Central Baths and beyond its north wall, extending to the right and left, is the Strada di Nola, or the Street of Fortune. In the extreme background of this model you notice white level patches elevated above the walls of the excavated houses. Well, as doubtless you have inferred, they represent the portions of the town not yet excavated. The northern extremity of the Strada Stabiana, as we see it, ends at one of these, and on the western side of the white patch which obstructs the street, and near its southern corner, is a model of the house of the Vettii, which we shall visit presently. As the eye travels along the Strada Stabiana, it rests upon

Position 57. Map 7.

a square tower at the point where this street is crossed by the Street of Abundance. That is the remains of a water tower which partially supplied the building northeast of it, the Baths of Stabiana, with water. Now if you will count the rows of stepping-stones which cross this street, until you come to the fourth, north of the tower, you will then be at the point where the Vico di Lucrezio enters this north and south thoroughfare, and the house situated midway between that street and the courtyard of the Central Baths is that of Lucretius, to which we shall pay a visit.

In the extreme left-hand upper portion of this model you will see a long street extending nearly north and south. That is Mercury Street, and it was the Fifth Avenue of Pompeii, the most spacious houses being erected there. At its northern extremity was the city wall and its southern terminus was the Forum.

Glancing over this forest of brick walls, this unroofed city — for the roof beams being of wood gave way under the weight of the superimposed mass which rested upon them to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet, the result of several eruptions — we must not fall into the error of thinking that its art or its edifices were inferior to those of Herculaneum. True, the chief treasures of the Neapolitan Museum came from Herculaneum and some of the houses of this latter town are of more than one story, but the Pompeiians had more time in which to remove articles of value and the walls of the upper stories of its houses, some of them being three stories high, protruding above the ashes and lava, were either taken apart and used in other structures or worn away by the action of the elements. There is no reason why either town should have been superior to the other since, in their

situation and essential character, they were almost identical, both being at that time practically on the bay shore, and a resort for eminent and wealthy Romans. Both towns were under Roman rule, but each was left pretty much to govern itself; their greatest burden being to pay a tribute of men in case of war.

Now that we have gained from this model an idea of the general aspect of the disinterred city, let us look at the actual street of Stabia, as it appears to-day. The map shows what our position is to be.

Position 58. The old wheel tracks—street of Stabia

Again we can get our location from Vesuvius. We are evidently looking toward the northwest. This street was the principal business street of the town. Although glass has been found in Pompeii it was not used for house windows, the front wall of residences being built up from the pavement with small grated openings to admit air near the top of the wall. These were protected by shutters. The living rooms of the house opened on an inner courtyard from which came the light and air and in which the family spent most of their waking hours. This method of construction gave a very monotonous, commonplace appearance to the street, which was really only an opening between long lines of brick walls. In the business thoroughfares, however, as you may observe in this street of Stabia, the front of the buildings opened directly on the street either with arches, as seen on the corner of the street to our right, or with wide open doorways between intervening pillars of brick, these openings being closed by means of wooden doors when business was not being

Position 58. Map 7.

transacted. This arrangement gave to a business thoroughfare what residence streets lacked, namely, variety, animation, life.

Another striking feature in the street before us is the wide deep rut in the rough lava pavement made by the wagon wheels. What ceaseless grinding of heavy iron-tired wheels, through many long years, it must have required to have accomplished such a result! And think of there being no springs in the cart! and if there were, how long would springs stand that terrific bumping? It is easy to see that carriages were not in fashion then, since, if they had been, the paving would have been smoother. Having seen them all I can testify that Stabian Street, like every other street in Pompeii, is more ill paved than "the rocky road to Dublin."

Notice two heavy blocks of lava which form the curbing of the sidewalk and observe how brick and stone are used together in the construction of these buildings, most of which, however, are built of brick. Just in front of us, on the left-hand side of the roadway, is a stone watering trough at which horses were watered and in front of it are two stone posts to prevent its being marred by passing vehicles.

If we look to the end of the street where the excavations have ceased, we are able to get a clear conception of the depth of the material that covered the entire city. From where we are it looks as solid as a mass of granite. It is about as high as the walls of the town, which are from thirty-five to forty feet, according to the inequality of the ground.

We should notice also that this roadway is only wide enough for vehicles going in the same direction, hence different streets were assigned for wagons

going in different directions. The cross streets were too narrow for vehicles and were used only for pedestrians and as channels for carrying off the rain water. The sidewalks are high and narrow, and, indeed, in some places there are none at all, the pedestrians being obliged to take to the lava blocks of the wagon way, which must have made hard walking. Notice those large stepping-stones, three in a row and placed at regular intervals where the main thoroughfare is crossed by side streets. They served in rainy weather to enable foot passengers to make the crossing without getting their feet wet.

On the left-hand side of the street, and at the farther corner formed by the cross street you observe a square brick tower with a sort of groove on the side facing us. That is a water tower and is similar to those seen by the traveler in Constantinople to-day. A lead pipe fitted into that groove. For some distance from the top the tower is hollow and was lined with metal, and from it ran pipes to the neighboring houses or shops. These towers were rarely over twenty feet high. The sewer system in Pompeii was really insignificant, consisting simply of covered conduits taking water from the Forum. Open drains in the streets sufficed for the rest. At the corner of the streets, shrines for the "gods of the street crossings," the "Lares Compitales," were frequently seen in a niche of the wall.

In this Street of Stabia were situated quite a number of baker shops in which were found loaves of bread in the ovens. One loaf was stamped with the baker's name. Milling and kneading machines were also found here, for in Pompeii the miller and baker were one. The ovens are not unlike many in use in

Position 58. Map 7.

Europe at the present day, being shaped like a low beehive with a sort of flue in front to enable the fire to burn inside while the oven is being heated. The dough was placed in a baking pan made of lava. The kneading machines were constructed upon precisely the same plan as those recently invented by an enterprising Yankee and in use with us to-day.

On this street was the shop with the word "Felicitas" or "Good Luck" over the entrance. This is quite well preserved; the mills are still standing and the stock of carbonized bread remains unsold.

This street also contained numerous wine shops, on the wall of one of which is the legend, "Da fridam pusillum" (Add cold water, just a little), a sort of ingenious way of affirming the strength and purity of the wine sold. Under this a customer has scratched

"Landlord, may your lies malign
Bring destruction on your head!
You yourself drink unmixed wine,
Water sell your guests instead."

Tricks of the trade were evidently not wanting, and adulteration of food products belongs as well to ancient as to modern times. The Pompeians utilized business opportunities whenever possible; they even turned Vesuvius to account, exporting pumice stone and lava mill stones.

It was near the south end of this street, close by the Porta di Stabia, that I saw an inn, and over its entrance door, which is attached to a garden or courtyard, is written:

"Come, weary traveler, lie down and rest
'Neath the shade of vines o'er spreading;
Wreaths of roses freshly pressed
On your head its fragrance shedding."

Position 58. Map 7.

Quite an attractive invitation to a way-worn traveler.

Politics were as breezy and exciting in this city in those ancient days as they are now with us, for on many of the walls of houses located on street corners are still to be seen inscriptions in red paint calling upon all citizens to vote for a certain candidate; and then follows a detailed description of all the virtues of this office seeker and of the things he has accomplished for the public good. There is an element of refinement and consideration shown by these Pompeians which, with all their vices, is far in advance of modern political methods, and that is, that the followers of a candidate did not stoop so low as to call the attention in their public announcements to the weaknesses, real or imaginary, of his opponent.

Let us not turn away from this scene hastily; it demands and should receive our closest attention. Such a sight as this borders closely on the miraculous, for it is a revelation of a condition of things long since passed away. As I gaze upon those deep furrows in the pavement they become vocal with the whirl of chariot wheels, and I feel, instinctively, like stepping aside to let them pass; while some of the street shops found here look as though they had quit trading only last night and were now ready to resume business. Ah! but that was a long night that fell between then and now. It lasted two thousand years.

Although Pompeii was a port of entry from which merchandise was distributed all over Italy, yet the narrowness of its business streets indicates that its commercial importance could never have been great. Large business interests require corresponding facilities for their transaction, and these are nowhere found

Position 58. Map 7.

in this disinterred city. The importance of the place to us lies in the fact that it is the most valuable and almost the only source of our acquaintance with ancient domestic life. Classical authors give us fragmentary outlines, but here we have the actual conditions of life, as in a living picture, portrayed before us.

In order that we may become better acquainted with these conditions, let us pass on a short distance along this very street and enter a typical dwelling.

Position 59. The inner court of the house of Marcus Lucretius

We have here the remains of a once palatial dwelling, richly fitted up, its very ruins giving every indication of its former elegance. In the fairy-like garden, which originally was laid out with considerable artistic skill, you perceive a double fountain. The part against the opposite wall consists of a circular niche with shell-like ceiling, beneath which is a marble figure. Behind it is a water tower; the water coming from it enters the fountain above the head of the marble statue and pours down the shell-like grooves of the ceiling and the inner sides of the niche; then it flows down the marble steps, a series of miniature waterfalls, until it reaches the last step, which is so arranged that it is directed down the marble inclined plane into the circular fountain in the center of the garden, round about which are beautiful pieces of statuary and statuettes. When this house was first discovered, some fine frescoes were found here, but in order to better protect them from the action of the elements they were removed to the Museum at Naples.

Position 58. Map 7.

Carbonized blossoms of the pomegranate, which generally blooms in July, were found here. This seems a little remarkable in view of the generally accepted date of the catastrophe, that given by Pliny, the last of August.

Almost every house thus far discovered in Pompeii has, centuries ago, been rifled of its choicest treasures. This accounts for the fact that while much of value must have been buried in such a house as this of Marcus Lucretius, yet but comparatively little has been found. About one hundred and fifty years ago, a cameo with a comic mask was discovered in Pompeii. Charles III had it mounted in a ring, which he wore for years. On leaving Naples to assume the crown of Spain, he drew it from his finger, saying that, unlike those who had conducted excavations before, he would carry away nothing from the kingdom he had governed so long, and ordered it to be placed in the Museum. It is a pity that others were not actuated by the same unselfish spirit. Among the rings found were twelve having the design of the palm branch, two with a fish, and three with a bird, and one with palm and anchor, emblems such as were commonly worn by Christians alone and which suggests the question, "Were there Christians in Pompeii?" A double gold ring was also found, which appears to have been a wedding ring.

The name of the proprietor of this palace was learned from a letter painted on the wall and addressed to "M. Lucretio Flam. Martis decurioni Pompei." Wall artists have their real mission, you see, and the names of not a few structures, or of their occupants, have been discovered in this way. Even the ancient wall-scribblers have done us good service,

Position 59. Map 7.

since several important buildings in Pompeii, notably the Basilica, have been identified by means of their productions. Some of these scribblers lapse into a comic mood, and other wax sentimental, and still others become defiant and threatening. Witness this strain which was written on the outer wall of the very house upon which we are gazing:

"If any man shall seek
My girl from me to turn,
On far-off mountains bleak
May love the scoundrel burn!"

It is difficult to get any adequate idea of the beauty and elegance of these Pompeian houses from their ruins. We will now turn to one that has been completely restored.

Position 60. Beautiful home of the Vettii

"A vision of glory, a dream of delight,
A strain of sweet music on a midsummer night."

This house was excavated in 1895 and is the best example of the houses of well-to-do people in this ancient city that have thus far been brought to light. Who the first owner of the house was we cannot tell, but, subsequently, it passed into the possession of two owners, Aulus Vettius Restitutus and Aulus Vettius Conviva; but what relation these men sustained to one another we do not know. They are thought to be freed men emancipated by a very wealthy master and afterwards, by some means, they themselves became rich. We learn from an inscription on a wall of the house, that Conviva was a member of the Brotherhood of Augustus.

The main entrance to the house is on the east side, that is to our left, for we are looking south from the

Position 60. Map 7.

colonnade at the north end, as the map shows. Just inside the entrance, or vestibulum, was a narrow passage (fauces), out from which the porter or janitor had his den (cella). This passage led to a large chamber (atrium), the chief room, and, originally, the only room in the house open in the middle to the sky; through an aperture in the roof (compluvium) light was admitted, and beneath this opening was a tank or cistern (impluvium) which caught the rain that fell through the opening and the water which ran down from the roofs. Subsequently, sleeping-rooms (cubicula), store-rooms (cellae), and the like were built around the atrium.

Generally the tablinum opened out from the atrium directly on the side opposite where it was entered from the fauces or street entrance. This was the office or private room of the master of the house, in which he kept his money and his papers and from which he could command a view of the entire house. It opened on the one side into the atrium and on the other led to the peristylium, the central court or garden, which we see before us. This garden was surrounded on all sides by pillars and a covered passageway, from which many of the living-rooms of the house opened. One of these rooms was the triclinium or dining-room, placed to one side of the tablinum. In large houses there were several dining-rooms for different seasons of the year. Around the court were also the slaves' rooms and kitchen (culina). In the smaller houses there were no kitchens, and, the cook shops not being numerous enough to cook for so many, meals were sent in from the public eating houses, just as is done in cities where apartment-

Position 60. Map 7.

houses are in vogue to-day; moreover, it saved fuel and heat in the house.

During the entire year the lovely garden surrounded by a peristyle was the resort of the family, both in their occupations and their pleasure, and this accounts for the fact that the rooms of the house, with the exception of the atrium and the dining-rooms, were so small. In a climate where the winters were mild and short and the spring and autumn long, life was largely spent in the open air. Even the summer heat in Pompeii was not excessive except in the morning; for early in the afternoon a ripple could be seen dancing over the blue waters toward Capri and breaking its glassy surface into an expanse of dimpled light; afterward, until sunset, the wind blew steadily and refreshingly; then it died down for a few hours, but at midnight it sprang up again and continued until sunrise. In summer time meals were taken in a kind of summer house sheltered by vines. The expression "to lean on one's elbow in a man's house" meant to dine with him.

Small vegetable gardens were attached to some of the houses. "It is pleasant," writes Pliny, "to grow some of one's food at home."

Over the entrance of a tablinum in one house in Pompeii was found the legend, "Salve, lucrum" (Welcome, gain), and in the mosaics which covered the floor, "Lucrum gaudium" (Gain is pure joy!)

There was a large Greek colony in this city, as we learn from the names and Greek inscriptions found on the walls, and with the Greeks, business shrewdness and artistic supremacy went hand in hand. Then there were Jews here, as is shown by a fine wall

painting, *The Judgment of Solomon,* which was found in one of the houses excavated here.

The garden and colonnade of this house have been restored in exact conformity to their original condition, so that we are now looking upon the same scene as that which greeted the eyes of the Vettii. This is possible, because, while centuries ago the house had been thoroughly searched for valuables, the garden was left just as it was abandoned by its proprietors; so bright and fresh does it all look that the entire structure might well have been finished yesterday.

In each corner of the colonnade is a round marble basin. You may see the one at the farther right-hand corner by looking beyond the bushes growing near the center of the garden. At each side of the garden there are oblong marble basins, extremely artistic in design. Jets of water fell into them from bronze and marble statuettes standing on pedestals beside the columns nearest them. As you will perceive, there are two such figures for each side basin and one each for those in the corners. The statuettes at this end of the garden, one of which we see, are of bronze and represent a boy holding a duck from which a stream of water spouted. Among the others distributed in this space are a Bacchus and two Satyrs. Besides these basins there are two fountains in the garden. By looking above that pillar which stands at the extreme right-hand corner you will see a drain-pipe leading down from the roof; water-pipes extend all through the house and garden and drain-pipes are numerous. These were all so well preserved that they were repaired and are now ready for use. That the water supply of the town was abundant may be seen from the fact that the house has sixteen faucets.

Position 60. Map 7.

Near the middle of the garden is seen a round marble table, and between the pillars of the colonnade are three others, somewhat similar to the one we see.

The two artistic marble posts which you see a few feet from us, and which are exquisitely carved, are double busts; one represents Bacchus and a Bacchante, the other Bacchus and Ariadne, with faint traces of coloring on hair and beard and eyes.

This house of the Vettii when first discovered was a veritable art gallery, its walls being perfectly radiant with glowing color. The best, which are the most valuable yet discovered in Pompeii, have been removed to Naples.

Of the frescoes found in this house, the oldest are the most remarkable, showing a refinement and delicacy and a superb finish which is perfectly charming even to the minutest details. The colors, while simple and harmonious, are yet so rich and glowing as to surpass anything we know to-day. One of these frescoes represents a moonlight scene, and its soft, magical tones are wonderful. The later works of art found in some of the rooms are characterized by lesser skill and a more degenerate taste, which suggests to us the probability that the original owner was a man of great culture and refinement (with which the older frescoes correspond), while the freedmen, lacking both and supplied only with money, continued the decorations, but with vastly inferior results.

The decorations of the walls of Pompeian houses are usually divided into three horizontal bands, the one at the bottom being a space of darker shades and either adorned with faintly traced arabesque or painted in imitation of marble. The middle band is the broadest and the most important and is divided vertically

into three or more panels; the middle panel usually contains a painting three or four feet square, representing a female figure, supposed to be that of Vesta, to which the others are subordinate and accessories. The highest band contains single figures, often with perspective effects, and edged with a frieze of smaller figures.

In early times only religious paintings were placed in the atrium, but afterwards the cooking was relegated to the kitchen, and with it went the household deities. Sometimes a room was set apart to contain the ædicula or shrine of the household gods. Some are of the opinion that the series of wall paintings in this house represents Arts and Manufactures, in which members of the Vettii gens were engaged; especially a scene representing the striking of coins in the mint. We know that several members of this family filled the post of Moneyers at Rome during the first century B. C. Taking this scene in connection with others in the house, it is evident that they were painted to represent the important State offices held by members of the family, and hence many of these paintings were for the glorification of the family.

As the walls of the house surrounding the peristyle were exposed to the weather — except the protection they received from the covered passageway — we are not surprised to find the colors on them faded and the surface cracked; but when these were fresh and radiant, and the garden was blooming with beautiful flowers and the fountains were musical with the flash and gush of falling water, the place must have appeared like a corner out of paradise.

The columns of the colonnade, or peristyle, are worthy of attention also. They were unusual, even

Position 60. Map 7.

in ancient Pompeii. You will notice that they are fluted tufa columns, and that they were covered over with stucco which has crumbled away from the lower portion of the columns, that not being as well protected from the elements as was the top. Now, brick columns covered with stucco in whole or part were common here, but to cover stone fluted columns in such a way was very unusual. The only explanation I can give is that it is the work of the freedmen Vettii, who, finding that some of the columns began to be discolored and show the ravages of the years, plastered them all over in this way; but even the dumb, cold stone will assert itself if you give it time enough, and now its graceful flutings are once more gleaming in the light.

Yes, this is a beautiful home, and were our limits more extended we would like to visit its separate rooms, those frescoed chambers which are eloquent with the silence of twenty centuries. We cannot see everything — we could not were we on the ground with our hand resting on that iron railing and with a custodian at our side.

But what we have seen and what yet remains to be seen, both here and in the Museum at Naples, are all a constant marvel and surprise. Now that our eyes have looked upon the city, we can never put it altogether out of our minds. It will ever be a beautiful, phantom place, whose weird spell steals over you again and again. When you sit alone, and when you walk the busy ways of life, it will rise before you and you will see, once more, its narrow streets, with their wheel-cut lava pavements; its noble Forum, with its delicate Grecian columns; its chaste homes, with their rosy walls; shops in which they do no business; tem-

ples in which there is no worship; and theaters from which the actors have long since departed. On one side will appear the peerless, iridescent sea, and on the other, the ever threatening, ever terrible Vesuvius.

We have seen the homes and the streets of Pompeii, but the inhabitants — were no traces of them left? No doubt a pathetic and mournful interest would attach itself to such a sight, but to actually *look upon the faces* of those who once lived in these dwellings, and made up the life of this famous city, would be exceedingly interesting and instructive. Is such a thing possible? Surprising as it may seem, that is the very thing we are about to do. Before retracing our steps back to Naples, we will enter the Museum here at Pompeii and gaze upon some of the inhabitants of this ancient city.

Position 61. Victims of the great disaster on August 24, A. D. 79

Truly this is not a pleasant sight, and yet so fascinating is it that one can hardly turn his eyes away. These bodies were discovered in September, 1853, and taken to the Museum at Naples, but afterwards they were brought back to Pompeii, where they still remain. At first, when bodies were disinterred, they fell to pieces in the handling, and by the action of the elements; but, finally, they were preserved in the same form in which they were found, by an ingenious process, suggested by Fiorelli, which was to pour liquid plaster into the mold of hardened lava and ashes in which they were discovered. This plaster having been allowed to harden formed a wonderfully perfect outline of the body, preserving every attitude

Position 61.

and expression. We feel these are not statues, but veritable human bodies embalmed by Vesuvius in a casting of lava, "which reproduced the clothes, the flesh, nay, almost even the appearance of life." These are no Egyptian mummies — black, withered, hideous — but men and women who have just died. Some of the bodies have a calm and peaceful look, but others have a ghastly appearance, as when the bones protrude here and there where the flowing lava did not completely envelop the limbs. Let us examine each one separately.

In the first case is the body of a large man, lying upon his back; his face is full of repose, as though, after a weary day, he was enjoying the delights of a refreshing sleep; a smile hovers about his lips and his whole attitude, as well as the position of his arms and limbs, shows no sign of pain or struggle. He must have died calmly. His apparel, only part of which we can see, is interesting — the tightly fitting trousers, the laced sandals, the soles of which were nail-studded; on his finger he wears an iron ring; his eyes and hair have entirely disappeared, but his stubby mustache is clearly visible, as though his mouth were stronger than his head, his speech more virile than his brains. Altogether, the man has a kindly yet dignified and resolute bearing.

The man in the next case shows evidences of struggle; he is younger than the first victim, and his bent limbs and drawn arms indicate that he died fighting for his life; his features are remarkably well preserved.

Of the victims in the other cases, one is a woman, near whom was found a small pile of silver coins, two silver vases, some keys and a few jewels. She was

Position 61.

escaping with these treasures when she fell in the little narrow street; her hand is broken and the bone protrudes; the other hand is closed convulsively, and the nails have entered the flesh. She looks as though she had suffered intensely. Her features, headdress, clothes, and even the rings on her fingers, can be easily recognized, and the form indicates that of a delicate but beautiful woman.

Here also is a middle-aged woman, having on her finger an iron ring; her left leg is raised and bent, and her features are contorted as though with great pain. Behind her was found a young girl, probably her daughter, as she was evidently following her. The child, for she was little more, had lifted her dress over her head, evidently to protect her face from the deadly vapor and falling ashes. She was found with her face to the ground. The texture and pattern of her dress are seen with remarkable clearness. Her finger bones protruded through the thin coating of lava, and one hand is raised and half open, as though she held her dress before her mouth in her attempt to ward off the falling ashes that she might breathe more freely.

Another's arms are thrown wildly above her head. The men seem to have died more easily than the women, probably because, as the women began to be overwhelmed, they became entangled with their flowing robes, which increased their struggles.

Along the side of the wall you notice the wine and water jars taken from wine shops and houses. In this room, also, are skeletons of cats and dogs and horses, while in a lava dish is the skeleton of a sucking pig which had evidently just been prepared for dinner.

Position 61.

As I stood and gazed on these victims of one of the world's greatest tragedies, it all became so real and so near, that the very air of the room grew close and suffocating; and while I fain would have lingered beside these silent sufferers who held me with magnetic power, still I was compelled, at length, to turn away and seek the sunlight and the vitality of the outer air.

"What wonder this? — we ask the lymphid well,
O Earth! of thee — and from thy solemn womb
What yield'st thou? — Is there life in the abyss —
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
Returns the Past, awakening from the tomb?
. . . . . .
The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all!"

We have seen the buried city, we have seen its dying inhabitants, but we have not seen any of the articles with which they furnished their houses and transacted their business. In order to do so we shall have to visit the Museum at Naples, for these things were all removed to that place when first discovered.

Position 62. Stove and money chests found in Pompeii, National Museum, Naples

This collection of bronzes is the finest of its kind in existence. In the center and resting on a long table are three money chests, two of which were found in the House of the Vettii. They are made of bronze and strongly bound in iron, and are as heavy and secure as any "strong box" need be. As you see, they rest upon four legs and are decorated with bronze figures in relief, which are executed in an artistic manner. When you think that they were all made by hand and of such heavy and unwieldy material,

they reveal a workmanship of the highest merit. The money had all been removed by their owners, and nothing of value was found when the chests were opened.

Let me call your attention to that very curious arrangement for heating water which you see on the table nearest us. It is of bronze and rests upon four legs, the feet of which represent lions' paws. The cylinder with the movable cover holds the water, which is heated from below, an arrangement not unlike our modern tea urns. Beside it is a beautiful double-handled water-pot of bronze inlaid with silver and having a hole for the spout. Another is seen on the stand beyond. That farther one is from Herculaneum, and has, on one handle, the name of the owner, "Cornelia Chelidon of Herculaneum."

The three-legged bronze stands, called tripods, which are in the glass cases, are without doubt the finest work in bronze of which we have any knowledge. The circular band is adorned with bas-reliefs which are simply exquisite in their beauty and in the delicacy of their execution, and every part of this truly fine work of art is finished in the same faultless manner. The bronze urns which fill the glass cases lining the walls of the room contained oil, olives, dates, figs and eggs.

In this room also are writing materials — ink vases with remains of ink and the tabulae (writing tablets) covered with wax. Here are bronze bells for cattle, steel mirrors, fish-hooks and a curious musical instrument like a bagpipe, with seven ivory tubes covered with bronze, and found in the barracks at Pompeii; and in this place were found, as well, iron stocks from the prison-cells where the three skeletons were dis-

Position 62.

covered; and bridles, stirrups, harness and a set of loaded dice, by means of which a soldier must have enjoyed many an idle hour in playing with his fellows a game of chance.

Near the door to our left are seen oil lamps set on lamp-stands, the oil left in some of them having hardened like enamel.

If we had no other proof of the high degree of artistic excellence attained by the Pompeians except this famous collection of bronzes, we would have sufficient to place them in the front rank among the cultured peoples of ancient times. It is to be regretted that their marvelous skill in working and adorning metals has, like their own ancient life, perished forever from the earth.

In another room is an interesting collection of steelyards and scales.

Position 63. Steelyards and scales found at Pompeii, National Museum, Naples

These steelyards and scales are so like those used in modern times that they might, at least, have come out of our grandfathers' shops. As you see, a strong round bar of iron with a hook on the end was generally fastened to the wall, and the scales hung on that, the scales having a beam which was graduated with a movable weight attached to it. These steelyards are marked with Roman numerals from X to XXX, and some bear an inscription stating that they had been compared with the standard in the capitol during the reign of Vespasian. Observe the counterpoises of these steelyards; several of them present forms of great interest. That one in front of us, which is sus-

pended from the beam of the scale whose iron rod is supported by the marble standard, represents Rome Triumphant, wearing a helmet on which are small figures of Romulus and Remus. Others are in the form of turtles.

On those wooden shelves or steps against the wall on the left there is quite a curious collection, part of which we see, of locks, door-handles and swords; also sacrificial vessels, caldrons, saucepans, frying-pans, meat-hooks, chains and even a coil of petrified rope, together with a Roman "congius," or measure of capacity, having an inscription which says that it was verified in the capitol in the sixth year of the reign of Vespasian. Near these wooden shelves also are sickles, planes and saws, besides apothecary scales and scales used by gold and silversmiths. Certainly in weights and measures the world has not made much progress in two thousand years, for these belong to exact science, like arithmetic, and are not susceptible to change. These balances, one and all, are ready and waiting to be taken out of the museum and into the stores and markets of to-day, where they would mark with steady finger, as long ago in old Pompeii, the purchases of men.

Now let us pass into another room, as I did a short time ago; and examine what to my companion was the most interesting collection in the museum and one which took the conceit out of him in less than five minutes.

Position 63.

Position 64. Surgical instruments found in a physician's house in Pompeii

"That's a great shame!" broke out an excited voice that rang through the rooms of the museum like the blare of a trumpet. Except for the low, almost inaudible hum of voices which hardly rose to a definite and clearly perceptible sound, silence had prevailed, but the stillness was rudely broken by the exclamation of my friend. "What's the matter, doctor?" I asked, in a low tone, for an attendant was rapidly approaching us with a stern and threatening look. "It's all right, my dear sir," remarked the doctor apologetically to the custodian, who had just informed us that, if such a disturbance were repeated, we should be thrust out of the building. "It's all right, I tell you, but it's enough to make a man mad when, after years of study, he invents a new surgical instrument at the cost of great effort and expense, and then comes here, only to find that some antediluvian rascal had used the same thing in his practice for I don't know how long. Why," he continued, turning to me, "here's something I invented myself five years ago; that's what I call hard luck."

Some years after in New York an eminent physician and myself were talking of these surgical instruments here in Pompeii, and he said, "We have more instruments and some are better, but nearly all those you saw in the entombed city are indispensable today." Then going to an elegant case of the most modern and expensive surgical instruments, he opened it and duplicated each of those we have been permitted to see, only his were bright as silver and some of them less cumbersome. Among these instruments are

spoons, scales, forceps, scissors, compasses, spatulae, knives, lances, etc. The hands that used them and the intelligence that directed their use have long since passed away; and yet, as these surgical tools hang there, they bring back from across that wide, deep chasm of two thousand years, as might a magician's wand, scenes of pain and suffering, of birth and death; and in them all, directing, soothing, helping, one figure is ever present, that of the Pompeian surgeon; and across the ever widening centuries he seems to join hands with the vast fraternity of noble hearts and heroic lives who minister to-day to the sick and dying, and who, through cloud and sunshine, bring blessing and healing to men.

"Doctor," I said to my traveling companion, as we were about to turn away from these instruments, "if New York or London were buried to-day and disinterred two thousand years from now, do you think there would be any greater difference in household furniture, in implements of trade, instruments of surgery, than is evident in the last twenty centuries?" Before he could reply, for he was busy with his own thoughts just then, an intelligent, martial-looking Italian gentleman who understood English, though he did not speak it, answered in his own musical tongue, "Chi lo sa?"— Who knows? — Perhaps we are not the marvel we think we are. "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar," and, perhaps, the wise man was right when he said, "there is nothing new under the sun." "Chi lo sa?" — Who knows?

Much as we should like to tarry in this wonderful museum, we cannot do so. Even picturesque Naples

Position 64.

must not detain us longer, for outside its limits are delightful and romantic towns whose white villas are shaded by fig and orange trees and surrounded by famous vineyards. Seated on the vine-clad veranda of a cozy and hospitable inn, the traveler forgets the vicissitudes of his journey and the thousand pestilential odors that pervade a Neapolitan street; and, as the soft summer breeze sweeps over the sunlit waters of the bay and steals in through the clusters of leaf and fruit around him, he sips the delicious "lacrymae Christi," and dreams of the home land beyond the seas, and, in his sense of present enjoyment, he half forgets that ever he was sad.

We are to visit one of the most picturesque of these towns, Amalfi, about twenty-five miles southeast of Naples, on the coast. The quickest route is by rail to Salerno (found on the coast to the extreme right on the map "Environs of Naples") and then by carriage road back to the west again along the sea. A few miles to the east of Amalfi we shall stop near Majori, where an ancient church and convent are situated.

Position 65. Convent of St. Mary of the Sea—wildest coast of southern Italy

This solitary church and convent, shut in from the world by the rugged walls of bastioned precipices, is not far from Majori, at the mouth of the "Val Tramonti"—the valley of the mountains. You will observe that there is a church, and it is a very ancient one, in the center, while the convent occupies the buildings at the back and on either side. The structures rest upon stone arches whose walls are fifteen feet

Position 65. Map 6.

high on account of the inflowing tides of the sea. Those six row-boats belonging to the convent lie peacefully enough just now on the pebbled beach, with the broad band of snowy foam back of them; but, in wild storm, when the wind blows furiously off the sea, things are not always so placid here. Then the water rises above the arches, and, at times, gigantic waves break over the entire structure with terrific force; then the foam we now see rippling so playfully becomes terrible as the white teeth of dragons. In such a storm, the only safety for the inmates of the convent is to climb to the shore-road above and seek shelter with the fisher-folks whose hamlets dot the coast. Observe the strength of the buttresses which support the walls of the convent, and notice that stone gallery which extends about the buildings above the arches. In fair weather and high tide, the boats come right up to the arches; the bow of one is seen there now. See that tree growing out from the side of the right-hand precipice! How nature economizes even to the use of a few feet of soil that happens to lodge in the cleft of a rock! What a fine arch that roadway terminal presents to our view; and the road itself, as it goes zigzagging along that stern and rocky coast, exhibits in its construction wonderful feats of engineering skill.

The sense of isolation and solitude that occasionally comes over one in such a place as this would be overpowering, were it not that there is constantly spread out before you one of the most picturesque and charming scenes in the whole world, a scene that impresses itself on the memory forever. On every side, beauty and sublimity meet the eyes, and vast precipices, clothed with chestnut, aloes and fir, and terraced with

Position 65. Map 6.

lemon plantations, tower sternly and grandly above the sea. Surely nature has lavished the splendors of her whole range of tints and colors in the brilliancy and variety of hues with which she has clothed this delightful spot.

The splendid road seen to our left extends beyond that tunnel to Salerno. Amalfi is behind us. Moving in that direction we shall see one of the most ancient landmarks of Amalfi, the Capuchin Hotel.

Position 66. Capuchin Hotel—an old convent of the 13th century; and great cliff, which fell into the sea in 1899—Amalfi

We are now looking up the coast toward the west, as the map shows. Beneath us on our left are the roofs of Amalfi, ranged along precipitous streets and giddy lanes, which reverberate continually with the thunder of the sea.

That hotel, nestling on a narrow ledge of rock overhanging a tremendous precipice hundreds of feet above the sea, was a delightful old house. Living there was like living in an eagle's nest, perched on the mountain's crest. The hotel is approached by a long and break-neck flight of steps from the sea, which may be seen in front of the further end of the hotel if you look to the left of the lower portion of the first side pole of this balcony beneath which we are standing. Some distance beyond the cliff, up which those steps ascend, can be seen another cliff at whose feet dash the waters of the sea.

Only in more recent years has that building served as a hotel. It was built as a monastery in 1212 by Cardinal Pietro Capuano for the Order of the Cister-

cians, but in 1583 it passed into the hands of the Capuchins.

The 22d of December, 1899, will ever remain a dark and terrible memory in the minds of the inhabitants of the little town below us, for on that day the spacious hotel was precipitated into the sea. Fortunately sufficient warning was given to enable most of the inmates to escape, but some were overwhelmed in the fearful catastrophe.

You can't help but fix your eyes upon the young American girl seated upon the coping of the gallery, so there is no need of my telling you to look at her. If we look a little above and to the right of the young girl, in fact between the second and third poles beyond the one against which she is leaning, you can see the pillars of the cloisters belonging to the old monastery, and by looking along this vine-covered walk and past the figure of a man standing in the shadow and half concealed by the magnificent foliage by which he is surrounded, you may see the end of the same cloister.

From those cloisters we have just pointed out in the hotel, there is obtained one of the most awe-inspiring views to be found anywhere in the world — a scene that cannot be described. It must be seen to be appreciated. We shall go there now and look back to the town beneath us, and the rugged coast hidden from us here. The map shows that we shall be looking east toward Salerno.

Position 67. Amalfi, from the cloister of the Capuchin Convent

What a sublime and soul-stirring scene! Well might the poet, Longfellow, exclaim, "I beheld the

Position 67. Map 6.

scene and stood as one amazed!" This quaint and striking town seems to belong to a company of eagles rather than to men. Situated upon a rocky eminence at the entrance of a wild ravine, in the midst of grand and impressive scenery, with a bald and picturesque background of rugged and lofty precipices, where can you find its equal? Amalfi is said to have been founded by emigrants from Melfi, and hence its name. We find mention of this place in the sixth century, when it was under the protection of the Eastern Roman Emperors. It afterwards became independent with a "doge" of its own; and, for a time, the little republic was acknowledged to be the first naval power in the world. It was always a warlike power, and engaged in fierce and frequent struggles with its neighbors — Salerno and Naples. In the beginning of the ninth century it was plundered by the Prince of Salerno, who carried off its inhabitants into exile, from which they returned after four years. At the end of the ninth century it was a walled town, and received the title of Defender of the Faith for its wars against the Saracens. Once fifty thousand inhabitants were housed in this place, a dwelling being built on every conceivable spot. The Emperor Constantine established a court here for the regulation of all naval and marine matters, called the Tavole Amalfitane, and its decisions were recognized for centuries as the maritime law of all Europe. It was the Athens of the Middle Ages for a time, and boasts of being the birthplace of Flavio Gioja, who is said to have invented the compass here in 1302.

The population now is only seven thousand five hundred, most of whom are extremely poor, and begging is resorted to by a majority of the inhabitants. In

the town are paper, soap and macaroni factories; and lemons, figs, olives and grapes, as well as oil and wine, are produced. Only man is vile in this earthly paradise. Hundreds sit idle all day long in the streets and on the beach. If you give them anything you are lost, for the rest of your stay will be a terrible dream, or at best a tantalizing reality. Whatever prosperity the little town has it owes to a madly rushing mountain stream, called the Cannato, which supplies the power for its factories.

The shore line, you perceive, is a series of pictures which comes to a climax in that group of houses nestling on the rocky promontory beyond. There you see a lighthouse on the roof of the town hall, and above that, the roof and part of the walls of the little church of San Salvatore Bireta, where the doges of Amalfi were elected and where they were buried — the Westminster Abbey of the Riviera. That church has quaint bronze doors made at Constantinople in 1087, and presented in the same year by the family of Pantaleone, who resided there.

The town has three narrow streets with strange oriental looking archways, built along the side of the cliff one above another. That Hotel Italia, perched high among the rocks, looks as if it might slide off and tumble into the sea at any time, but the Hotel Capuchin, in which we are standing, is even in a more precarious position, situated in the hollow of a rock which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of two hundred and thirty feet.

If you cast your eyes upon that lowest street that skirts the beach you will see an archway beneath which the road seems to lose itself. Now direct your gaze to the second street above this archway, which,

Position 67. Map 6.

like the other, disappears beneath an archway; but continue your glance along the line of this street and over the archway and you will see the low tower of the cathedral, which faces a little piazza of the town — the Cathedrale Sant' Andrea, half Saracenic and half Romanesque in its construction. That cathedral also has bronze doors from Constantinople which were given by the Pantaleone family, who presented similar doors to different churches of southern Italy. The body of St. Andrea is said to have been brought here from Constantinople in the thirteenth century and buried in the church, and the tomb is adorned by a colossal statue of the saint. Taking into consideration the unparalleled history of the city, the antiquity of many of these structures and their bold elevation, together with the thrilling mystery and scenery of this strange place, there is nothing in the world to be compared with it. Again and again as we look out over this aërial town and the "blue Salernian Bay" beyond, we repeat Longfellow's words, "I beheld the scene and stood as one amazed."

"Now to him who sails
Under the shore, a few white villages —
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margin of the dark-blue sea,
And glittering through their lemon-groves,— announce
The region of Amalfi. Then, half-fallen,
A lonely watch-tower on the precipice,—
Their ancient landmark — comes. Long may it last!"

By looking toward the top of the cliff on our left we see the ivy-covered gallery, clinging to the side of the cliff, from which we had our first view in Amalfi and saw this hotel. This gives us a better idea of the extent of the promenade connected with the hotel

than could be had from our first position. Certainly the problem of how to economize space to the best possible advantage has been solved here in Amalfi, where not a square foot 'neath earth and heaven is allowed to go to waste.

Position 67. Map 6.

NORTHERN ITALY

We bid farewell to southern Italy, with its wealth of history, its opulence of scenery and its burden of poverty, and turn with hearts eager and expectant to the famous and beautiful cities that lie to the north of this fair land. There are two Italys, as surely as there are two Irelands, and they are different in almost everything but religion. One is progressive, the other indolent; one is intelligent, the other ignorant; one is well poised and characterized by self-restraint; the other is hot-headed and impulsive; and yet both are brilliant and artistic in their temperament.

A rich merchant of the north of Italy remarked, "Napoleon was right: a kingdom for upper Italy and a kingdom for lower Italy; they are two territories; they cannot have the same institutions." A most eminent Italian statesman said, "We have a *long* country. The head and tail cannot touch; or, if they are forced to it, the head will bite the tail." One of the greatest hindrances to a united Italy is the prevalence of separate and distinct dialects in different parts of the country; so that a man speaking the Neapolitan dialect cannot be understood by a man speaking the Milanese, and the Roman dialect is not intelligible to a man acquainted only with the Venetian. The literary language of the country is spoken only by cultured people, and, in a general way, can be understood by all Italians, while a dialect is unintelligible except

to those who are familiar with it. No wonder Signor Crispi urged the establishment of an academy of dialects at Rome, for the persistence of dialects breeds sectional spirit and independence. "Until we have practically one language spoken by our people, we can never have a truly united Italy," said the premier. Of these two Italys we have visited many typical places in the one, and it yet remains for us to view the other.

Reference to our general map of Italy shows that our route takes us first to Genoa, fully five hundred miles to the northwest. On the special map of Genoa we find that we are to stand on the western side of the harbor and look to the east, over the main part of the city.

Position 68. Proud Genoa and her harbor from the west

Coming thus by the gateway of the waters to this city, Howells exclaimed, "Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw!" and certainly its prevailing renaissance architecture gives it a proud and stately appearance; while the broad amphitheater of the mountains encircling its harbor and covered with innumerable marble palaces and churches, presents a vision of splendor to the eye. Petrarch called it "the city of kings."

One of the chief charms of Italian cities lies in the fact that no two are alike, each has a distinctive character of its own. Genoa is cold and haughty, Venice tender and beautiful, Naples brilliant and joyous. The Italians call Genoa "La Superba," and it justly deserves that name.

Position 68. Map 8.

From ancient times Genoa has been renowned as a sea-port, and it is said to have derived its name from the fact that the shape of its coast resembles a knee (genu).

This deep and extensive harbor is protected by two moles which cost twelve and a half million dollars, two-thirds of which was contributed as a legacy of the late Duke of Galliera. At the entrance of the harbor is a lighthouse three hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea. Genoa is now one of the finest ports on the Mediterranean, and rivals Marseilles in importance.

It is quite a manufacturing city, its chief productions being silk, velvet and soap. It has a population of two hundred and twenty-five thousand, and it is without question the chief commercial seaport in Italy.

The fortifications about the city are very formidable and extensive. While the present garrison consists of only seven thousand men, in case of war it would require twenty-one thousand to properly man these works.

For a long time it was a rival of Pisa, but in a terrible naval engagement, in 1284, the Genoese captured twenty-nine Pisan galleys and sank a number of others, since which time Pisa has never regained her old supremacy. Here also the bitter feud between the great families of the Doria and the Spinola against the Grimaldi and Tieschi (Guelphs and Ghibellines) raged furiously, and the city suffered accordingly. Peace was not established until 1528, when Andrea Doria established the new oligarchic constitution, and even after that time its history was characterized by storm and struggle until it was made a part of the kingdom of Sardinia in 1815.

Position 68. Map 8.

A grander sight, or one more calculated to thrill the emotions of the beholders, can hardly be imagined than this queenly city with its domed and palaced front, as seen over the sparkling waters of the harbor. We want to take up in detail now the chief objects of interest in the scene before us. Beginning at the right, directly over the middle and over the bow of that black coal barge that lies some distance from us, are seen on the top of the hill, and outlined clearly against the sky, two large, square buildings. They belong to the Hospital of St. Andrew, which was established in 1888 by Genoa's benefactor, the Duke of Galliera. To the right of these buildings on the water front, and seen over the stern of the coal barge, is one of the fine steamships of the Hamburg-American line, plying between Genoa and New York. To the left of these buildings are seen the dome and picturesque campaniles of the magnificent church of S. Maria di Carignano, occupying the most commanding position in the city, being one hundred and seventy-four feet above the sea. It was constructed on the plan that Michelangelo and Bramante adopted for St. Peter's at Rome, only it is much smaller, and instead of the Greek cross it has a square ground plan. The view from the gallery of that dome, which is three hundred and seventy feet above the sea, is one of the finest in Italy. The bold beauty and vivid coloring of the panorama there spread out before one, as well as its vast extent, render this view almost unrivaled in all the world, including, as it does, the city, its harbor and fortifications, the Riviera di Ponente and the Riviera di Levante, and far away to the south the vast, mysterious expense of the blue Medi-

Position 68. Map 8.

terranean, whose shores, famous in song and story, may be seen spreading and vanishing on either side.

Seen over the bow of that boat in front of us and a little to the right is a lighthouse whose symmetrical proportions are pleasing to the eye. Back, and to the left of the lantern of the lighthouse, is seen the upper part of the front wall and roof of the Theater Apollo. The tower to the left of the lantern of the lighthouse belongs to the Church of S. Donato, and the one to the left of this and farther away, to the Church of S. Stefano; while the tower still to the left and nearer, is the Church of S. Ambrozio, a beautiful structure belonging to the Jesuits.

Over the stern of the distant steamer, to the left of the one just referred to, you will see standing out against the sky line a square and lofty tower. That is the water tower connected with the reservoir, and it supplies the highest buildings with water. The docks to the right of that steamer are included in what is known as the "Porto Franco." From the Porto Franco a pier, "Embriaco," projects out into the harbor, and against the end of this pier the steamer is moored. This port grew up as an attempt to evade the tithe levied on all ship cargoes by the archbishop. It is surrounded by three hundred and fifty-five bonded warehouses, which, in turn, are surrounded by lofty walls and gates toward the city and sea. There has always been attached to this port a curious colony of porters called the Company of the Caravans, which, in former times, had their distinctive dress, their own consuls and a jurisdiction of their own. No one could be employed as porter who was not born within the precincts of the Porto Franco, or in

the village of Piazza Lugno, from which they originally came.

So well ordered and upright were these porters that a case of theft, dishonesty or disorderly conduct was never known among them. They were called "caravans" because of their mode of traveling in primitive style. A porter could sell his position, but only to a compatriot, and so great were the privileges and so highly did they esteem their occupation, that they often received as much as ten thousand francs for their place. But now their privileges, as well as their superior integrity, have gone, and most of them are Genoese. Paganini, the famous violinist, was a son of a porter of Porto Franco.

Over the front mast of this steamer lying before the Porto Franco you will observe a lofty dome, which belongs to the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, styled Duomo on the map, founded in 985. The entrances to this magnificent church are richly adorned with sculptures and its interior decorations and valuable works of art render it one of the stateliest structures in Italy.

In this cathedral, in addition to some remarkable relics of St. John the Baptist (whose remains are said to repose here), is the precious and wonderful vase, the Sacro Catino, the vessel out of which the Saviour and his disciples are supposed to have eaten the paschal lamb, and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood drops of the Crucified. This is a fine glass vessel which was captured by the Genoese in 1101, at Cæsarea in Palestine, and was long thought to be made out of a single emerald. During the Middle Ages twelve knights were appointed to guard it, and as there were some skeptical persons who insisted upon examining it, a law was passed punishing with death any who attempted to test it in any way by touching it with

Position 68. Map 8.

gold, stones, coral, metal, or any other substance. It was carried to Paris, in 1809, by the first Napoleon and broken on the way, when the illusion concerning it was dispelled, it being discovered that it was not an emerald at all. It was of this vase, before it was broken, however, that Lord Russell writes to his friend, Tom Moore:

"In Genoa, 'tis said, that a jewel of yore,
Clear, large and resplendent ennobled the shrine;
Where the faithful in multitudes flocked to adore,
And the emerald was pure, and the saint was divine."

Just back of the docks of the Porto Franco is the building in which was once the famous Bank of S. Giorgio, which, during the Middle Ages, acquired extensive possessions chiefly in Corsica, and, with its enormously increasing financial power, it threatened to absorb the entire republic and transform it into a commercial aristocracy. To the student of Genoese history the silent halls of that now neglected building are full of interesting memories. After the overthrow of the bank the building was used for law courts, and an inscription marks the room where criminal cases were tried. In an upper chamber is shown the ancient ballot-box, by means of which elections were decided, and also the pigeonholes where the letters for the different judges were placed four hundred years ago. Until recently, the structure was occupied by the Dogana, or custom house. The large hall is embellished with twenty-one marble statues of celebrated Genoese, set in niches placed in the wall.

"We loved that hall, though white and cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould.
A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genoese of old."

Position 68. Map 8.

A short distance to the left of St. George is the Borsa, or Exchange, which presents a very noisy and animated scene in business hours, from eleven to three. That exchange is on the spot where, in the fifteenth century, one Lucca Pinelli was dragged and crucified in the night simply because he had the courage to stand up in the senate and oppose the sale of Leghorn to the Florentines. The next morning the citizens found his dead body hanging on a cross, and over his head was written, "Because he has uttered words which men may not utter."

I will call your attention to but one more building in this scene before us; but first fix your eyes on that vessel, only part of which is seen to our left — the steamer whose hulk is painted dark near the water and lighter above. Now if you will look over the bow of that steamer you will see a grand and massive structure that disputes with S. Maria di Carignano the distinction of having the most superb and commanding position in the entire city. This is the Ducal Palace, the grand old residence of the doges which was erected in the thirteenth century, and remodeled in the sixteenth. It is a majestic structure, as solid and enduring as though it had been chiseled out of the mountain you see back of it. It is now used as the Government Telegraph and Police Headquarters, and the law courts are held there as well.

If we were not necessarily limited in our sightseeing it would be interesting to stroll through the streets of the city, especially the Via Nuova, the Street of Palaces, which Dickens describes as "A building phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of

Position 68. Map 8.

an extravagant reality." And even in other streets, one is struck by the immensity and splendor of old villas and palaces with which the city seems filled. They show you the "pink jail" in which Dickens lived while at Genoa, and the hillside villa, Il Paradiso, which was the home of Byron, and the Genoese are fond of saying that "the Devil entered Paradise when Byron took possession of the villa." Rubens and Van Dyck both lived here for a time, and the city is greatly enriched by their paintings.

The street scenes in Genoa are quite as fascinating as its buildings; for, in addition to its picturesque and varied life which one meets on all sides, there is always to be encountered a long train of mules with their jangling bells and curious trappings, and the principal thoroughfares are thronged with well-dressed people — a Genoese crowd is a stylish company — dressed in the latest French fashion, for people here will dress well even if they have to deprive themselves of the necessities of life in order to do it. Out of doors in Genoa it is all up hill and down; and within doors it is precisely the same thing. It would be a dream of delight to visit the palaces were it not for the interminable stairs, which are of marble and are as smooth and treacherous as glass.

When in Genoa I visited the office of the American Consul twice, but was unfortunate both times in finding the gentleman out, and I could not but recall the incident of the old Yankee sea captain who had urgent business with his consul and called here again and again, but without finding him in his office. Over the door was the legend then, as now, "In from 10 to 1." Finally, having to sail without seeing him, and exasperated beyond measure, the gruff old sea-

dog took out his pencil and wrote across the door beneath the legend in the terms of a wager, "Ten to one, you're out."

But we must leave this harbor, where twelve thousand ships, both sailing vessels and steamers, enter and clear every year, and where the annual value of the exports and imports are considerably over one hundred million dollars; and, from a different standpoint, get an altogether different view of the city. We will take our stand some distance to the left of our present point of view. The map of Genoa shows what part of the city we are to see.

Position 69. Genoa, from the Rosazza Gardens

Our present position is in a belvedere situated in the highest part of these lovely gardens, whose rare and gorgeous plants, and beautiful fountains, throwing "their loosened silver in the air," make it a charming place for a stroll. Only a fringe of these gardens, with the road leading down into the city, can be seen at our feet. We are looking upon the city in early springtime; but then you might have known that without being told, for you will not fail to notice that tree in bloom almost within reach of our hands; but you might not know, unless I told you, that that square stone structure to the left of the tree, which looks so like a huge chimney, is a reservoir and water-tower whose contents are used to water the gardens in dry seasons.

The roof of the house seen over the top of those blossoming trees belongs to an apartment house which is occupied by clerks and skilled mechanics who pay about one hundred francs a month for five

Position 69. Map 8.

rooms. Considering the low wages paid in Genoa, this is rather high rent, but even this amount would not pay the owner interest on his investment, since the taxes are ten per cent.

Over the left-hand extremity of this roof is seen the dome of a large circular building surrounded by rectangular wings. That is a public school building and is arranged in this fashion in order that most of the classrooms may have light and air from three sides; the large central rooms are used for the library and assembly rooms and are enclosed with glass doors. The building to the left of this is a dormitory belonging to the school, in which the teacher and boarding pupils have their rooms. The school was founded and endowed by the Duke of Galliera. The gardens seen over the roof of the dormitory belong to the Doria Palace. But, you ask, what of the little round tower with the peaked roof that lifts itself so saucily over the foliage of the garden? Well, that is beside a railroad track and has nothing to do with the garden. It is a railway signal-tower, and, if you look a short distance to the right of the tower and directly over the dome of the public school, you will see the low, curved roof of the railway station — the Stationе Principe — or, as we would say, the Central Station.

We are looking into the rear of the station, and in front of its entrance is the Piazza Acquaverde, on the north side of which, and at the base of that hillside, is the famous statue of Christopher Columbus, which Mark Twain's guide, with all his enthusiasm, failed to make him appreciate. Christopher Columbus was probably born in Genoa, although there are other places that claim this distinction.

The pedestal of the statue is adorned with the prows of vessels, and Columbus, leaning upon an anchor, points his right hand to a figure of America kneeling at his feet. Below are four allegorical figures representing Wisdom, Religion, Science and Strength, and between them are represented scenes of his checkered career.

The fourth large building to the right of the Central Station, and seen on a line between us and the highest part of the distant mountain range, is the new Dogana or Custom House. That structure is almost wedge-shaped, with the small edge of the wedge, containing three stories and having three windows each, pointed toward us. Just back of the Dogana, in the form of a hollow square, are the extensive buildings of the Arsinale di Marina. That was formerly the Marine Arsenal, and the old Darsena, or war harbor in which Fiesco was drowned in 1547, is to the right of these buildings and just beyond the limits of our vision.

The long, low buildings with one story and black roofs seen on the right of the Custom House and separated from it by a street are bonded warehouses, and they are built on the street which runs along the water front. The large white-faced structure, seen over the roofs of the warehouses and Magazine, is the Royal Palace ("Pa.-Reale" on the map), erected in the seventeenth century. It contains handsome staircases and is richly furnished. The view of the town and harbor from its balconies is fine. The building on the left of the palace is the S. Carlo University (see map).

Now let us go back again to the Central Station and view that terraced hillside on its left, with the

Position 69. Map 8.

city lying at its feet, and picture to ourselves the magnificent harbor spread out before it, and beyond a blue expanse which fades away to southern shores. Surely this is an ideal spot — a paradisic suburb to Genova la Superba.

Only the wealthy can have villas here, the smallest structure costing not less than five thousand dollars, and from that, in an ascending scale, the expense is almost limitless, being determined by the character of the structure and the adornment which is lavished upon it. Halfway up the hillside and facing the statue you will observe a fine marble church with a tower, and on the summit of the hill is seen the dome of the Observatory and headquarters of the Weather Bureau. Cable cars ascend the hill from the city, the fare being five cents. I have stood at night in front of the station at the foot of the monument of Christopher Columbus and looked up at this terraced hillside, covered as it is with magnificent mansions whose windows were gleaming with light; and again, at sunset, I have beheld it from the harbor, and it seemed to me then, and it has been my conviction ever since, that I have rarely beheld a more beautiful sight.

Limited as we are in our points of observation, there is yet one place to which every visitor to the city directs his steps and of which a Genoese boasts more than he does of the city's glorious churches or of its innumerable and sumptuous palaces — the Campo Santo, which is situated about a mile beyond that ridge in the direction of those mountains on the right.

Position 69. Map 8.

Position 70. The Campo Santo, or Genoa's palace of the dead

A visit to Genoa is not complete without a trip to this lovely cemetery, which is situated at Staglieno. We are now about one and a half miles beyond the city limits, from which this place is easily reached by means of electric cars. This cemetery is most beautifully located on the broad, gentle slope of the north bank of the Bisagno River. It was laid out by Resasco, in 1867, and the original cost was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It consists of a grand quadrangle surrounded by a cloister in which vaults are arranged; and here also is a collection of the finest monuments to be found in any cemetery in the world. In the center of the quadrangle is a colossal statue twenty-seven feet high, by Santo Varni. We see the central rotunda or chapel, which is built of the choicest Carrara marble, standing at the summit of a grand marble staircase constructed in sections on account of the terraces. On the highest terrace are statues of two persons who, by their gifts, have made possible the artistic elegance of this city of the dead. The interior of this noble rotunda is furnished in a most elaborate manner, and contains a spacious gallery which is supported by sixteen Doric columns twenty-seven feet high and eleven feet in circumference, each one of a single block of black Como marble.

On either side of this rotunda we may see the marble cloister, with pilasters between the arches, beneath which, in many cases, monuments may be seen. Back of these monuments are the vaults in which the remains are interred. Large vaults cost

Position 70. Map 8.

seven thousand dollars and belong to the wealthy, while the middle classes occupy receptacles, the smallest of which, and the least desirable, are sold for one hundred dollars.

Have you overlooked the graves in front of the cloisters which you see this side of the rotunda? If you have not given them special attention I wish you would now. Do you see anything significant in their being dug out here in the ground, especially in view of the fact that each one has a neat, white headstone? A Genoese, notwithstanding the gleaming headstones and the broad, snowy background which the cloister with its matchless monuments affords, never passes these graves but with a feeling of pity in his heart. Only the poor are buried in the ground in Genoa, for, while marble is cheap and a headstone costs almost nothing, to lie out in the dirt, beneath the snow and the rain, is considered a sad consummation to one's earthly existence; and hence a grave may be bought for only a few dollars.

The tower on the hill beyond the opposite cloister belongs to the church which you see nestling so peacefully beneath the shadow of those old olive trees and which is just outside the Campo Santo. Part way up this slope are a number of hillside tombs. Back of the dome of the rotunda is the tomb of Giuseppe Mazzini, author, agitator, statesman, and one of the most remarkable Italians of his age, without whom the political regeneration of the country would have been impossible. He died in 1872, and was accorded a public funeral by the government. His tomb is a massive structure built of granite with bronze gates.

On the mountain top farthest to the right is seen

a monastery which commands a glorious view of the surrounding country.

This Campo Santo is situated on historic ground, for, from its hilltop could be seen the vast army that embarked for the Crusades, and right past this place marched the army of seven thousand children who entered the city clamoring for transport to take them to Palestine under the command of a boy of thirteen, whom they called their general.

We will now take a look into one of the cloisters of this remarkable cemetery.

Position 71. A corridor of the Campo Santo

This truly wonderful view will give you some idea of the seemingly interminable extent of these corridors, and what we see here is but a small part of the whole. Many of these monuments, as you may readily perceive, are of marvellous richness and execution, showing a wonderful power to imprison soul and emotion in cold marble. The profusion of marble here is almost incredible, and the magical effects in the snowy stone, reproducing lace, embroidery, the texture of a garment, the fold of a robe, the lining of a coal flap, the smooth gloss of silk, and even the warm tints of flesh, are surprising. There is nothing of chill or gloom here, but rather, as we have said, it is a bright, beautiful palace of the dead, who themselves seem to have already risen from their graves, appearing before you in radiant though petrified forms.

The inscriptions on these tombs are interesting, many of them being deeply pathetic, as on the tomb of a little child, the words, dictated I am sure, by a

Position 71. Map 8.

mother's hand, "A rividerla mamma!" and on another, "To my murdered daughter!" Sometimes the epitaph is remarkably ingenious and well nigh humorous, as the one to Giovanni Verrocchio, "who, by his vociferous patriotism and ingenious manipulation of public affairs, succeeded in remaining in office for many years, and, thus, happily, was able to greatly increase the wealth of his family."

One fine piece of sculpture in this corridor represents a beautiful young widow weeping over the dead body of her husband, and, as these mounments are frequently intended to perpetuate the grief of some survivor for the dead, the statue is an exact representation of the form and features of the bereaved. Just beside it is another statue, erected forty years after, an exact representation of the same woman, now a stout, phlegmatic widow, weeping over the dead form of her husband, a fat and aged spouse. It is to be hoped that, for the sake of the artistic embellishment of the cemetery, she will not have the hardihood to marry again and so inflict upon a long suffering public another and later representation of herself weeping over her third departed.

The echo in this corridor is something wonderful as it rises and falls in ever widening circles, until, at last, it dies away in some remote corner. And to hear a clear, strong voice, sweet as a flute and clear as the note of a bugle, singing down the corridors, as I heard an American lady singing here, is worth all the trouble and expense incurred in coming to the place. You will notice on the floor in front of the tombs, wreaths and artificial flowers, placed there by surviving friends as tributes of loving remem-

brance to the dead. Receptacles for the dead are placed beneath the pavement of the corridor, and the stones covering these bear the names of those buried beneath them, with the date of birth and death, and an inscription. You will observe that the inscriptions near the center of the corridor are worn away by the feet of visitors. The first figure to the right, representing the Angel of Death, is full of dignity and repose. There is nothing ghostly about it, but the wavy locks of the hair, the flowing beard, the meditative air, the benign expression of the strong but noble face, the rounded form and the realistic folds of the drapery, produce a profound yet pleasing impression. In the adjoining niche, where the Angel of the Resurrection is raising that young girl from the tomb, you see another work of art; for the sweet face and lovely form, which is revealed rather than concealed by the gauze-like folds of the winding sheet, are the products of considerable skill and artistic genius, the work of a true sculptor, not of a common stonecutter as many of our monuments are.

About sixty-five miles to the southeast of Genoa, near the mouth of the Avenza River, is Carrara. It may be quickly found on the general map of Italy. We go there now.

Position 72. Marble blocks from the famous quarries, the world's best marble for art sculpture, at railway station, Carrara

This is the pleasant and far-famed little town of Carrara, nestling so peacefully amid the grandeur and sublimity of the Apuan Alps. Yet picturesque

Position 71. Map 8.

as is its situation, that is not what gives it world-wide fame. It is renowned as the location of the celebrated marble quarries of Carrara, the finest and purest marble known. As you will observe, the town is built of marble; and marble walls and statuary, in rich profusion on every hand, give a cheerful aspect to it all. The quarries are situated in the valleys which extend away from the town into the mountain fastness beyond — the valleys of Frantiscritti, Colonnata and Torano. These quarries were worked by the Romans, but after the fall of the Western Roman Empire they were abandoned, and became lost to the outside world. When the magnificent cathedral of Pisa was planned, it was necessary to procure the finest marble for the work, and the Carrara quarries were practically rediscovered. Since that time they have supplied the marble for nearly all the great churches in Italy, as well as for all the masterpieces of Italian sculpture. In some of the quarries worked by the Romans were found ancient works of art, notably in the quarries of Frantiscritti, so-called from the "Fanti Scritti," three small figures of Jupiter, Bacchus and Hercules, sculptured upon a rock. These were called *fanti* (soldiers) by the peasants. Here also was found a votive altar, dedicated by a certain Villicus, a decurion of the slaves employed here in the time of Tiberius. The town to-day has a population of about twelve thousand, all of whom depend for a livelihood upon the marble industry. There are nearly four hundred and fifty quarries in full operation here, and five thousand persons are engaged in working them. Work begins at five in the morn-

ing and continues until two in the afternoon, the pay being but two francs a day.

There is one continuous line of sculptors' studios extending the whole length of the town, and, as one would naturally expect from the presence of so many artists, works of art glisten everywhere in the sunlight.

It is interesting to study the scene before us in detail. Notice near us the roadway, hardened by pulverizing broken pieces of marble, and extending from the railway station to the quarries; also high above the houses of the town, how this road ascends the side of the mountains on arches. It required considerable engineering skill for its construction.

In among the blocks of marble you observe numerous sculptors at work, and in the middle of the level space you will note the cabin, in which tools are kept and where the workmen resort in stormy weather. From where we are looking the view of the surrounding mountains is sternly imposing, as they are one arid gray mass of towering rock without a trace of vegetation on the loftier heights; while the surface of these mighty bastions is cut into deep, cavernous ravines capped by sky-piercing pinnacles of awe-inspiring grandeur. You may discern the quarries in these ravines and along the mountain sides by their white color, which stands out conspicuously against the gray ground of the surface rock.

We shall ascend the road you see skirting the mountain far above the town, and enter one of those glens wherein the principal quarries are opened.

Position 72. Map 1.

Position 73. The world-famed quarries which have furnished the marble for all of Italy's master sculptures, Carrara

Does it not appear as though a marble world had been wrecked and the fragments scattered upon these hillsides? It would seem as though those six yoke of oxen should be ranged on the upper side of that heavy truck in order to hold back that immense load. It is interesting to note the length of their horns and the long stout chain attached to each yoke by which the cumbersome cart is drawn, as well as the chain that holds the huge block of marble in place.

That Italian boy with his frank, sunny face wreathed in smiles and his patched trousers and shoes with nail-covered soles, is a veritable picture of contentment, and tends to soften the harsh features of an otherwise rugged landscape.

This is the steep ascent to Torano, in the valley of Ravaccione. The summit commands a splendid view — on one side the stately Massa, and the blue quivering expanse of the Mediterranean; while on the other yawn the tortuous ravines winding in and out among the mountains in which are situated the quarries. Dickens has aptly described the position of these marble quarries: "There are four or five great glens running up into a range of lofty hills, until they can run no longer, and are stopped by being abruptly strangled by nature."

This huge block which the oxen are drawing was quarried right under Monte Sagro, the most picturesque portion of the marble district, and in a near-by quarry (the Bidizzano), are found remains of ancient Roman workmanship executed in the quarry

so as to save the labor of the transportation of the rough material. All around are lying pilasters, columns, and architraves, blocked-out, but never finished.

While there are nearly four hundred and fifty quarries in full operation, only a half dozen supply the fine-grained, delicate statuary marble. These are the Riccanaglia, Colonnata, Piastrone, Muglia and Albissima; the last furnished the marble employed by Michelangelo in his immortal sculptures, and it still yields the most precious of all marbles, which is carried to all parts of the world. Ex-President Garfield's monument, at Cleveland, Ohio, was made of it. These quarries are now owned by the great American Marble Trust, in which Senator Proctor, of Vermont, owns the controlling interest. This corporation has introduced the latest machinery for sawing and polishing. The quantity of marble exported annually amounts to one hundred thousand tons, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars.

Having seen the home of the famous Carrara marble, and looked upon the snowy blocks in the crude state, it will be interesting to see some of the splendid structures and immortal works of art that men have produced with this celebrated stone. In order to do this we go now, as our general map shows, fifty miles southeast to Pisa.

This quiet town of thirty thousand inhabitants, situated six miles from the sea, was once a powerful city. At the beginning of the eleventh century, Pisa was one of the greatest commercial towns in Italy, rivaling even Venice and Genoa. Its power was broken by the protracted wars which it carried

Position 73. Map 1.

on with Genoa, by whom it was disastrously defeated, near Leghorn, on the sixth of August, 1284, and to whom it lost Corsica and other provinces. In 1405, it was sold to Florence, to which city it ever after continued to be subject. In the world of art, it occupied a conspicuous place, both in painting and sculpture, but it was in the domain of architecture that it won its greatest renown, the masterpieces of which are still preserved and which we shall now have the pleasure of seeing.

Position 74. The famous Leaning Tower and venerable Cathedral, eight hundred years old, Pisa

The distinctive feature of Pisa to the world at large does not lie in its historical greatness, nor in its former supremacy in the world of art, nor even in the grandeur and beauty of its cluster of marvelous buildings; but in the fact that one of them, the marble tower at which you are looking, leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. Even as we gaze upon it, it seems to be in the very act of falling; and this sensation would be intensified, in fact, it would amount to a positive conviction, if you could do as I did, lie upon the ground beneath it and look up at the flying clouds and the apparently swaying tower, which, as it hung over me in the air, had every appearance of being about to fall upon me and crush me to the earth. The sensation that one experiences standing upon the top of the tower and looking down from the lower side is somewhat similar, only you feel that you are falling with the tower, and you instinctively grasp the railing in front of you in a desperate effort to save yourself.

The interior of the tower is hollow and one can

Position 74. Map 1.

look down into it as into a gigantic tube. The structure is one hundred and eighty feet high and is crowned by a belfry, which contains a string of seven bells, the heaviest of which weighs six tons and hangs on the side opposite the overhanging wall. There has been considerable controversy as to what is the cause of this strange phenomenon that has existed for five hundred and fifty years, having been built in 1350. Some maintain that it was built in this way as an architectural novelty, but the best explanation is that the ground has settled in the course of its construction and the upper stories were added in a curved line, the wall on the leaning side being strengthened to bear the greater strain. It is fortunate that the settling process stopped when it did, otherwise we should have lost this extraordinary building. As you see, it has eight stories and is encircled by six exquisite colonnades, on the topmost of which is a gallery surrounded by an iron railing to prevent sight-seers from falling over in their nervousness and fear. By looking over the railing and into the arch of the belfry, you can see one of the bells. An upper gallery is seen on the top of the belfry, but the lower one will supply shivers enough if you are liable to be at all affected by the height and peculiar position of the building. The ascent is made by means of two hundred and ninety-four steps, and no one is permitted to ascend alone, as the tower used to be a favorite place for suicides, a leap from either of its galleries meaning instant death. If a visitor arrives at the tower alone, he must hire one of the natives to make the ascent with him. Beautiful as this structure certainly is, it yet

Position 74. Map 1.

impresses you as having something abnormal about it, and you turn away from it almost with a shudder, as one might from a fascinating yet appalling monstrosity.

To the right of the Campanile is the grand old Cathedral, one of the finest in the world. It was constructed after the great victory of the Pisans, near Palermo, in the middle of the eleventh century, and was consecrated in 1118. In the dim light of its vast and splendid interior, I looked upon the altar lamp, which is still hanging there, whose oscillations suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. Our position gives us a rear view of the building, but from every point of observation it is a striking and imposing structure, being a basilica with rear and double aisles, and with a transept flanked with aisles. It is three hundred and twelve feet long and one hundred and seven feet in breadth, and, like the bell-tower, is constructed entirely of marble. Its fine elliptical dome surmounted by a small cupola, over which is a bronze ball and weather vane, gives a majestic and stately appearance to the whole. Just over the roof of the cathedral, near the left side of the dome, may be seen the statue surmounting the Baptistery, a building we are to see later.

Contemplating this company of Pisans whom we see here before us leads me to remark that to the tourist, meeting such local types of citizens as these people represent, the illustrious history of many an Italian city would seem fabulous were it not that just before his eyes, as with us here, there rises some substantial token of past achievements whose immortal glory is not yet dimmed to mortal eyes.

Position 74. Map 1.

We have been looking toward the east. We shall go now beyond the Cathedral and the Baptistery hidden behind the Cathedral, and look back in this direction, that is, toward the west. Then we shall realize again that the glory of Pisan architecture is only seen in the trinity of its excellence.

Position 75. Three architectural gems—"fortunate in their solitude and society"—the Baptistery, Cathedral and Campanile, Pisa

In all the world there is not another group of buildings that can at all be compared with this. The possession of any one of these structures would insure for a city world-wide fame. And, while they would form a magnificent architectural center for some great city, here, strange to say, all three stand together almost in the open fields, and a city's life and bustle are far away. These structures are the crown and glory of that beautiful Tuscan-Romanesque architecture which is less successfully followed in the octagonal Baptistery at Florence.

Nearest us you behold the beautiful Baptistery, of which we saw only the topmost pinnacle from our last position. It was begun in 1153, completed in 1278, and was still further embellished a century later. As you see, the structure is a circular one, being one hundred feet in diameter, having the first story surrounded by columns, and a beautiful colonnade above and over all a dome in the shape of a cone, one hundred and ninety-one feet high, surmounted by a statue. At the extreme left may be seen the main entrance to the structure with elegantly adorned columns and bas-reliefs. One can scarcely conceive of anything more

Position 75. Map 1.

elegant than this superbly ornamented marble Baptistery, which is fashioned with all the delicacy and skill that might be displayed in the carving of some rare and precious cameo. The interior contains a fine octagonal font of Carrara marble; and also the celebrated pulpit by Niccolo Pisano, which rests upon seven columns. It is beautifully carved in bas-reliefs representing scriptural scenes, and is, without doubt, the most beautiful pulpit in all Italy.

From our present position we can see the grand and stately Cathedral to the best advantage. It is constructed of white marble, whose monotony is relieved by bands of variegated stone. Beautiful as the rest of the structure is, it cannot equal the façade, which is of extraordinary magnificence, the lower story being surrounded by columns and arches built against the wall, and above are four beautiful open galleries which diminish in length as they approach the peak of the roof. The doors of the Cathedral are of bronze. In the interior are sixty-eight ancient marble columns of Roman and Greek origin, taken by the Pisans as spoils of war. The ceiling is gorgeous, and is finished in gold. The high altar is impressive, being constructed of marble and lapis lazuli, and the interior of the dome is covered with rich mosaics.

Although the plans of these buildings differ, the method of ornamentation is similar, as are the surroundings; so that they form a harmonious whole, a trinity in unity. In each one, the lower part of the structure is surrounded by columns and arches, and above by one or more colonnades or galleries. While the domes of the Cathedral and Baptistery differ as to their form, and from the fact that the

dome of the Baptistery rests upon a drum, yet the ornamentation beneath the drum is the same as that below the dome of the Cathedral.

Near these three peerless gems of architecture is the Campa Santo of Pisa, which was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century. It contains fifty-three shiploads of earth from Palestine, supposed to have come from Mount Calvary. This was procured at great labor and expense in order that the faithful, when they died, might rest in holy ground. The quadrangle of the cemetery is surrounded by a Gothic-Tuscan structure dating from the middle of the thirteenth century. It is four hundred and fourteen feet long, one hundred and seventy-one feet wide and fifty feet high, with forty-three flat arches resting upon forty-four pilasters.

We will now enter this interesting building.

Position 76. The Last Judgment, by Orcagna, the most famous painting in the Campo Santo, Pisa

Many of the features of this ancient fresco were imitated by Fra Bartolommeo, and especially by Michelangelo in his stupendous painting of the same subject in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican at Rome, notably the posture of the judge whom you see surrounded by an almond-shaped glory with his right hand uplifted and having the Virgin Mary in the position of honor on his right hand. The twelve apostles, six of whom are placed on either side of the Lord and the Virgin, are not in Michelangelo's work, but the company of the Blessed which you see below and on the right of the judge, and the suffering souls seen in the abode of the lost on his left, are

Position 76. Map 1.

reproduced by him, There is no doubt but that the great master found both inspiration and suggestion in this old painting, and, as we have shown, in some respects he followed it closely.

In these old frescoes which adorn the walls of this Palace of the Dead, it is to be regretted that there is so little that is joyous and inspiring. Most of them have for their supreme purpose the making of death as a horrible nightmare in the imaginations of men, and the thought of the grave as something ghastly and revolting. It remained for later centuries to make to shine out the sweetness and light of the teachings of Scripture, and the clearer apprehension of its words. Such paintings as these have lost much of their power over the minds of men, and yet we must not overlook the fact that they have their lessons to teach, and it is not to be wondered at if, after five hundred years, they seem to us to impart them in a grotesque and perfunctory way.

Just about the time the frescoes we have been studying in the Campo Santo at Pisa were being painted, Pisa began to decline rapidly as a great naval, commercial and artistic center; and immediately there followed the marvelous development of Florence which finally reached its height in the work of Fra Angelico and Michelangelo, and which remains to-day as the chief glory of that city. Indeed the decay of Pisa stimulated the growth of Florence in a marked degree, for the seaport of Pisa was superseded by Leghorn, whose inland trade was directed to Florence, situated as it was on the main road between Germany and Rome.

"Other, though not many, cities have histories as

noble, treasures as vast, but no other city has them living and ever present in her midst, familiar as household words and touched by every baby's hand and peasant's step, as Florence has." Therefore, whatever else we see or leave unseen in Italy, we cannot afford to ignore the "Lily of the Arno."

> "O Florence, with thy Tuscan fields and hills,
> Thy famous Arno, fed with all the rills,
> Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy."

A glance at the general map of Italy shows Florence fifty miles inland from Pisa. On the map of Florence, Map No. 9, the principal sections of the city are given in outline. The Arno River flows from east to west, dividing the city into two unequal parts, the greater part lying on the river's north bank. Our first position and field of vision are given by the two lines which start from the lower right-hand corner of the map, and branch toward the northwest. The number 77 is found at the end of these lines and at the point from which they start.

Position 77. Florence—"flower of all cities; city of all flowers," from San Miniato

A truly beautiful scene and one which merits our closest attention. As you see, the city lies in a mountain basin; the streets are attractive and spacious, and for miles tall trees and dense evergreens protect the pedestrian from the glare of the sun. It is a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, complete in itself; a city of gorgeous palaces, peerless galleries, elegant theaters, brilliant cafés; a place in which everything harmonizes; where the people are intelligent, polite, sympathetic, and where a residence in the spring and autumn is ideal. Some

Position 77. Map 9.

of the Florentines are strikingly handsome. It was in this city that Tom Moore wrote:

> "We oft are startled by the blaze
> Of eyes that pass with fitful light,
> Like fireflies on the wing of night."

The noble eminence from which we are looking is one of the choicest spots in Florence, and so delighted Michelangelo that he used to call it La Bella Villanella. From it we look down upon the Arno, the river that makes Florence, as the Thames does London and the Tiber Rome. Spanning this river is a succession of bridges, the one nearest us, the Ponte alle Grazie, having been built by Lapo in 1235. Its name was derived from an image of the Virgin which was placed in a small chapel on the opposite bank. The curious little houses which originally stood on the piers of this structure were hermitages inhabited by nuns, who, shocked at the worldliness of their convents, retreated here. Afterwards these houses were occupied by families, and in one of them was born Veatto Tommaso dé Bellacci, and in another the poet Benedetto Menzini.

The covered bridge beyond the Ponte alle Grazie is the Ponte Vecchio, the oldest and most picturesque bridge in Florence. We shall have a nearer view of this famous structure, and also of the covered gallery of the Grand Duke which crosses the river above it and connects the Uffizi and the Pitti Palaces, when we can examine them at our leisure. Just this side of the first bridge, the Ponte alle Grazie, and on the nearer bank of the river, "its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold," is seen the little church of St. Niccolo, before which, in 1529, the citizens

assembled to swear allegiance to Florence, vowing to defend the city at the cost of their lives; and it was in the old square belfry of this church, which looks precisely now as it did then, that Michelangelo concealed himself after the city had been betrayed to the Imperialists, his conspicuous offense being that he had made the plans from which the fortifications were built that had afforded such a masterly and protracted defense of the city. These fortifications, rather than his brilliant achievements in painting, sculpture and architecture, he considered his greatest work; and this estimate of his powers was not made lightly, for he enabled Florence to stand "a spectacle to Heaven and earth, the one spot of all Italian ground which defied the united powers of Pope and Cæsar." Michelangelo was too valuable a man for the church to lose, and so he was pardoned by Pope Clement the VII for the fortifications he had built. In the sacristy of the little church is a fresco by Ghirlandajo, now much damaged.

Before we direct our attention to the portion of the city which lies across the river, let us not fail to observe the terrace spread out at our feet like a richly embroidered Persian rug. Back of us, but this we cannot see, is the stately church of St. Miniato, built in honor of the Christian martyr Miniatus, who was beheaded here in the third century under Decius. Other churches in Florence are reared in honor of local martyrs of the Middle Ages, but in this case one reaches down to the very beginnings of Christian martyrdom. Miniatus is said to have been a prince of Armenia, who served in the Roman Legion under Decius about 250 A. D. When the army was encamped outside the city, Miniatus

Position 77. Map 9.

was accused of being a Christian and after various unsuccessful attempts to kill him he was finally beheaded. His body was brought to this hillside for burial, and here a church has ever since stood, surrounded by beautiful terraces dotted with noble cypresses, whose long tresses sway gracefully in the breeze and mournfully wave away the years.

Half-way between the Ponte alle Grazie and the Ponte Vecchio, a little back from the left bank of the river, at No. 13 Costa S. Giorgio, is a long house built on a sharp incline and from a tablet on its front wall we learn that there Galileo lived and there a member of the Medici family condescended to call upon him. When Milton came to Florence in the autumn of 1638, he visited Galileo in that house, and afterwards writing of the visit, he said, "There it was that I found and visited Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking, in astronomy, otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." On the left bank of the river, not far from the Vecchio bridge, is the Palazzo Guicciardini, opposite which is the house of Machiavelli.

Beyond the river, and seen to our right, is the stately Cathedral with its lovely bell-tower, beyond which you see the dome and upper portion of the beautiful Baptistery. We shall enjoy a nearer view of these famous buildings which will enable us to inspect them to better advantage. The spire seen this side of the bell-tower belongs to the church of Badia, and the square tower seen to the right is the Bargello, an ancient structure, erected in 1255, which has served successively as the residence of the Podesta or chief magistrate of Florence, as a prison from 1574–1782, and, subsequently, as police headquarters. Since 1857 it has been restored and is now used as a National Museum of plastic and minor

arts. It contains some fine works of sculpture by Michelangelo, Donatello and other celebrated Florentine artists.

That grim battlemented tower that lifts itself so loftily above the city, seen straight before us, belongs to the Palazzo Vecchio, which we shall view from the roof of the tall square building whose white walls and dark roof you observe to the right of the palace. That structure is the famous church of Or San Michele, built in 1350 on the site of a market or loggia for corn. The loggia, originally open, was covered with a vaulted roof, the upper portion of the structure being still used as a receptacle for grain. That church contains two celebrated statues of the Virgin, and another of the Archangel Michael. The name Or San Michele, granary (*horreum*) of St. Michael, was taken from the ancient use of the building, and from the church being in particular the Shrine of the Trades, and especially of the arts and crafts of Florence. Though we should not at first think so, that church stands some distance beyond the Palazzo Vecchio.

To the left of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and halfway between it and the Vecchio bridge (the middle one of the three bridges), is seen a long, dark building with windows in its roof. That is part of the Uffizi Palace, in whose rooms we shall have the pleasure of looking at some of the art treasures contained there. Between this building and the river is the Biblioteca Nazionale (National Library) containing eight thousand manuscripts and three hundred and eighty thousand volumes, many of which are rare literary gems. A continuation of this palace, made up of those unpretentious buildings

Position 77. Map 9.

seen on the right bank of the river this side of the Vecchio bridge, contains the Central Archives of Tuscany, in two hundred rooms of which are four hundred thousand bound volumes and two hundred thousand single documents.

To the right of the Cathedral, but not within the field of our vision, is the Accademia delle Belle Arti, rich in the works of the great masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and therefore extremely valuable and profoundly interesting to the student of the history and development of Italian art. We shall take a look into this building later and view Michelangelo's *David,* which is the greatest work of the artist's young manhood.

Now let me call your attention to some general features of the city as it lies spread out before us. The old Roman town of Florentia was situated on the right bank of the river just beyond the Vecchio bridge, and comprised a district the center of which may be identified by that tall chimney seen to the right and beyond the bridge. Afterwards, during the latter part of the Middle Ages, the city extended on both sides of the river in the direction of the eminence from which we are looking. The new quarter of the modern city, in which are the best hotels and residences, is on the right bank of the river, beyond the Palazzo Vecchio and the Cathedral. Back of this new city may be dimly seen the Tuscan hills and the lofty range of the Apennines, down from which came the Etruscans, that race of mighty warriors possessed of marvelous power for assimilating Greek and Oriental culture, and who were artistically and intellectually the very flower of Italy. It was but natural that the city which they founded beside

the Arno should partake, in its essential features, of the mental and æsthetical characteristics of this noble race.

After the appalling gloom of the Dark Ages, which on the downfall of Imperial Rome folded entire Europe in its shroud, the first pale streaks of light announcing the approaching dawn of a new age appeared above these walls of Florence! 'Tis true, the glory which succeeded that bright dawn did not last long. Its splendor scarce outlived two centuries. But in that time Italian art and literature reached their zenith, and Florence ever since has been a treasure house for those who prize inspiring memories and forms which live again on canvas or in marble.

You will observe that the river is bordered on both sides by spacious and handsome quays called the Lungarno, which were formerly, even more than now, the center of the wholesale trade of the city. If you will cast your eye directly over the tower of the church of St. Niccolo, which may be seen on the left bank of the river (the tower where Michelangelo was in hiding), you will observe on the opposite bank of the Arno a broad, two-story structure having six pillars in front of its entrance, resembling the façade of a church. That is the Banca Nazionale. To the left of the Vecchio bridge is the Pitti Palace, not seen by us, but connected with the Uffizi by a covered passage extending over the bridge. We shall have the pleasure of seeing one of the rooms in this palace later on.

We might linger long on this lovely hilltop, our eyes wandering to and fro over the fair city of the Renaissance, discovering constantly new points of interest and new phases of beauty, but our space is limited and we cannot particularize; yet it will repay

Position 77. Map 9.

us to return to this spot again and again. There are many cities in Italy which are worthy of our prolonged and closest study, but especially is this true of the scene before us, where:

> "On the bright enchanting plain,
> Fair Florence 'neath the sunshine lies;
> And towering high o'er roof and fane,
> Her duomo soars into the skies!"

We will now take our stand on the roof of the church of Or San Michele, which you see to the right of and beyond the Palazzo Vecchio, and which has already been referred to, and look back in this direction. The lines connected with the number 78 on the map make this next position clear to us.

Position 78. Palazzo Vecchio, Piazza della Signoria and the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence

It will be impossible for you at first glance to take your eyes off that massive palace and its bold and soaring tower, which is one of the most conspicuous landmarks in Florence, being almost the first thing you see in approaching the city and the last thing, except the dome of the Cathedral, when, on your departure, you watch the city fade away in the distance.

Now, having had this brief glance, look back to the church of San Miniato al Monte, whence we have come. You can see it to the left of the base of the Vecchio tower yonder on that hilltop and veiled in the golden haze of a glorious summer afternoon. The gardens in which we are standing are hidden from us by this ancient palace near us. Then we were looking toward the northwest, now toward the southeast. From our present position we get an excellent view of the charming heights surrounding Florence, covered,

as many of them are, with beautiful villas and imposing edifices, giving a visitor to the city an opportunity for ideal excursions to delightful environs:

> "Pillar'd with the grand old forests,
> Roof'd with broad, expansive blue;
> Flowers springing up for carpets,
> Bathed in pearly hanging dew."

Before we begin an examination of the buildings which surround it, let us take a look into the Piazza della Signoria, which lies almost at our feet. As you see by the clock on the palace tower, it is about an hour and a half past noon, not the best time for seeing the largest number of people congregated here. In the early morning, or an hour or two later than this, the square, which is the center of Florentine life, and which was once the Forum of the Republic, is an animated scene, brilliant with the costumes and variations of a fluctuating crowd of people in which the numbers of men invariably predominate. Hundreds of people stand on that smooth pavement for hours, or lounge beneath the wide arches of the Loggia, talking in deep, rhythmical Tuscan, with their long cloaks thrown over the left shoulder, revealing a brightly colored sash, and wearing high-crown, broad-brimmed hats, and looking for all the world as though they had just stepped out of the old paintings which fill the galleries in order to get an airing, and as if, presently, they will step back again and become as silent and motionless as ever.

It would be well, just now, for us to appreciate the fact that we are looking upon one of the most memorable spots in all Florence, the scene of the most thrilling and awful tragedy that ever was enacted within its walls. One name and one personality fill the square

Position 78. Map 9.

below; it is the name and personality of Savonarola. Just in front of the grand old palace of the Signoria, the great preacher and friar was hanged with two of his companions, and their bodies were immediately burned and the ruddy light of these ghastly torches reddened the front of the old palace with its fitful glare.

"When Savonarola had seen the death of his two companions, he was directed to take the vacant place between them.. He was so absorbed with the thought of the life to come that he appeared to have already left this earth, but when he reached the upper part of the ladder, he could not abstain from looking round on the multitude below, every one of whom seemed impatient for his death. Oh, how different from those days when they hung upon his lips in a state of ecstasy in Santa Maria del Fiore! He saw at the foot of the beam some of the people with lighted torches in their hands, eager to light the fires. He then submitted his neck to the hangman. There was at that moment, silence — universal and terrible. A shudder of horror seemed to seize the multitude. One voice was heard crying out: "Prophet, now is the time to perform a miracle." It was ten o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of May, 1498. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age. The executioner had scarcely come down from the ladder than the pile was set on fire; a man who had been standing from an early hour with a lighted torch and had set the wood on fire called out, "At length I am able to burn him who would have burned me." The flames had caught the cords by which the arms of Savonarola were pinioned and the heat caused the hand to move so that, in the eyes of the faithful he seemed to raise his right hand in the midst of the mass of flame to bless the people who were burning him."— VILLARI.

Savonarola's ashes were gathered together at nightfall, after the execution, and were cast into the Arno, and they, like the ashes of the great English martyr Wycliffe, which were thrown into the river Swift,

Position 78. Map 9.

have gone "into narrow seas, and then into the broad ocean, and thus become the emblem of his doctrine which is now dispersed the world over."

The stone platform, or ringhiera, on which the officials witnessed the execution of Savonarola, stood here until 1812, more than three hundred years.

To the left of the entrance to the palace stood the *David* of Michelangelo, removed by the present government to the Accademia delle Belle Arti. On the right of the entrance observe the *Hercules and Cacus* of Baccio Bandinelli; that, you remember, was carved in 1546 out of a block of marble that Michelangelo had selected at Carrara, but which, since he was immediately afterward summoned to Rome to paint the *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel, he was not able to use. In bringing the stone to Florence it fell into the Arno, from whence it was rescued with the greatest difficulty. This gave rise to the Florentine joke that it had sought to drown itself rather than to fall into other than the great master's hands.

Now fix your eyes upon the Palazzo Vecchio. You can tell at a glance that it is a mediæval structure, half fortress, half palace. Its enormous mass of stone is pierced by trefoil windows, with a heavy cornice of projecting battlements, and the whole overtopped with a stern, high tower for strife or to serve as a beacon, for prison or defense. In 1298, when the cathedral and the church of S. Croce were being built, the Priori or Guildmasters of Florence, who ruled the city and who were known as the Signoria, commissioned Arnolfo di Cambio, who was already engaged in building the cathedral, to begin the erection of this massive palace as the castle of the Guilds of Florence and the stronghold of the commercial oligarchy. Such a

Position 78. Map 9.

structure could only be produced in crude and warlike days, and its solidity is accounted for by the fact that the Signoria held its supremacy by force, which was directed against the great nobles on the one hand and the popular uprising on the other, the whole city being in truth an armed camp.

The body thus installed in the Palazzo Vecchio retained its power over the city until the rise of the democratic despotism of the Medici, a wealthy commercial family, who eventually became the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and the castle from 1540–50 was the official residence of Cosimo I, one of their number. It is now used as a town hall. The palace in its general features is the same as when finished by Arnolfo di Cambio, with the exception of the rear buildings erected by Vasari and others, and the upper portion of the tower, which dates from the fifteenth century. This tower is built upon an older one, belonging to the Vacca family, and the bell from the older tower was used in the present tower. When it tolls the Florentines are wont to say "La vacca mugghia"— (the cow lows). As now completed, the tower is three hundred and thirty feet high. Observe that the square battlements on the main structure are typical of the Guelphs, to which party the Signoria belonged; but when, subsequently, their bitter opponents, the Ghibellines, came into power, they added the forked battlements seen on the tower.

On either side of the entrance of the palace are statues by Bandinelli and Rossi, which were intended for chain posts, a chain being stretched between them to guard the doorway.

Doubtless you have noticed that large marble tablet inserted in the wall over the entrance to the castle. If

you have not already done so, it will be well to consider it closely, for it is one of the most interesting relics of mediæval Florence. It contains the monogram of Christ, placed there in 1517 by the Gonfalonier Niccolo Capponi, beneath which is the inscription "Jesus Christus Rex Florentini populi s. p. decreto electus," which was altered by Cosimo I to "Rex regum et Dominus dominantium." The origin of this inscription was as follows: Capponi, in order to prove his attachment to liberty, proposed in Council that Jesus Christ should be elected King of Florence as a pledge that the Florentines would accept no ruler but the King of Kings. On the tenth of June in the following year, 1528, the clergy of the cathedral met in this square, where an altar had been erected in front of the palace and where the citizens were assembled, and Jesus Christ was accepted by them as their king. The shields of France and of Pope Leo were removed from their places over the palace door and this tablet was inserted in their stead. On the parapet of the tower, and placed there at the same time, is the following inscription:

"Christus Rex Gloriæ venit in pace,
Deus Homo factus est,
Et verbum caro factum est.
Christus vincit, Christus regnat,
Christus imperat,
Christus ab omni malo nos defendat.
Barbara Virgo Dei, modo memento mei."

To the left of the tablet over the entrance to the palace is seen another, on which is recorded the result of the plebiscite of 1860, when Florence declared its allegiance to Victor Emmanuel and united Italy.

The magnificent hall of this palace was decorated

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by Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci with frescoes representing incidents of Florentine history. It was used for the sittings of the Italian parliament from 1860–69. In one of the rooms of the palace is a bust of Dante, around which are grouped the banners of Italian cities.

Arnolfo, in utilizing the tower of the Vacca, filled the interstices in the wall with cement, so as to make it more solid, and it was long supposed that the upper part of the tower, which was added later, was treated in the same manner; but in 1814 architect Del Rosso, who was employed in making some alterations in the building, discovered a dark chamber halfway up the tower, since called L' Alberghettino (small hostelry), and a few steps below, in the thickness of the wall, another dungeon, La Barberia, with a small window and a stone settee for a bed. In these cells Cosimo Vecchio and Savonarola were imprisoned; and of the former Macchiavelli narrates, that the future Father of his Country, from fear of poison, refused all nourishment, except a piece of bread, for four days.

An opening has been discovered on one of the steps of this tower, about a third of the distance from the summit, communicating through the whole height of the structure with a well at the bottom, so that a prisoner descending the staircase could disappear and the manner of his death remain a mystery to his friends and the public. The large clock at the base of the tower is fitted with a contrivance to make its hands visible at night.

The chapel of S. Bernardo in this palace is a beautifully decorated apartment exquisitely painted by Ghirlandajo. Its ceiling is most gorgeous, having a representation of the Trinity in its center, painted on a

gold ground. There Savonarola received the last sacrament before his execution.

At the right-hand corner of the Palazzo Vecchio, and across the narrow street, may be seen the northern end of the celebrated and spacious Palazzo degli Uffizi, which was erected by Vasari for the municipal government of Florence in 1560–74. This palace, which extends to the Arno, contains the famous Picture Gallery, the National Library, the Central Archives and the Post Office. Notice that around the lower floor extends the handsome portico, in the pillars of which may be seen niches in which are marble statues of celebrated Florentines. We shall have the pleasure of examining a room in this gallery which contains the choicest gems of art in the entire collection, and the art treasures of the Uffizi are the most valuable in Florence.

Now let us turn our attention to the Loggia dei Lanzi, the sweep of whose large, round arches may be seen on the side of the square opposite us. Observe that it is a magnificent colonnade or open gallery consisting of only three pillars and three noble and spacious arches. As an exercise in *seeing* what is before us, I will let you count the steps that lead up to the stone platform before the entrance of the Vecchio palace, but, as the light on the Loggia is not so good, I will tell you that five steps run across the front, on which you ascend to the raised stone platform. Four great columns — three of which we can see — stand there, each being composed of an immense shaft of marble thirty-five feet in height and crowned with a rich and elaborate Corinthian capital, the whole supporting an elegant frieze and cornice surmounted by an open parapet. Below the parapet are the arms of

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the Republic, and between the arches are allegorical figures representing Faith, Hope, Charity, Temperance, Fortitude. These, however, without the aid of opera glasses, cannot be identified, even from the pavement below.

This noble, vaulted arcade was erected for the performance of public functions in the presence of assembled citizens; and such a structure is a frequent addition to Florentine palaces. The whole edifice is a remarkably successful combination of Greek and Gothic architecture, and it is not surprising that Michelangelo urged that it be continued around the entire piazza. It was called the Loggia dei Lanzi, from the German Lancers who were stationed here in attendance on Cosimo I.

We are too far away from the groups of sculpture, which may be seen vaguely between the arches, to admit of our recognizing many of them. Perhaps, however, your eyesight is sufficiently good to enable you to make out the group beneath the middle of the right-hand arch, and seen over the peak of that tiled roof. That is the *Rape of the Sabines,* by a young French artist, Giovanni da Bologna. Casting round for a type of vigorous young manhood, he encountered a nobleman of the Ginori family who was remarkable for his height and noble proportions. So earnestly did the artist stand and gaze at him that the young man asked what he wanted. Apologizing for his rudeness, Bologna requested him to stand as a model for one of his figures, and the young man good-naturedly assented, receiving in return for his services a present of a bronze crucifix, finely executed by Bologna, as an expression of the artist's gratitude. The group is bold, forcible and beautiful. It represents

three stages of life, youth, manhood and old age. After the artist had finished his work, he called his friends to tell him what name he should give it, and it was agreed to call it the *Rape of the Sabines.*

Observe on either side of the entrance of the Loggia two lions; the one to the right of the steps is antique, and the other is an imitation by Flaminio Vacca.

The rest of the statuary cannot be distinguished at this distance, but one group at least we shall have the pleasure of seeing at close range.

Position 79. The Rape of Polyxena in the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence

This group is modern and was executed by Pio Fedi, of Florence, in 1866. The group, with its four large figures, was produced out of a single block of marble, and, until the work was executed, the sculptor was exceedingly poor and comparatively unknown, but this achievement lifted him at once out of poverty and obscurity. This remarkable work was purchased by the city of Florence on condition that the artist would not reproduce the subject, and it was placed here in the Loggia with the works of some of the greatest of Italian sculptors. It represents a mythological subject, the forcible abduction of Polyxena by Achilles. The warrior, whose form is characterized by great strength and beauty, encircles the form of the maiden with his left arm, while his right is uplifted and in its hand is a sword with which he is about to strike down the mother, Hecuba, who, kneeling at his feet, implores his mercy while she clings piteously to her child and the betrayer. The entire group is exceedingly strong, not unworthy of the immortal company by which it is

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surrounded, and the powerful impression which it makes upon all beholders is intensified when one recalls the fact that, on the promontory of Sigeum — so the legend goes — where, after the fall of Troy, were buried the ashes of the hero-leader Achilles, and those of his friend Patroclus, Polyxena was offered as a propitiatory sacrifice. The group is instinct with vitality, passion and action, and seems more real and lifelike the oftener you behold it.

Beyond the group and in the center of the Loggia notice Ajax supporting the body of Achilles (or perhaps Menelaus with the body of Patroclus), an ancient sculpture, freely restored, which was found in a vineyard near the Porta Portese at Rome, and which stood for a time at the entrance of the Ponte Vecchio. Another representation of the same subject exists at Rome, where it is known as "Pasquino."

At the opposite end of the Loggia is seen *Hercules Slaying the Centaur Nessus,* a celebrated work by Giovanni da Bologna. By the back wall are seen remarkable antique portrait-statues of Vestal virgins or priestesses, the artist or artists being unknown. They were brought here about the middle of the eighteenth century from the Medici Villa at Rome.

There were no statues in the Loggia before the middle of the sixteenth century, and even after the three groups by Donatello, Cellini and Bologna had been placed here, the rest of the space was left free until the Grand Duke Leopold first began to fill it with sculpture.

Florence may be said to have a double heart, the Piazza della Signoria, which contains the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi, being its political, and

the Cathedral group its religious heart. We shall look at the latter group from the northwest.

Position 80. The Duomo—"The very great heart" of Florence

Gazing upon this noble structure you feel the power and genius of it, mingled as they are with a touch of quaintness and fancy. The massive walls, you notice, rise sheer and broad from the foundation. There are no flying buttresses and none are needed. These walls are faced with marble panels, black and yellow alternately, and incrusted with a beautiful polychrome marble, forming a brilliant marquetry with graceful curves and arches and exquisite sculpture to relieve the monotony; and above all is the grand dome which lifts itself into the air to a giddy height, its elongated form being characterized by octagonal sides and a pointed lantern.

The Duomo was begun in 1294 on the site occupied by the earlier church of Santa Reparata, who was one of the chief patron saints of old Florence. The first architect was Arnolfo di Cambio, a pupil of Niccolo Pisano, who, you remember, executed the beautiful pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa, and whose son, Giovanni Pisano, built the Cathedral at Siena. All of this accounts for the marvelous influence of the Pisani and the similarity of the cathedrals of Pisa, Siena and Florence, for the plan of the latter is based upon that of the other two cathedrals, but with some striking differences. At Pisa the dome is relatively insignificant, at Siena it is somewhat larger, but this one, completed at Florence under Brunelleschi, far outdid all previous domes. Arnolfo was succeeded by Giotto, who, like most men of his time, was architect, sculp-

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tor and painter. It was Giotto who added the beautiful marble Campanile, the noblest work of its kind in the world.

Until the fifteenth century the cathedral had only a wooden cupola designed by Arnolfo. This was not in keeping with the character of the structure and a permanent dome was undertaken. Brunelleschi declared his opinion that the cupola ought to rest upon a drum at a certain height above the roof, and not upon the roof itself, as Arnolfo had planned. With the assistance of Donatello he constructed a model according to this suggestion and left it with the judges. Being exceedingly impetuous and altogether devoid of patience, he could not bear to remain here in Florence and await their decision, and so he set out on a visit to Rome, where he remained until he was recalled and invited to undertake the work. In 1420, at a great assembly of artists which was called at his suggestion, he proposed erecting a double dome leaving sufficient space between for a man to pass, while encircling the inner dome with a band of oak wood. This was finally adopted, and this dome, whose beautiful ribs make it so much lovelier than any other, required fourteen years for its construction. Its architect, Brunelleschi, was deformed in person and ugly in features, but he possessed an "immeasured terribility of soul" that carried him victoriously through all opposition and difficulty, however great. He was wont to say that for years he saw "the floating vision of the great dome" he was to build. More than a century after, Michelangelo, while engaged upon the design for the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, was told that he now had an opportunity of surpassing the dome of Brunelleschi, the pride of Florence. He replied:

"Io farò la sorella
Più grande gia, ma non più bella."
("I will make her sister dome
Larger; yes, but not more beautiful.")

The copper bell and cross were added by Andrea Verrocchio in 1469.

In the year 1492 (the year of the discovery of America) the lantern was struck by lightning and a heavy block of marble displaced which fell through the dome to the pavement, crushing in its fall the Medici banner, which was suspended within the building. Lorenzo de Medici at the time lay seriously ill in his elegant villa at Careggi, and the incident was supposed to foreshadow his death, which occurred soon after.

The beautiful façade of the cathedral, on which many of the best sculptors of the time were employed, was not finished when Giotto died, and indeed it was never completed. It was torn down in 1580 and the front of the cathedral remained a crude and shapeless mass of rubble until 1875, when the present façade was added by De Fabris.

It is well to remember that when this cathedral was finished it was the largest church in Italy, and St. Peter's at Rome was built to outdo it, and, until then, this was the largest dome ever erected. The commission which was given to the first architect of the structure illustrates the noble character and remarkable intelligence of the men who, at that time, directed the affairs of the city. It read as follows:

"Since the highest mark of prudence in a people of noble origin is to proceed in the management of their affairs so that their magnanimity and wisdom may be evinced in their outward acts, we order Arnolfo, head master of our commune, to make a design for the res-

toration of S. Reparata in a style of magnificence which neither the industry nor the power of man can surpass, that it may harmonize with the opinion of many wise persons in this city and state who think that this commune should not engage in any enterprise unless its intentions be to make the result correspond with that noblest sort of heart which is composed by the united will of many citizens."— Perkins: *Tuscan Sculptors.*

The view from the lantern of the dome is remarkable, extending as it does from Signa to Vallombrosa and from Monte Senario to the mountains that surround the Campagna about Rome; while its loveliness justifies the legend that the city was built on a plain that used to be literally covered with flowers, and hence its name.

The interior of the cathedral, being destitute of vistas and long rows of columns, looks somewhat cold and bare, for the pillars and arches are painted a dull brown and the only brightness and color in the entire structure stream from the richly stained glass windows. Back of the high altar is an unfinished *Pieta,* the last work of Michelangelo, executed in 1555, when he was in his eighty-first year.

By the side of the cathedral you observe the beautiful Campanile, one of the loveliest architectural works ever planned. In sunlight and starlight its rich and lustrous splendor resembles the peerless opulence of an oriental gem. That exquisite structure, with its broad, smooth, snowy surface; that serene height of mountain alabaster, " colored like a morning cloud and chased like a seashell," has been called " the model and mirror of perfect architecture." The bas-reliefs

around the lower story of the tower were all designed by Giotto and some of them were executed by his hand. They recall the friezes and pediments of an ancient temple, and symbolize the principal epochs of civilization. Those above are the work of Luca della Robbia and Andrea Pisano. Of the four statues seen over the eaves of the roof of the Baptistery, the first three were executed by Donatello, and represent John the Baptist, David and Jeremiah. The fourth, Obadiah, was the work of his assistant, Rosso. The Campanile or bell tower was begun by Giotto in 1334, and the work was carried on after his death by Andrea Pisano and Franc. Talenti. It was completed in 1387. The structure is two hundred and ninety-five feet high, and, as you observe, consists of four stories, the windows of which are enriched with beautiful tracery in Italian Gothic style and increase in size with the different stories. It was Giotto's plan to crown the structure with a spire one hundred feet high, and he even lived to build the piers on the summit of the tower upon which it was to rest. You ascend to the top by a staircase of four hundred and fourteen steps, and, as from the dome of the cathedral, the view is superb.

In speaking of this marvelous structure, which requires long and careful inspection rather than description or explanation, Ruskin says:

> "The characteristics of power and beauty occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But all together and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, so far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto."

In front of the cathedral is seen the octagonal cupola of the Baptistery, the date of whose erection is unknown, but it is the oldest building in Florence, in-

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cluding portions of an old Roman temple, and it was the original cathedral. Like all such structures, it is dedicated to John the Baptist. It is composed of three stories, ornamented with round arches and flat pilasters. The celebrated bronze doors of this ancient structure are the most beautiful of their kind in existence, "fit," as Michelangelo expressed it, "to be the gates of Paradise." When the glorious gates of Andrea Pisano, which are on the south side of the building and executed in 1330, were completed and set up in the doorway of the Baptistery, "all Florence crowded to see them; and the Signoria, who never quitted the Palazzo Vecchio in a body except on the most solemn occasions, came in state to applaud the artist and to confer upon him the dignity of citizenship."

The gates of Pisano represent in relief scenes from the life of the patron saint, John the Baptist. Those on the north side, the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti, are devoted to the life of Christ, to whom John bore witness. Those on the eastern side, also by Ghiberti and which occupied him for twenty-seven years, or until his death, deal with Old Testament scenes. These last have been duplicated several times in bronze, and a pair of such gates are now in Trinity Church, New York City, the gift of the Astor family. The government has long considered the advisability of removing these bronze doors to the large hall of the Bargello Museum for their better preservation, even bronze wearing away beneath the velvet touch of Time's effacing fingers. Then, too, they could be seen and examined in the hall to better advantage, but, as yet, owing to the opposition of the citizens, who love and venerate their ancient cathedral, in which every babe

born in Florence has been baptized for nearly a thousand years, the change has not been attempted.

The interior of this structure is much larger and handsomer than even the exterior would lead us to suppose, for, externally, the Baptistery is dwarfed by the cathedral and surrounding buildings. Within are some remarkable early mosaics and inlaid marble-work, and the whole edifice is glowing and radiant with baptismal symbolisms. Its font is the only one in Florence, and it is adorned with antique bas-reliefs representing the baptism of Christ and other scenes in the life of John the Baptist. The interior of the dome is covered with mosaics representing a colossal figure of our Lord in the center surrounded by Angels, Thrones, Dominions and Powers.

On April the 8th, 1425, Jacopo Bellini was condemned to do penance in this Baptistery for thrashing an enemy of his who had thrown stones into his studio.

"The interior of the Baptistery has a charm of solemnity, almost of sadness, like some old mother brooding over generations of her children who have passed away — old, old, meditative still, lost in a deep and silent mournfulness. The great round of the walls, so unimpressive outside, has within, a severe and lofty grandeur. The vast walls rise up dimly in that twilight coolness which is so grateful in a warm country — the vast roof tapers yet farther up, with one cold pale star of light in the center; a few figures, dwarfed by its greatness, stand like ghosts above the pavement below — one or two kneeling in the deep stillness; while outside all is light and sound in the Piazza, and through the opposite doors a white space of sunny pavement appears dazzling and blazing." — BLACKWOOD.

And what a cloud of memories rises from that "dazzling and blazing" pavement set in the midst of this

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famous cathedral group, the most vivid and touching of which are connected with the eloquent preaching of Savonarola, when the people rose in the middle of the night in order to secure places for the sermon, standing outside the cathedral for hours waiting for the doors to open, shivering in the cold and the wind, and many standing with bare feet on the icy pavement. In this crowd were old men and women and little children, the whole company being moved with tumultuous joy and eager expectation, as though they were about to witness some glad and magnificent spectacle rather than to listen to a religious discourse. When once inside the cathedral the silence was profound.

"And though many thousand people were thus collected together, no sound was to be heard, not even a 'hush' until the arrival of the children, who sang hymns with so much sweetness that Heaven seemed to have opened. Thus they waited (standing) three or four hours till the Padre entered the pulpit, and the attention of so great a mass of people, all with eyes and ears intent upon the preacher, was wonderful; they listened so, that when the sermon reached its end, it seemed to them that it had hardly begun."— BURLAMACCHI.

Over the roof of the old cathedral, halfway between its dome and the Campanile, is seen the church of Santa Croce. Two things especially characterize this church: the Holy Cross, in honor of which it is named, and which is represented over and over again in its interior decorations, and the Franciscan order of monks by whom it was built and to whom it belonged; and hence its works of art are largely taken up with the glorification of St. Francis and his order. When the church was built in 1294, its site was in the poorer portion of the town, for among this class the Fran-

ciscans — the Salvation Army of their day — worked. The frescoes of this church, many of them by Giotto who built the beautiful bell tower, are among the finest in Italy.

As the Franciscans were a body of preachers, they built their church broad and spacious, and by dispensing as far as possible with pillars, they obtained a large unobstructed space, even the nave having no side chapels. This kind of a structure was admirably fitted to accommodate a large number of hearers, and its great width and empty spaces gave room for many burials, more so, in fact, than any other structure in Florence. Therefore it is not surprising that it became the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Florence, the burial place of the greatest of those many gifted and illustrious men who have added so much to the influence and glory of the city.

"In those graves, piled with the standards and achievements of the noblest families of Florence, were successively interred — not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those families — some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Thus it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarroti, was laid Michelangelo; in the vault of the Viviani, the preceptor of one of their house, Galileo. From these two burials the church gradually became the recognized shrine of Italian genius."— DEAN STANLEY.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality;
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos;— here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

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The name of the great Italian statesman, Niccolo Machiavelli, whose body rests here, is interesting to English-speaking people, for, as Macaulay said, "out of his surname we have coined an epithet for a knave and out of his Christian name a synonym for the devil." Or, as Butler puts it:

> "Nic Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
> Though he gave his name to our old Nick."

It is a much mooted question whether in giving this name the devil got more or less than his due.

The church is literally surrounded with monuments to the great men of Italy, one of which, that of Michelangelo, we shall inspect later. We are not surprised that Alfieri said that the love of fame first came to him as he was walking among the illustrious dead in this church of Santa Croce.

In this church is a beautiful Capella Medici, erected by Michelozzo for Cosimo de' Medici, and where the body of Galileo rested from his death in 1642 until 1757, when it was removed to the nave of the church.

In the chapel of St. Louis and St. Bartholomew in this church, over the altar, is a crucifix by Donatello which recalls a circumstance in his life. Donatello, when a young man, executed this crucifix, which Brunelleschi frankly criticised by saying that the figure looked more like that of a common peasant than the Saviour of the world. Donatello, smarting under this reproof, replied that it was easier to criticise than it was to perform. Brunelleschi made no reply, but shortly after invited Donatello to breakfast with him in his studio; and as the young man entered the room, his apron full of eggs, cheese and fruit, for, after the simple custom of the times, the breakfast was gotten

up on shares, the first thing he beheld was a crucifix his host had just finished. The eatables fell to the ground as he exclaimed with uplifted hands and genuine admiration, "Brunelleschi is capable of forming a Christ, but I can only make a peasant."

A little to the left of Santa Croce, at the corner of the Via Buonarroti and the Via Ghibellina, is the house of Michelangelo. The last of the Buonarroti, to which family the artist belonged, bequeathed the house, together with a collection of pictures and antiquities, to the city of Florence, to be called the Galleria Buonarroti. It contains the designs and other reminiscences of Michelangelo.

Directly back of the church of Santa Croce, on the Via dei Malcontenti, is a great workhouse established by Napoleon I, where three thousand persons, who could not otherwise be provided for, maintained themselves in comparative comfort. The tower seen to the right of the Campanile, and over the lantern on the dome of the Baptistery, belongs to the church of La Badia, which contains a glorious Madonna by Filippino Lippi, and, perhaps, the greatest of his works. To the left of this spire you may see the battlemented roof of the Bargello, or National Museum.

Just to the left of the bronze ball on the lantern of the Baptistery is seen a house whose upper wall is white with sunlight. That is the house in which Dante was born in 1265 and in which he lived. His parents belonged to the Guild of Wool. The stories that Dante was unhappy with his wife rest upon no foundation of facts, for Boccaccio, who is responsible for their publication, states: "Truly I do not affirm that these things happened to Dante, for I do not know." The truth seems to be that Dante's wife was not naturally

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a very agreeable person to live with, and their four children, Dante himself asserts, were extremely homely. We are not accustomed to think of Dante as Pathmaster or Road-Commissioner, but documents recently brought to light show that for a short time he served the city of Florence in that capacity. This home and birthplace of Dante afterwards became a wine-shop, kept by the artist Mariotto Albertinelli, who thus mingled commerce with art; and to his hospitable board Michelangelo, Benvenuto Cellini and other famous characters were wont to resort. This house was one of the most curious landmarks in Florence until 1877, when it was completely renovated and scarcely a vestige of the former building was left. The poet is buried at Ravenna, but in the church at Santa Croce was erected in 1829 a huge pile of marble to his memory, the work of Stefano Ricci, a tardy act of acknowledgment by the city of her greatest poet, who had been dead for five hundred years, the Signoria having ignored the suggestion when it came from Michelangelo, who offered to prepare plans for such a monument. Of his grave at Ravenna one writes:

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid;
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust; but reverence here is paid
To the Bard's tomb and not the Warrior's column."

It is well to remember that in Florence there is scarcely an historical sight or a house once inhabited by an eminent person which is not marked by an inscription, and that the city is still radiant with the glory of a literary constellation which held four stars of the greatest magnitude, Dante, Boccaccio, Savonarola and Galileo; while numerous others of lesser magnitude have, at times, illumined the place by their presence. Petrarch was an occasional visitor here, "being," as

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he expressed it, "entertained by my friends." His mother was born in the Palazzo Canigiani, Via de' Bardi, No. 24. Milton came to Florence in the autumn of 1638 and paid a visit to Galileo. A year later he returned for a subsequent visit. Amerigo Vespucci, who gave the name of America to a continent, was born at Borgo Ognissanti, No. 18. His house is now occupied by a hospital founded by him. In this house he wrote the letter which Martin Waldseemüller quotes in his *Cosmographiæ Introductio* in 1507, with the remark, "Now a fourth part of the world has been found by Amerigo Vespucci, and I do not see why we should be prevented from calling it Amerigo or America."

Montaigne visited Florence in 1580 and stayed at the Angel Inn. He paid seven reals a day for man and horse (very expensive then), a real being a Spanish coin and worth about five cents. Thomas Gray and Horace Walpole were the guests here of Thomas Mann, the representative of the Dutch Government, and remained for fifteen months. They had time for long visits in those early days. Both Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Browning died here, and Byron paid two short visits to the city, and it was said of him by one who knew him well that he was the only man in Florence "who, if he saw something yellow in the distance and was told it was a buttercup, would be disappointed if he found it was only a guinea." Leigh Hunt lived on the Via della Belle Donne. Longfellow, in 1828, lived in the Piazza S. Maria Novella, which is a little back of our present point of view. Walter Savage Landor lived for years in the Villa Landor on the Via della Fontanelle, now the home of Prof. Willard Fiske, and Fenimore Cooper spent the winter of 1837–38 in the city. Charles Lever came to Florence in 1847 and lived for several years in the Villa S. Leonardo on the Via S. Leonardo. Here he wrote *The Martins of Cro Martin, Roland Cashel* and *The Dodd Family Abroad.* Some distance to the left of the Duomo in the Villa Trollope, in the Piazza Independenza, George Eliot wrote *Romola,* and the beautiful English cemetery at Florence is the resting place of many English and American writers and artists.

To the left of the church of Santa Croce, and directly back of the dome of the cathedral, is the new Jewish synagogue,

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in the Alhambra style, and it has a pleasing oriental effect. The Jews have always had a quarter in Florence which, in the Middle Ages, as in other Italian cities, was shut off from the rest of the town by gates, and they were not allowed to be buried in the same cemetery with Christians. This tyranny caused many Jews in Florence, and elsewhere, to leave money in their wills to carry their bodies to Jerusalem for burial.

Beside the fortifications, built according to his plans, the works of Michelangelo in Florence are numerous. Among them may be mentioned the new sacristy of the church of San Lorenzo, built for the Medici, but which, in 1534, in bitterness of soul at the abolition of the Republic by Alessandro dè Medici, he left unfinished. Nevertheless it remains a work of wondrous beauty. In this sacristy is Michelangelo's monument of Giuliano dè Medici, who is represented as holding a general's baton in his hand with an air of proud confidence and energetic alertness ready to meet the approach of any danger. His sarcophagus is adorned with figures representing Day and Night, the latter a remarkable work of art. Strozzi, a poet of the day, wrote of this statue:

"'Tis Night, in deepest slumber; all can see
She sleeps (for Angelo divine did give
This stone a soul) and, since she sleeps, must live,
You doubt it? Wake her, she will speak to thee."

Michaelangelo, in allusion to the suppression of political liberty by the Medici which, as an ardent republican, he never forgave, responded (he was poet as well as architect, painter, sculptor and engineer,)—

"Ah! glad am I to sleep in stone, while woe
And dire disgrace rage unreproved near—
A happy chance to neither see nor hear,
So wake me not! when passing, whisper low."

Swinburne composed a sonnet entitled, "In San Lorenzo," and beginning,

"Is thine hour come to wake, O slumbering Night?"

Position 80. Map 9.

Doubtless the great artist's most popular work in the city is his *David,* in the Academia delle Belle Arti, a quarter of a mile to our left.

Position 81. Michelangelo's "David" in the Academy, "work of his youth, pride of his old age," Florence

This marvelous creation in the world of art was begun when the artist was but twenty-seven years of age. It required three years to complete the work. It was produced from a gigantic block of marble eighteen feet long which for fifty years had been considered utterly worthless on account of its having a bend in the center like the elbow of an arm. This greatly hindered him in the work, but in utilizing the spoiled block, he was still further hampered by not being free to choose his own subject, that having been selected for him by the merchants of the Woolen Guild who gave him the commission and from whom the statue was purchased a year before its completion by the Seigniory for the city of Florence. Circumscribed as to his subject, and limited as to its attitude and proportions, the master-mind and master-hand of Michelangelo have produced a work which for boldness in modeling, and grandeur of conception, has rarely been equalled. There is about it no evidence of galling limitations, and the history of the statue could never be imagined from its appearance. Here we have a lithe, well-knit figure, exquisitely rounded and almost throbbing with suppressed animation, as though pervaded by the vitality and intensity of his very soul; and yet there is nothing excited about the young hero, nothing eager, nothing impetuous; but a quiet, watchful, masterly air, which, however, does not conceal the fact, which is clearly

Position 81. Map 9.

seen in the tightly knitted brow, that the whole body is braced for a supreme effort. Notice that the left arm is raised, and observe how it holds the sling in readiness while the right hand hangs at his side grasping the handle of his sling. Just a moment, only one, and he will send the pebble whizzing through the air to seek the life of Goliath.

No creation of Michelangelo's chisel ever won such praise from his contemporaries as did this statue, and for many years the Florentines would reckon special events as happening "so long after the completion of the *David.*" Up to this time his fellow townsmen had been skeptical as to his ability as an artist, but when this work was produced his fame as the greatest sculptor of his time was assured. Vasari calls him a "miracle-worker, who raised the dead, spoiled block to new life," and asserts that Michelangelo's *David* is "superior to all ancient and modern statues whatever." It may be that this encomium was too extravagant, but if so, it was counterbalanced and neutralized by another which sprang from malice and envy. When the statue was exhibited at the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, a position which was chosen for it by Michelangelo himself, at a council composed of all the great contemporary painters and sculptors — and what a brilliant and immortal company they were — Gonfalonier Pier Soderini observed that it had some excellent points, but he must confess that its nose was too long. Michelangelo, who was standing beside him and for whose ears the remark was intended, immediately mounted the ladder, chisel in hand, having first, unperceived by the critic, taken some marble dust in his fingers from the base of the statue, then placing himself in the right attitude he pretended to make the

Position 81. Map 9.

alteration suggested, at the same time letting fall the marble dust. Looking down to the Gonfalonier, he inquired if he were satisfied. "Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the critic, whose vanity had been pampered, "you have given it life!" upon which, Vasari relates, Michelangelo descended the ladder with a smile of derision at the man who had criticized simply to give vent to his malice and who spoke with assumed authority upon a subject of which he knew nothing.

John Gibson, the sculptor, exclaimed when he first saw this *David,* "What a fine statue! How grand the spirit, how perfect the execution!"

In 1527 the left arm was broken by a stone thrown from one of the upper windows of the Palazzo Vecchio, by those defending it from an attempt of the Medici faction to force an entrance. You can see where the arm was mended.

There is a tradition that the sculptor in his old age was in the habit of sitting on a chair placed to the right of the entrance of the palace from which position he could contemplate his favorite work, and here he amused himself by chiseling a profile of the statue which may still be traced on the rough stone wall of the palace.

Having enjoyed so thoroughly some of the marvelous creations of the great master's stupendous genius, we will be interested to see where he is buried.

Position 82. The tomb of Michelangelo, the great master, in the Church of Santo Croce, Florence.

This is the last resting place of one who, all things considered, was the greatest man of his time; a man who lived a life of many and checkered days, and who

Position 81. Map 9.

achieved in various directions more mightily and worthily than any of his fellows. In a council assembled to deliberate as to the best means of fortifying Florence against its siege by Charles V, he proposed a plan for the defense of its walls, towers and public buildings. A member of the committee opposed his suggestions, saying, "I admit that Buonarroti is a great sculptor, architect and painter, but I doubt his knowledge of engineering and his acquaintance with fortifications."

Michelangelo answered, "Gentlemen, I do not claim to be a great painter, sculptor or architect, but I do pretend to know something about engineering and fortifications." His plans were adopted.

It is marvelous how these grand old masters became learned and famous in so many different departments of knowledge, how they were able to be and to do so many different things and to do them as none others have had the power to equal since.

Michelangelo died at Rome in 1564. The general design of his tomb, which we are now examining, was by Vasari. The bust of the great master, seen above the central figure, is by Battista Lorenzi, and, if a good likeness, does not show Michelangelo to have been a very handsome man. The figure of architecture — the one on the right — is by Giovanni dall' Opera. The central figure represents Painting and is by Lorenzi; while the third represents Sculpture and was executed by Cioli. Beautiful and impressive as this tomb is, portraying as it does with such masterly power the irreparable loss sustained by art and science in the death of this great man, it yet remains true that it is but a feeble monument to the splendid and unparalleled genius whose life had ceased among men.

Grander memorials, and more fitting, are the peerless dome of St. Peter's, the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. the *Moses* in the church of St. Peter in Chains, and the beautiful *David* in the Accademia delle Belle Arti not far distant. For only his own hands could build a monument at all worthy of him.

He is said to have himself chosen the position of this monument, so that when the doors of the church were opened, the dome of the cathedral might be visible from his tomb. Here are his own solemn reflections, written by himself in the dim twilight of life's closing day:

> "Oh thoughts that tempt us, idle, sweet and vain,
> Where are ye, when a double death draws near,
> One sure, one threatening an eternal loss?
> Painting and sculpture now are no more gain
> To still the soul turned to the Godhead dear,
> Stretching great arms out to us from His cross."

I know not how better we can say farewell to the great soul of this brilliant and myriad-minded man than with these his own tender and pathetic words, that yet are luminous with everlasting faith and hope.

No sojourn in Florence is at all satisfactory that does not include a visit to the famous Uffizi Gallery, which contains the finest art treasures in Florence, and which is one of the greatest artistic collections, both as to extent and value, to be found anywhere in the world.

This gallery was founded by Cosimo I with the art treasures accumulated by his ancestors, and it has been splendidly enriched by those who succeeded him. It abounds in paintings by Raphael, and it has some noble designs by Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bar-

Position 82. Map 9.

tolommeo, and, moreover, it is rich in works by Titian and Ghirlandajo and other Italians, as well as some fine Flemish, German and Dutch works, besides its collection of statuary, which includes a number of famous works.

It would be folly to attempt to see all of this vast gallery at one visit. It is best to begin with a small portion of it and examine it at our leisure. There is one room in particular where we may see the cream of the entire gallery.

Position 83. The Wrestlers, Venus de Medici, and Knife Grinder—three masterpieces in the Tribuna, Uffizi Gallery, Florence

This celebrated room, the Tribuna, was built originally by the Grand Duke Ferdinand I to contain a collection of precious stones, but now it is devoted to the magnificent and unparalleled masterpieces of art which were selected from this mass of almost countless treasures by a competent committee of artists about one hundred years ago. This room contains five celebrated statues, three of which we see. Directly in front of us is the *Venus de Medici,* of world-wide fame, the base of the statue being surrounded by an iron railing. We shall have an opportunity of a nearer view of this wonderful chef-d'œuvre.

To the right of this central statue is the so-called *Arrotino,* a Scythian slave whetting his knife to slay Marsyas. The subject was discovered by means of bas-reliefs and medals. The statue was found at Rome in the sixteenth century. This Knife Grinder is wondrously natural and lifelike, and, looking at his upturned face and outstretched arms, you may almost hear the play of the blade as, with clever touch, he sharpens it upon the grindstone.

To the left of the Venus de Medici is seen the *Lottatori,* or *Wrestlers,* a work of the school of Praxiteles. Two young men, trained to the highest degree in gymnastic exercise, are wrestling with their utmost skill and strength; and each form is so ingeniously entwined in the other that they seem to twist and bend simultaneously, and yet the two figures are everywhere distinct and separate. Though one is down and under, the contest is by no means decided, and a feeling of suspense takes possession of you as you watch the vigorous and struggling bodies. Gazing upon these squirming forms you half forget that they are chiseled out of stone, and you almost think yourself back to the days when such scenes as this were of daily occurrence in the Palaestra. The heads of these wrestlers, though antique, belonged originally to other statues, resembling those of the children of Niobe and belonging to the school of Scopas. Parts of the limbs have been restored, but the agility and energy of the writhing forms have not been impaired.

Back of the Wrestlers, and a little to the left, may be dimly seen Raphael's *Madonna and Child with the Goldfinch,* which was painted here in Florence in 1507 and almost totally destroyed in a fire in 1548, but the pieces were subsequently joined together again. In the earlier representations of the Madonna, only the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus appear. Afterward, in order to introduce additional features of child-life and to make a better and more harmoniously arranged group, John the Baptist was added, and the two children standing at the feet of the Virgin made a broader base for the picture and gave to the Madonna the central position in the painting.

Position 83. Map 9.

Above the Venus de Medici notice a *Madonna with John the Baptist and St. Sebastian,* executed by Perugino. Between the Venus de Medici and the Wrestlers is seen a freshly painted canvas resting upon an easel, the work of some present-day artist who is copying Titian's *Venus of Urbino.*

This Tribuna may well be called the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Temple of Art, for in no other salon in the world does the glory of the Capi d' Opere of the masters shine with such resplendent luster. No other four walls on earth glow and throb with such form, such color, such soul-power. To enter it is like looking upon one of those heavenly visions a spirit sometimes sees in dreams. Nothing can be more perfectly lovely, nothing more rapturously beautiful.

Before we leave the Tribuna let us take a nearer view of one of these masterpieces.

Position 84. Venus de Medici, "the statue that enchants the world"

This is one of the most perfect works of art in existence and was found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli in the sixteenth century and brought to Florence in 1680. The fingers of the statue are modern, and a little inspection will convince you that they are rigid and affected and not in keeping with the rest of the figure. When found the statue was sadly mutilated, the head being severed from the body.

You can see where it was joined. The arms and feet were broken into a number of pieces, but these fragments were skillfully brought together. A single glance at this illustrious work of art would be sufficient to impress us with its unrivaled excellences, but

"We must return, and once more give a loose
To the delighted spirit-worshipping
In her small temple of rich workmanship,
Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,
Came hither."

— ROGERS.

"Her modest attitude is partly what unmakes her as a heathen goddess and softens her into woman. On account of the skill with which the statue has been restored, she is just as whole as when she left the hands of the sculptor. One cannot think of her as a senseless image, but as a being that lives to gladden the world, incapable of decay or death; as young and fair as she was three thousand years ago, and still to be young and fair as long as a beautiful thought shall require physical embodiment."

— HAWTHORNE.

"The Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instills
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of Heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old,
Envy the innate flesh which such a soul could mould.

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fullness; there — forever there —
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives and would not depart."

— BYRON.

The two most celebrated galleries in Florence are the Uffizi and the Pitti, and these are connected by a covered passageway, so that on a rainy day one may spend the entire time in these galleries and pass from one to the other without exposing himself to the in-

Position 84. Map 9.

clemency of the weather. We have seen the choicest gems of art in the Uffizi, and now as we go to see the masterpieces in the Pitti Gallery we will stop and take a look at this covered way where it crosses the most ancient bridge in Florence. From the map it is evident we shall be looking west, down the Arno.

Position 85. The Vecchio Bridge and the River Arno, Florence

This covered passage is one of the architectural curiosities of Florence. It runs over and under the roofs of other structures, one of which is that of a church. Starting from the top of the second flight of stairs in the Pitti Gallery, situated off to our left, as the map shows, it crosses this bridge above the quaint little goldsmith and jewelry shops that are piled up under it like a heap of chicken coops. Leaving the bridge with a sharp turn it extends along the Lungarno toward us a short distance, then turns at right angles and passes into the Uffizi Gallery, and out of this again in the form of a lofty archway into the Palazzo Vecchio. When you look from the dome of the cathedral down upon the old gray tiles which cover it, this curiously constructed gallery that twists in and out among the buildings of the city, sometimes over and sometimes under the roofs, resembling a huge serpent. This bridge was constructed by Vasari for Cosimo I so that he might pass unseen and at his pleasure from the Royal Palace to the Palazzo Vecchio where he transacted public business. It was also planned as a means of escape in case a revolution broke out in the city at any time. It was completed in five months.

During the building of this passageway Cosimo first saw the beautiful Camilla Martelli, daughter of

one of the goldsmiths whose shops lined the bridge, whom he made his mistress and afterward his wife. But her triumph was of brief duration, for her husband died soon after they were married, and his successor, Francesco, shut her up in the Convent of the Murate, where she made things so uncomfortable for the inmates that the nuns offered up novenas to be relieved of her presence. Francesco's successor answered their prayers and removed Camilla to Saint Monaca, which she was never allowed to leave except upon the occasion of her daughter's marriage with the Duke of Modena. So heavily did her disappointment and imprisonment weigh upon her that she lost her mind entirely and died an imbecile.

Nothing is more fascinating than to enter one of those quaint shops on the Vecchio Bridge and see the old blackened benches which have been used by goldsmiths for centuries and are still in use to-day; to look upon the old dingy walls, scratched with the name of many an illustrious worker in metals; and then, to glance out of one of the tiny windows on the tremulous, golden band of the Arno and at the landscape beyond — an exquisite glimpse of sky and water and hilltops — and to view, on either hand, the moss-grown tiles of the city's roofs. Benvenuto Cellini once had a shop on this bridge, but it has long since been demolished. At the right hand extremity of the bridge stood a hospice of the Knights of Malta in which Ariosto stayed for some months in 1513, and where he met the beautiful Alexandrina Bennucci, who was then passing the first months of her widowhood there.

Not far from this hospice, and just beyond the upper side of the bridge, stood the statue of Mars, at the

Position 85. Map 9.

foot of which the handsome young Buondelmonte was killed, he having made a secret marriage with Dianora de Bardi, a powerful enemy of his house. In climbing to his wife's chamber on a ladder made of ropes he was captured as a robber, and rather than betray the secret marriage, he was willing to be executed; but as they were leading him away to his death the lady rushed through the crowd and publicly claimed him as her husband. His heroism and her devotion saved his life and restored peace, but the latter was only of short duration.

In the middle of that part of the covered gallery which extends along the Lungarno, originally stood a bathing house communicating with the river, whose waters were thought to possess healing qualities and to be a preventative against divers diseases.

This gallery was for centuries closed to the public, and into its mysteries few were permitted to penetrate; but when the glory of the Medici departed, and it was no longer needed as a pathway for royal fugitives, the doors were thrown open and the entire passageway was hung with paintings, many of them portraits; and to-day, with immortal works of art on either hand, one can pass over and through the city from the Vecchio to the Pitti Palace.

The first bridge which you see beyond the Ponte Vecchio is the Ponte S. Trinita, originally constructed in 1252 and rebuilt in 1569. Like the Ponte Vecchio it has three arches but, unlike it, it is uncovered. The structure is adorned with allegorical statues, the beauty of which cannot be discerned at this distance.

Beyond the Trinita is seen another bridge, the Ponte alla Carraja, first erected in 1220, but it was swept away by a flood in 1274. Fra Ristoro and Fra

Sisto, the Dominican monks who built Santa Maria Novella, rebuilt it at their own expense. They laid the piles most securely in stone, but constructed the bridge itself of wood, and, in consequence a terrible catastrophe occurred here during a theatrical representation conducted by the artist Buffalmacco and given by the residents of the Borgo San Frediano. The river was filled with boats in which were persons representing demons who, amid floating rafts ablaze with fire and great clouds of smoke, uttered shrieks and cries in imitation of the agony of lost souls; while the bridge, thronged to its uttermost (every available space on which a human being could stand or to which he could cling being occupied), spanned the river like a living arch. In the intense excitement which swept over the multitude as they heard the heart-rending shrieks of the perishing souls, the crowd on the Ponte alla Carraja became frantic, and the bridge gave way and fell into the river; and many perished either from the fire on the floating rafts or by drowning. In 1867, the bridge was greatly strengthened and widened.

In the distance may be seen the Suspension Bridge (Ponte Sospiri). If you look closely you may see, just this side the bend in the river, its two graceful piers and the fairy-like curve of its cables and the slightly bent bow of its pavement. On either side of the point where the bridge touches the right bank of the river is the Cascine, or park of Florence, which is about two miles in length, containing delightful walks and drives, and affording the inhabitants of the city, as well as the tourist weary of sightseeing, a charming and delightful retreat. The name of the park is derived from a dairy farm to which it once belonged, "cascina" being the Italian for dairy. There the

Position 85. Map 9.

military band plays on pleasant afternoons, and near the bandstand is a restaurant and café. The brilliant hues of the flowers, the music, and the gaily dressed crowds of people, make it a very fair and attractive spot. A picturesque element in the scene is the appearance of the flower girls who enter the restaurant and café, and, in the words of Thackeray,

"Who disturb your repose with pecuniary views,
Flinging flowers on your plate and then bawling for sous."

The old tower which you observe on the left bank of the river between the Vecchio and the Trinita bridges belongs to the Church of S. Jacopo sopr' Arno, in which the nobles assembled in 1293 and resolved to resort to arms rather than be excluded from a share in the control of the government of the city. The houses beyond this church, and lining the river bank, belonged to the famous family of the Soderini, and in one of them — the large one next the church — Nicolo Soderini received St. Catherine of Siena. Back of this old mansion, in a house facing the street, above and parallel to the river, was born the great Florentine captain, Francesco Farrucci, in 1489, and not far distant is the Casa Guidi, where Mrs. Browning wrote *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh,* and where she died. Here also lived Lowell and the Hawthornes. Other celebrated visitors to Florence were Queen Victoria, whose favorite residence was the Villa Crawford on the Via Boccaccio, and Mark Twain who, during the winter of 1892–3 occupied the Villa Gherardo, and here he often entertained a select party of friends with stories of his Mississippi steamboat life and reminiscences of *Huckleberry Finn.*

To the left of the third bridge, the Ponte alla Car-

raja, we observe the dome of the church of S. Frediano, a modern structure built on the site of the original convent of S. Maria Maddalena de Pazzi, and the cell of the saint is now a chapel. To the left of the dome of this church, on a superb location on a hilltop, is seen a Carmelite convent surrounded by a stately grove of cypresses.

We will next take our position in the Pitti Palace, which is at the left-hand extremity of this passageway, a structure which is the most monumental palace in Europe. It has a simple but impressive appearance and seems to be built, not out of blocks and stone, but of sections of granite mountains, so rugged and somber and massive are they. Brunelleschi, who designed the dome of the cathedral, planned this palace, but Luca Pitti, the man who incurred the expense of its construction, ruined himself by so doing. It is the most imposing dwelling ever reared by a private citizen, and it was not fully completed until a century after it was begun. "It shows," writes George Eliot, "a wonderful union of Cyclopean massiveness with stately regularity." The length of the building is four hundred and seventy-five feet and its greatest height is one hundred and fifteen feet, and its grandeur consists largely in its vast lines and gigantic dimensions. This palace has been the residence of the reigning sovereigns of Florence since the middle of the sixteenth century, when it came into the possession of the Medici, and is now the Royal Palace and occupied by the King of Italy when he comes to Florence. The upper part of the royal residence contains the far-famed picture gallery, the rooms of which are most gorgeously decorated.

Position 86. Map 9.

Position 86. Glimpse in the Pitti Palace Gallery, showing Raphael's famous Madonna of the Chair

The room we are looking upon is the third from the entrance and is called the Sala di Marte, and the gem of all the art treasure it possesses is that painting to the left of the doorway, Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia* (or Seggiola).

This picture was painted about 1516 during Raphael's Roman days. In it there are a purity and a simplicity which belong to the earlier period of the artist's career. The face is not Florentine but Roman, and the whole work breathes a serene and holy happiness, a tender and loving reverence.

The story is told that late one summer afternoon the artist was returning to Rome from one of those long excursions into the surrounding country which he loved to take. Passing through a little village, he encountered a band of strolling musicians playing in the one street about which clustered the houses of the little hamlet. Already the soft, dreamy gold dust, which sifts through the air and settles at the close of an Italian summer day, was enveloping fields and houses and the distant hills; and wayfarers returning to the city, and laborers coming home from their work in the fields, stopped to listen to the sweet and joyous strains. Outside of the little stone houses were gathered the women and children, for when the burst of music of a well-conducted band fills the air — and most Italians are good musicians — all who hear must stop and listen. So Raphael lingered by the roadside and, as was his wont, watched the faces of the little company, when suddenly his eyes rested upon one of the loveliest and purest faces he had ever

seen, belonging to a young Italian mother who was seated on a doorstep holding her baby boy, while beside her stood her little daughter listening to the music. Instantly Raphael determined to paint her as a Madonna, but looked in vain for something upon which to make a sketch. At last he discovered an old barrel head lying in the dust of the road, and, cleaning it off as best he could, he sketched the mother and her children, using the little girl as the figure of St. John (the Baptist). When he reached his studio, the thought came to him to retain the shape of the barrel head and make the painting circular, which he did.

The Madonna, as you will observe, is seated upon a low chair holding the child in her arms. At her side stands the little St. John, his hands clasped in prayer. Over the shoulders of the Madonna is a brightly colored shawl, and a handkerchief of brilliant hues is tied about her head. The Madonna, the perfection of womanly beauty and modesty, is a young woman with a deep maternal love streaming out from her dark, expressive eyes; while the child, strong and winning, nestles in his mother's protecting arms. There is about the figures of the Virgin and child a warmth of coloring and a gladness of soul which are perfectly charming, while the earnest yet childlike worship of St. John is no less appropriate. The entire picture is painted with great freedom and power, and no other work of art in the world is so popular. At least fifty engravers have tried their skill upon it, and photographic copies have been sold by the thousands.

You notice that in front of this masterpiece is an easel on which is seen a canvas upon which some present day artist is making a copy of the original painting. Permission to copy this celebrated work

Position 86. Map 9.

can only be obtained from the director of the gallery, and applications must be presented to him. The privilege is granted to but one at a time and never to any but proficient artists, the copyist being allowed to retain his position in front of the canvas for two months, never longer. There are now about one hundred applications on file at the gallery, so you can see how great is the demand for this picture, and how few real copies of it can be in existence when only six are produced in twelve months. Many of the copies we see are reproductions of copies.

Strange to say, there is less patronage for artists in Florence than in Rome, and, frequently there is an amount of suffering among the large colony of artists who are always to be found here, of which the world little dreams. Years ago there came to the city a young American painter who haunted the galleries and palaces, making sketches here and there, and with an insight and penetration which were marvelous. Ofttimes he would stand by the hour in front of this *Madonna della Sedia* and unfold its inner beauty and power to his American fellow artists, who readily acknowledged that his interpretation of this and other great paintings was most wonderful. It was as though, while the artist talked, the canvas became luminous to them, as if its forms were their everyday friends and as though the passions and longings of their own souls were reflected in the painting before them. He was always talking of how he intended to reproduce this masterpiece whenever his turn should come to copy it. But as the days wore on, his artist friends noticed that his clothes grew shabbier, his face more pale and drawn, and his form more bent. Knowing him to be very poor, and since they could not find that he ever sold a picture, they prevailed upon him to take dinner with them as often as they could without betraying their sympathy. But one day he was missing from the galleries, and for a week he was not seen in his favorite haunts. They sought him in the Uffizi, the Pitti and the Gallery of Fine Arts, but he was not to be found. At last, two American artists sought him

Position 86. Map 9.

out, climbing the long rickety stairs to the top of an old palace by the Arno, and found his card nailed to the door of a little room just under the roof. The door was locked, but they broke it open and there, in a studio miserably furnished, on a straw mattress laid upon the floor, they discovered the artist dead. By the window on an easel stood his masterpiece covered with a sheet to exclude the dust. Stepping up to it they lifted the covering with sad but expectant hearts and there they saw — *nothing but a white canvas with a charcoal circle drawn upon it.* It had always been the desire of the dead man to paint this *Madonna della Sedia,* but his name was so far down on the list that the opportunity had not come to him, and, fearing it might never come, as he felt his life day by day ebbing away, he had, at last, resolved to paint it from rough sketches he had made, here in his own room. But so exalted and perfect and glorious did it all appear to him, that he had not the courage, nor the power, to reproduce this bit of Heaven's glory out of sight of the great Master's canvas; and thus he died with only the shining vision of what he meant to be and do.

As we turn away from this immortal painting and the richly decorated room which contains it, let me call your attention to the exquisitely colored marble casing of the doorway, to the sheen of the marble floor, and to the marble wainscoting that extends around the rooms. The beautiful piece of statuary seen through the open door in front of us, recalls to mind the curious and interesting fact that Powers, the American sculptor in Florence, imported all the clay he used in modeling from Alabama in the United States. He said it was superior to European clay because it remained moist a greater length of time. You may not have been aware of Alabama's proud distinction in the world of art, a supremacy that is recognized even in Florence.

We leave Florence with deep regret, such as one

Position 86. Map 9.

feels in departing from no other Italian city, realizing the full significance of the poet's words:

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the Past
Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery."

As the splendors of this fair and fascinating city fade from our view and the summit of the Vecchio tower and cathedral dome disappear like vanishing islands in a sea of floral glory, we come in sight of an interesting work of art and some types of that monastic life which has played such a prominent part in Florentine life for centuries.

Position 87. A well-curb by Michelangelo, Certosa Monastery, near Florence

A better-fed and finer-groomed quartet of monks, judging from their appearance, could hardly be found in Italy than the group standing about that artistic well-curb, which is probably the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world and worthy of the great mind which designed it. Observe the delicate carvings which bring out so clearly the beauty of the design, the grace and symmetry of the columns and the elaborate pattern of the bronze arch to which the wheel holding the bucket-chain is attached and which connects the marble pillars. I should not care, however, to drink the water from this well, for while the surrounding inclosure is called the garden of the monastery and is filled with shrubs and flowers, it has also been used for centuries as a graveyard. The wheel in

front of us is over a smaller well, and before it is seen a small marble trough.

The garden, you will notice, is surrounded by handsome cloisters, back of which are eighteen cells having pinnacled roofs. They are mostly empty now, for only a few of the brotherhood remain. The columns of the cloisters, a few of which we can see, are remarkably fine, and over each, between the arches, is a medallion representing celebrated members of the order.

This monastery was founded in 1341 by Niccolo Acciajoli, a citizen of Florence, who moved to Naples and amassed a large fortune by trading. Other members of his family entered the monastery with him, and several of his descendants became cardinals. The tombs of the Acciajoli are seen in the lower part of the church, whose gray walls and picturesque clock tower, more than three hundred years old, rise so venerably before us. One of the chapels of this church is said to have been designed by Orcagna.

The view from the terraces of this garden is extensive and beautiful. The valley of the Ema opens up like a lovely vista toward Prato and the Apennines. In this Eden of enchantment, which the hill country about Florence may justly be called, there is no pleasanter spot than the old Certosan Monastery; and when the day is far spent and the glory of the setting sun fires its old walls into masses of gleaming gold, and suffuses its tree-tops with a burst of splendor, and floods the distant mountains with a purple glow, nothing can equal the serene delightfulness and majesty of the scene.

About one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Florence, in the neighborhood of the charming Italian

Position 87.

lakes, and near the beginning of several of the great Alpine passes, is the attractive and progressive city of Milan, having a population of nearly half a million and constituting the financial and industrial center of Italy. Its chief manufactures are silk and woolen goods, gloves, machinery, carriages and art furniture, while it occupies the highest artistic rank in the kingdom so far as what it produces at the present time is concerned. Sculpture is here carried on to a great extent and has become a special industry, while painting is fostered and patronized by the wealthy merchants who have made the city the commercial capital of Italy. The town is situated upon the navigable river Olona, which is connected by means of the Grand Canal with the Ticino and Lake Maggiore, and by other canals with the Po, the Adda and Lake Como. Milan has a garrison of five thousand soldiers and a large number of foreign residents. But the great center of interest in the city is, and must ever be, its magnificent Duomo.

Position 88. Milan's Cathedral

It matters not how far you may have roamed, nor how much you may have seen, nor how satiated you may be with the splendor of the world's palaces and the vastness of its cathedrals, when your eyes rest upon this edifice it carries your enthusiasm by storm. In all the world there is no other building which so marvelously combines immensity with delicacy, majesty with refinement of finish. It is a Gothic structure and as such you would expect it to be profound and gloomy and even semi-barbarous, but oh, the beauty and glory of it! Oh, the grandeur and loveliness of it! Its forests of countless spires are sur-

Position 88. Map 1.

mounted by elaborate statues, some of them of the highest merit and by the most famous artists. On the building there are, in all, about twenty-five hundred pieces of statuary, and as many more representations of birds and animals. To look upon this mountain of marble when the sun is pouring down upon it a flood of brilliant light, is like gazing at the dazzling shoulders of the Jungfrau; and on moonlight nights its snow-white spires, statue-crowned, look like great, glistening angels seen through a cloud-wrapped opening in the heavens; or like a vision of the Apocalypse or the pageant of a dream, when, in the solemn stillness, all this pomp and magnificence of architecture passes before the eyes of the beholder.

The cathedral is regarded by the Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world. Only two other cathedrals in Europe are larger, St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral at Seville. It will hold forty thousand people and is four hundred and eighty-six feet long. The width of its transept is two hundred and eighty-eight feet and of the façade two hundred and nineteen feet. The dome is two hundred and twenty-one feet in height and the summit of the tower three hundred and sixty feet. The original architect is unknown, but Heinrich von Gmünd was the principal one, though architects and sculptors from Italy, Germany and France were associated with him.

The magnificent stained-glass windows in the choir are the largest in the world and contain three hundred and fifty representations of scriptural subjects, most of them copies from old and famous paintings. When the sunlight streams through them upon the rich mosaic pavement of the cathedral, it transforms it into "the ruby and golden hues of autumn leaves."

Position 88. Map 1.

This structure was founded by Gian Galeazzo Visconti in 1386 and is built upon the site of the early Christian church of S. Maria Maggiore. It was about four hundred years in building. When it was first begun, the architect's directions were sent up to the workers by cord and pulley, but when it was nearing completion, which was not until the last century, they were telegraphed to the top, showing the marvelous advancement that had taken place in the world's civilization during its construction. The façade remained unfinished until 1805, when Napoleon caused the work to be resumed, but it was not carried on to the satisfaction of the citizens, and in 1887 the city of Milan offered a series of prizes for designs to complete this façade, the contest being open to all architects. The first prize was awarded to a young Italian, Giuseppe Brentano, who died the following year. The re-building is still in question.

Notice the contrast in size between the cathedral and the people walking on the pavement. This gives us a better idea of the immensity of the building. Observe also the carving above the entrance doors and the front windows; also the ornamentation of the façade. The structure does not require extended explanation, but it demands close and continued observation in order to appreciate and understand its excellences. The magnificent square in front of the cathedral with its fine pavement adds greatly to the imposing effect of the structure.

The interior of the building is worthy of the exterior on account of its spaciousness and ornamentation. It contains fifty-two marble pillars, each twelve feet in diameter, and instead of the columns having capitals, they have niches for statues. In the center of

the transept is a colossal candelabrum in the form of a tree with seven branches each encrusted with jewels. Its value is enormous.

Those who view this matchless cathedral from the pavement are not unmindful of its exquisite beauty and finish. But, in order to appreciate these thoroughly, it will be necessary to mount to the roof, guarded as it is by an army of statues, Wordsworth's

> "aërial host
> Of figures, human and divine."

The climb costs five cents in money, and a considerable expenditure of muscular effort. Single visitors here, as in the Campanile at Pisa, are not admitted, which some might take as another proof that "it is not good for man to be alone," or for that matter, woman either.

A good guide may be obtained for a franc, but persons of ordinary intelligence can dispense with his services. In order to reach the summit, you mount one hundred and ninety-five steps on the inside and three hundred and five steps on the outside of the structure. As one attempts this climb, he calls to mind a great many times the advantages of a "lift" or elevator, but this simply by way of contrast, for there is none to be had here and you must trudge on and up just as though you were living in the days of Abraham.

Position 89. Milan's Cathedral—among its hundred spires

Such a sight as this is afforded by no other building in the world. It is so ethereal and fairy-like that it does not seem possible that it can be substantial and

Position 89. Map 1.

permanent. It reminds one of the frost-work that silvers the window-pane on a cold winter's morning when the feet of the passers-by make the snow crack and crunch beneath their tread.

Fix your eyes upon that first spire. Note how it is made up of numerous other spires, each surmounted by a statue. Observe how finely executed these figures are, their very expression being as perfect as though they had been carved to stand in some great gallery, like the Pitti or the Uffizi, to be seen and admired by thousands, instead of being perched up here, mid-heaven, alone with the birds and the stars. It almost seems a pity to have the value of millions of money and so much toil and beauty so completely out of sight. Whole quarries of marble have been carved into statues, reliefs, niches and notches, while "high sculptural genius has been squandered on objects which merge into the general mass as bubbles do into the sea."

To the left of the base of this first spire on our right, looking through that arch, you may see a tourist gazing with wonder and amazement at all this vast wealth of beauty hidden up here in the light. He is standing on one of the marble slabs of the roof of the left side aisle. Study the delicate carvings and elaborate pattern of the ornamentation extending over these arches to the roof of the nave; the longer you inspect them the greater will be your admiration and surprise. This roof contains a hundred spires or turrets, to each of which statues of kings, saints, martyrs and cherubs cling in clusters like grapes in a vineyard row, the largest statue being placed on the top; and so lifelike do they look that you would not be surprised if one of them should grow dizzy and

leap from his lofty position to the pavement below. Notice, too, at the base of the turrets of the lowest row of spires, the huge birds that seem ready to soar out and away.

Between the second and third of these lowest spires you may see one of the large turrets lifting itself above the façade of the cathedral. At this distance you cannot recognize the figure that surmounts it, but it is a statue of Napoleon the Great. When the Emperor was in Milan he inquired what all these statues were, and upon being told that they represented the saints and martyrs of the Church, he ordered that one in the front row be taken down and then he commanded Canova, the greatest living sculptor, to make a statue of himself, Napoleon, and put it in its place. This was done, and the statue is the finest work of art on the cathedral. So Napoleon stands among the saints on this resplendent structure, only the Milanese call him "the devil's saint."

This cathedral is typical of the character of the capital of Lombardy, which is a rich and gladsome land, and of Milan, a luxuriant city. Stendhal, who lived here a long time, says that "this is a land of good nature, culture and pleasure." In no other city in Italy can be seen such a display of fashion and jewels as may be witnessed here at any great social function.

When the King and Queen of Italy visited Milan and rode through the streets in royal state, with prancing steeds and brilliantly uniformed outriders, not a voice was heard, but every hat was raised. An American witnessing this strange sight (for in other European cities, enthusiastic shouts and hurrahs greet

Position 89. Map 1.

the advent of the King and Queen), inquired of a person of prominence living in Milan what it all meant, and received this explanation: "We are monarchists in Milan, but we are not courtiers."

In all the essential elements of greatness, Milan is the foremost city in Italy; a city of art and music, a city of literary as well as financial pre-eminence. During an exciting election, Ruggiero Boughi, a man of science, a student of philosophy and the editor of a review, made a stump speech before its citizens. If he had been running for an office in America and had made the same speech, it would have killed his chance of being elected. He was speaking to the working-people of the city, and he addressed them as follows:

"Character is something intellectual and civil, it consists above all things in having a mind and heart filled with the thought and love of the public welfare, without any self-interest whatever. Character consists in keeping one's judgment free and never suffering one's will to be swayed either by passion or selfishness. Character requires that up to a certain point a man should be independent even of himself," and so on. And would you believe it — it does seem incredible — *the man was elected!*

It may be that living through the long years beneath the shadow of this almost divine and ever-inspiring cathedral, this grand sermon, this mighty poem, this magnificent system of philosophy in stone, has, all unknown to themselves, filled the lives and thoughts of the people with impulses, aspirations and convictions most exalted and ennobling. And think you not that if a man could stand under its arches and linger beneath its spires and enter into the vast and rapturous silence of its gorgeous interior with "the rich light streaming upon golden pulpits," he would not be benefited thereby? And might not this cathedral become to him, at length, a veritable university

Position 89. Map 1.

with an immortal faculty, each of whom, possessing a magnetic and authoritative personality, would impart to him some precious and enduring truth?

> "O Milan! O the enchanting choirs,
> The giant windows' blazen'd fires;
> The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
> A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

Verona is a city made famous by the greatest of English dramatists, and he who has not seen it is unfortunate. It lies about seventy-five miles east of Milan and well repays a visit.

> "Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
> Through fair Verona."

Position 90. The old Roman Ponte Pietra and Castle of S. Pietro, Verona

What a fine old picturesque structure that bridge is! Inspect it closely and you will be surprised to find how solid and regular every part of the structure appears, after having spanned that swiftly flowing river for possibly two thousand years; for Verona was made a Roman colony in B. C. 89, and the bridge is a relic of Roman days. In my wanderings in foreign lands, I have often met with Roman bridges, some of them in the heart of a city, as here, and others in the midst of mountain fastnesses, as in Perea, but I have never encountered one anywhere but it has impressed me with the almost everlasting endurance and limitless strength which the world-conquerors built into their work; and I never have seen a noble arch spanning any river but I call to mind the Cloaca Maxima, in ancient Rome, where this form of construction was first used.

Position 90. Map 1.

Notice above the second arch the stone fender in the river. It was built for the purpose of warding off ice and drift of every sort from the center pier of the bridge, and over it note that oval opening between the arches, its outline marked with white stone. And above this, in the masonry of the bridge, observe the outline of a larger arch. The structure, as you see, is built of Roman brick with a stone finish, and the ivy and ferns cling to the crannies in the ancient wall. It is something remarkable to find an ancient bridge, even a Roman bridge, as perfect as this; and it is the more surprising when you consider that for these long centuries it has stood in the madly rushing Adige whose arrowy current, as you will observe, breaks against its stone piers in snowy foam. The only portion of the bridge which is modern is the part which approaches the opposite shore and which is beyond the limit of our vision.

On the summit of that lofty hill whose terraced sides are covered with dwellings, is the castle of St. Peter. Most of that structure is modern, and it is used as a barrack for a portion of the army corps of six thousand soldiers who are always stationed at Verona. The part of the building which is ancient was once the residence of Theodoric the Great, the "Dietrich of Bern" (that is, Verona) of German lore; and it was in this castle that he forced his wife, Rosamunde, the daughter of the conquered ruler of Verona, to drink wine out of her father's skull. It seems like an act of justice, rather than of vengeance, that she should have been the means of causing his death in 526 A. D.

If you will direct your eyes between the top of that lamp post on the other side of the bridge and

the building seen to the right of it, and look closely, you will observe the road leading up from the old bridge to the castle, and so steep does it appear that one cannot but wonder how loaded teams ever manage to make the ascent.

The cypress and olive trees that grow on the hillside add to the beauty and impressiveness of the scene, which were heightened in the olden days by the gigantic dimensions of the ancient castle of St. Peter, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Zeno of such magnificent proportions that the "birds flew in and out of the distended nostrils of the horse and built their nests in his belly." This old palace-fortress was the scene of many tragedies and of almost continual conflict, and many a dark and cruel chapter of Verona's history has been enacted there. During the sanguinary contests between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, Ezzelino da Romano, The Terrible, tried to establish his rule here, in which attempt he only partially succeeded. But after his death his brother, Mastino della Scala, was elected chief magistrate of the city and began that glorious period which marked the zenith of Verona's splendor and power. Romeo and Juliet are said to have lived here during the reign of Mastini's nephew, Bartolommeo, in 1302, and the house of Juliet's parents, an ancient structure with a ponderous gateway, bears a tablet of marble with an inscription which informs us that Juliet once lived there. The balcony of the house seems hardly to meet the requirements of the occasion, however. Juliet's tomb is still shown in the chapel of the suppressed Franciscan monastery, a medieval sarcophagus, on which are engraved the words "Tomba di Giulietta." Shakespeare's play of *Romeo and Juliet*

Position 90. Map 1.

is founded on events which actually happened, and Escalus, Prince of Verona, was Bartolommeo della Scala. It is something to see this masterly production of the immortal dramatist played by great and gifted artists in the splendid capitals of the world, but I would prefer to read it all alone amid the beauty and solitude of the old Via Cappello before the crumbling gateway of Juliet's own home right here in Verona, than to see it rendered with the gorgeous setting and the artificial surroundings that destroy the local coloring altogether.

But the greatest attraction of the city is its famous relic of Roman days, the most perfect structure of its kind in the world.

Position 91. The Roman Amphitheatre at Verona

You may see at a glance that it is not nearly so large as the Colosseum at Rome, but like that King of Ruins, it excites our wonder and admiration. Its origin is shrouded in mystery, but it is believed to have been erected under Diocletian in the closing years of the third century. As originally built, the structure was one hundred and six feet high, five hundred and forty-six feet long, four hundred and thirty-six feet in the widest part and fourteen hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference. Unlike the Colosseum, the interior of this building is wonderfully perfect, being carefully kept in repair by the government, according to immemorial custom. It has forty-five tiers of marble seats eighteen inches high, which could accommodate twenty thousand spectators. The walls of the building are built of enormous blocks of stone and appear to be as enduring as mountains of

granite. Each entrance was numbered on the outside as a guide to persons presenting tickets for seats, and these numbers may still be plainly seen. There are two inscriptions on the building commemorating the presence of royal personages in the amphitheater, one announcing that Emperor Joseph II attended a display here, and the other records the visit of Napoleon I, and mentions the restorations which were carried on at his commands.

In the opening beneath the arches, blacksmiths have their forges and small dealers sell their wares, but the spirit of ancient days, which envelops the amphitheater, is mightier than these familiar activities of the passing hour.

Formerly, on the top of the broad silent walls, bloomed innumerable wild flowers, and the parapets were grass-grown. Recently the walls have been cleared, but in all other respects it has remained as it used to be when the citizens of old Verona filled these seats and gloated over the blood and butchery that graced a Roman holiday.

Let me call your attention to the fact that while the lower arches are all the same size, between every seven arches on the upper tier is a taller one, and these upper arches are all trimmed with light stone. This is a peculiarity of this amphitheater.

As you look over the wall facing us you may see on the inner side of the portion of the building opposite, the openings of the corridors between sections of seats, and at either end of the ellipse you may perceive the tiers of seats clearly defined.

Through the trees you may discern a broad sidewalk which encircles the building, and on all sides of the structure is a spacious piazza.

Position 91. Map 1.

Above the opposite wall of the amphitheater rises the upper portion of the church of S. Nicolo, and over the left-hand extremity, just over the roofs of the houses of the city, may be seen, at the base of the hill, the castle of St. Peter which we saw from our former position. The lofty tower seen between the church of S. Nicolo and the castle of St. Peter belongs to the church of S. Maria Antica, and on a line with and directly over the tower of S. Nicolo you may discern the college and seminary of the Vescovado, to the left of which and farther up the hill, you observe a water tower which supplies the city with drinking water. At the base of that hill, and a little to the right of the college and seminary buildings, you will notice a tower and also a grove of cypresses. These mark the Palazzo and Giardino Giusti. That beautiful palace and garden contain interesting Roman antiquities, and some of the trees are five hundred years old. To the right of the garden is seen the Campanile of the stately church of SS. Nazzaro e Celso, a Renaissance building of the fifteenth century. The cluster of white buildings seen some distance to the right belongs to the arsenal. In front of the arsenal is seen the tower of the church of St. Paolo di Cambo Marzo, which contains some fine frescoes by Paolo Veronese. Verona might well be called the City of Churches, so numerous are they; and it is almost purely a Gothic city in its architecture.

Notice the situation of the city and its surrounding country and you will understand the wonderful charm it has for all who come here. Seated so proudly beside the swiftly flowing Adige, encircled with snow-covered mountains in winter, which are vine-clad and verdant in summer, her narrow streets, above which

loom feudal towers and marble palaces, and her curious market places, the scene of comedy and tragedy, of crime and romance, all haunt the memory of one who has ever been here like the captivating music of some sweet or stirring song. "Pleasant Verona!" it is often called, and pleasant it most certainly is with its old Roman gates spanning its fair streets, its rich and somber churches decorated with gems of art, and its lovely suburbs with their terraced walks and balustraded galleries. It is a place in which one loves to linger and from which none ever care to hurry away. "At Verona, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence," wrote old John Evelyn in 1646; and, said Ruskin, "If I were asked to lay my finger, in the map of the world, on the spot of the world's surface which contains at this moment the most singular concentration of art-teaching and art-treasure, I should lay it on the name of Verona."

Any trip to Italy must be incomplete, and therefore unsatisfactory, until a person sets his eyes upon the most enchanting city, not only in Italy, but of the world — the far-famed, fairy-like Venice, "the fairest Paradise that man has seen since our first ancestors went forth from Eden." On the general map of Italy we find Venice, the last city to be visited on our journey, at the head of the Adriatic Sea, two hundred and fifty miles north of Rome, our starting place. Turning to the special map of Venice (map No. 10), we find in the upper right-hand corner a sketch of the city's surroundings. This sketch gives us a clear idea of the relation of Venice to the Italian shore and to the sea. On the main portion of the map we have the famous city outlined in detail before us. The princi-

Position 92. Maps 1 and 10.

pal feature, that we notice at once, is the Grand Canal, which begins on the south side of the city and winds in two great curves toward the northwest. The chief center of historic interest is found on the south side near the entrance to the Grand Canal.

Notice the number 92, in red, near the Isola di S. Giorgio Maggiore, and the two red lines which branch toward the northwest. We are to stand first at the point from which those lines start and look at that part of the city which they enclose.

Position 92. Venice—" White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest," Campanile, Doge's Palace and Prison

As you gaze upon this splendid city, rising so beautifully out of the sea, you will certainly agree that we have kept " the best wine until now," for the surprise of the traveler who beholds Venice for the first time, even after having seen the rest of Italy, is beyond all description; and he finds it hard to convince himself that the stately palaces and magnificent churches that rise above the water, sparkling in sunlight like mountains of jewels, are a substantial reality and not the gorgeous but ephemeral creations of his most extravagant dreams.

The city originally was settled by fugitives who fled hither from different parts of Italy when it was invaded by Attila. The date of the founding of the city as generally given, is March 25th, 421. Here were a hundred small islands separated by shallow water from the mainland and protected from the waves of the sea by long, low strips of land, and accessible through secret and narrow channels known only to settlers on the islands. The city is built upon these

islands, and the most convincing proof of the wealth and splendid genius of its citizens is not found in the walls and decorations of its matchless structures, but in what lies out of sight, the massive foundations that rest on great piles driven far down into the shifting sands. Remarkable as are these beautiful structures that you see at the water's edge bathed in sunlight, still more remarkable is the portion of them that you do not see, and that lies beneath the surface. It is a comparatively easy task to build in the light when you have some spot upon which to place the building, but when you must first *make the spot,* make it firm and immovable through the centuries, and that, too, in the very tides of the sea, the difficulty is well-nigh insurmountable. Sitting out here in the gondola, beholding all this glory and splendor of architecture, it is well for us to pause and think of the labor, the skill and the almost inexhaustible wealth that must have entered into the construction of the city.

An immediate object of attention here is that gondola, which is, as you perceive, a long boat tapering toward each end where it rises considerably out of the water. It is nearly flat-bottomed and contains well-cushioned seats a little back of the center of the boat, which can accommodate four persons. The craft, as you observe, is managed by means of an oar working on a crooked row-lock, the canals being too narrow to admit of the use of ordinary oars. When there is only one rower he stands upright in the stern behind the seat and faces in the direction the boat is going. He propels the gondola by pushing the oar from him, keeping the oar deep in the water on the backward stroke for the purpose of stopping it or steering, the whole performance suggesting a similar-

Position 92. Map 10.

ity to Charon's boats on the River Styx as represented by Michelangelo's painting of the *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. If the boat is a large one, the second rower stands in the bow of the boat and rows in the same manner as the other. The dexterity with which the gondolier propels this strange funereal-looking craft through the intricate network of small canals is most marvelous. Notice that halberd-like piece of iron with projecting teeth that is carried at the prow. It acts as a counterpoise to the rower at the stern and tests the height of the bridges.

This system of locomotion renders Venice a delightful place as a residence for those persons whose worn and sensitive nerves are affected by the sharp ring of horses' shoes or the constant rumbling of heavy wagons and loaded carts over the hard and oft-times uneven pavements of our city streets. Here not a horse is to be seen, not even the agile stair-climbing goats that form such a picturesque feature of Neapolitain street life. What a heaven on earth it would have been to Carlyle, who exclaims most bitterly: "That which the warld torments me in most is the awful confusion of noise. It is the devil's own infernal din all the blessed day long, confounding God's warks and his creatures — a truly awfu' hell-like concatenation, and the warst of a' is a railway whistle, like the screech of ten thousand cats and ivery cat of them as big as a cathedral."

Gazing over the placid waters, broken into new fantasies of rich tesselation by the passing breeze, our eyes rest upon the tall and graceful campanile which rises so majestically in the left-hand portion of our range of vision. It was begun in 888 and rebuilt in 1329 and provided with a marble top in 1417.

Position 92. Map 10.

From its summit Galileo discerned that the earth was not motionless but swift moving. When it was built the Straits of Gibraltar, the Pillars of Hercules, as they were then called, represented the limits of the earth. The loggetta or vestibule on the east side of the Campanile was once a rendezvous of the nobility, and afterward a waiting-room for the guards during the sessions of the Great Council. Observe that it had a marble summit which contained the belfry, an open loggia of four arches on each side, above which was a lofty pyramid crowned in 1517 with the figure of an angel sixteen feet high. It was customary to station a watchman in the tower whose duty it was to strike the great bell every quarter of an hour day and night; and a fireman, who scanned the city with a telescope constantly on the lookout for the first signs of a conflagration. This Campanile was three hundred and twenty-two feet in height and was ascended by an inclined plane of thirty-eight bends. The view from the top, especially at sunset, was exceedingly fine, including innumerable islands dotting a silvery sea, and far beyond the chain of the Alps, a glistening line of snowy peaks.

At twenty minutes to eleven Monday morning, July the fourteenth, 1902, this famous Campanile of St. Marks collapsed and fell with a great crash into the piazza. The ruins were piled up to a height of one hundred feet, and the piazza di San Marco was covered with dèbris and dust. The first intimation of danger was the sudden appearance, on the day previous, of a longitudinal crack in the corner of the wall facing the large piazza and the breaking of two windows. A concert, which had been arranged for on the piazza, was immediately stopped by the order

Position 92. Map 10.

of the prefect, with the object of preventing a concourse of people.

The masonry of the Campanile averaged about one hundred and five pounds to the cubic foot, and allowing for bells, trusses, etc., the weight of the tower could not have been far from thirteen thousand tons. Hence the load on the piling must have been about six tons per square foot.

The Campanile in falling carried away the celebrated Sansovino Loggetta and part of the library of the Royal Palace. Four of Sansovino's statues in the Loggetta were demolished, while a beautiful example of a Paul Veronese painting was destroyed in the Palace. The wing of an angel from the top of the bell tower was thrown down to the front door of the Cathedral, smashing the bando column, which was hurled five feet, just escaping the column supporting the south angle of the Cathedral, and thus averting a more serious catastrophe. Few persons were injured, but the disaster caused an immense sensation.

Generations of tourists had mounted to its summit to gaze upon one of the world's fairest views. The Campanile was a prolific author, for all over Italy are towers built after the pattern of St. Mark. None of them, however, are the equal of their illustrious progenitor. Its rebuilding will necessarily require much money and a long period of time.

The theory that the fall of the tower is due to the dredging of the canal, cannot be seriously considered. The cause of the disaster is easily found. The Campanile, like all Venetian buildings, was built on wooden piles driven deep into the mud. These piles, in the case of the Campanile, lasted nearly a thousand years, and then some of them gave way and the tower fell.

Position 92. Map 10.

The same sad fate must inevitably overtake the other famous buildings of Venice, the peerless structures which Venetians had come to think of as immortal. It is only a question of time when St. Mark's itself, probably the world's most priceless structure, will share the fate of the Campanile. Any morning the telegraph may click the mournful tidings of its collapse.

The subsidence and crumbling of Venice are a literal and astonishing fulfilment of the prophecy more than once uttered by Byron:

> "O! Venice! Venice! When thy marble walls
> Are level with the waters, there shall be
> A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
> A loud lament along the sweeping sea."
> "—— Venice lost and won,
> Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
> Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose."

Between the Campanile and the water front is the Royal Palace, which was formerly the library, containing among other valuable manuscripts the celebrated Grimani Breviary, the most beautiful illuminated work in existence. That palace is a magnificent structure, one of the finest in Italy; the long building farther back and to the left, behind a garden, is also a part of it. Notice the double colonnade, one above the other, with arches and pilasters, the arches of the upper story being the smaller.

To the right of the Royal Palace are two granite columns which were brought to Venice by the Doge Michiel from Syria in 1120 and erected here in 1179. The left-hand column is surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore, on a crocodile, who was one of the patron saints of the ancient republic, and erected here

Position 92. Map 10.

in 1329. The right-hand column represents the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the tutelary saint of the city. This latter statue we shall see to better advantage from our next position.

The superb structure seen over the bow of the gondola and to the right of the open square is the Palace of the Doges, sometimes called the Ducal Palace, the delicacy and beauty of whose architecture tend to mislead the observer as to the massiveness of its proportions.

In *The Queen of the Adriatic,* Clara Erskine Clement says: "From the tower, in the great days of the Venetian Republic, the first glimpse of homecoming war vessels was seen and signalled. In 1518 there hung, half way up the tower, a wooden cage, in which prisoners were kept until they starved to death. In the olden days there were four bells sounded for different purposes: La marangola was sounded at dawn to call the laboring classes; la sesta-mezzana opened the official bureaus; la trotterar called the councils to duty, and the bell del malefizio tolled out the requiem for those who were to be put to death. A fifth bell later was brought from Candia and was tolled only on Ascension Day."

Five palaces were erected on this spot, each being destroyed by fire. The first was built in 800, and the present palace, a restoration of an earlier structure, was constructed in 1342, and its elegant façade was completed in 1442. You observe that, like the Royal Palace, it has a double colonnade with pointed vaultings, the moldings of the upper one being remarkably rich and striking. The lower columns are shorter than those above and beautifully decorated with historical and allegorical representations.

That palace was not merely the residence of the head of a State, but, somewhat like our White House at Washington, it was the place where executive business was transacted and councils of state were held, except that these councils were not advisory and subordinate, as is the President's Cabinet, but co-ordinate, partaking more of the nature of our Congress and Supreme Court. In early times the Doges possessed autocratic power untrammeled by council or any legislative body, but this resulted in unbridled despotism, and the Grand Council was afterward instituted with a sub-council of forty, who acted somewhat like our Supreme Court. Then a council of sixty was added, without whose advice and consent the Doge could not determine financial, political or foreign affairs; and last, a council of ten who had jurisdiction in all crimes against the peace and welfare of the State. Eventually it fell out that the lot of a Doge was by no means all sunshine and glory. Five of the first fifty preserved their lives by abdicating; five were banished with their eyes burned out; five were deposed; five were assassinated and two perished in battle — twenty-two in all. As for the other twenty-eight, it is not saying too much to affirm that most of them would have been happier had they never been elected to the office.

Magnificent as the structure appears from without, and glorious as much of it is within, gladness and peace have always been strangers to its walls, and its roof has covered scenes of cruelty and murder such as no pen can adequately describe.

Do you see the small openings in the wall of the palace up there under the battlements of its roof? Well, strange to say, that portion of the fair edifice was a ghastly prison called Scotto Piombi (Under the Leads). In some very essential respects in a climate like this, a prison "under the leads" was even more terrible than underground dungeons, for the latter would be cool and moist at least, but in the awful burning heat of a long summer, without light and

Position 92. Map 10.

ventilation, surrounded by the stifling, horrible, mind-reeling and consuming heat, and oft-times deprived of water, the suffering was intense. We have a description of the miseries of this place written by Jacopo Casanova, an escaped prisoner, and which is versified for us by Rogers:

"But let us to the roof,
And, when thou hast surveyed the sea, the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
As in a place of tombs. There burning suns,
Day after day, beat unrelentingly;
Turning all things to dust and scorching up
The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
Answering each other as in mockery.

Few houses of this size were better filled;
Though many came and left it in an hour.
'Most nights,' so said the good old Niccolo
(For three and thirty years has uncle kept
The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
Though much was on his mind), 'most nights arrived
The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
And bore away, as to the lower world,
Disburdening in the Canal Orfano,
That drowning-place, where never net was thrown,
Summer or winter, death the penalty;
And where a secret, once deposited,
Lay till the waters should give up their dead.'"

The cells of this prison were destroyed in 1797.

The prisons mostly used for political offenders were the Pozzi, in the substructure of the palace. Gloomy and awful these cells certainly are, as I can testify, for I went down into them as most travelers do. In one place where I stood, prisoners were often strangled and their bodies carried along the low, narrow stone corridor to the waters of the canal. These cells are

dark as perpetual night, and their floors are worn smooth by the ceaseless pacing of restless feet. Altogether it is a dismal place, paint it as brightly as you will, and one from which we were glad to escape into the bright, cool air above; and when you have stepped into your gondola and been rowed out here on the lagoon and look back upon the beautiful exterior of this building, it seems as though, by very contrast, the thought of those fearful dungeons becomes more terrible than ever.

The bridge seen in front of the right-hand extremity of the Ducal Palace is the Ponte della Paglia, and the one seen over and a little beyond it — extending from the Doge's Palace to the next right-hand building — is the Bridge of Sighs, which we shall see later from the Ponte della Paglia. The building on the right of this bridge and facing the lagoon is the City Prison. Observe what a fine artistic front this structure has, with rustic arches below and a row of Doric columns on pedestals above. From our present point of view it appears to be anything but a prison, but later on we shall see it on its severe side, where its purpose is expressed in its very architecture.

We will now take our stand in front of the granite column which may be seen near the Ducal Palace. The map gives our position definitely.

Position 93. The Lion of Venice

Here we are in front of the Piazzetta (Little Square), and before us is the noble column bearing up the symbol of the patron saint of the city. This magnificent shaft and its companion column bearing S. Theodore standing upon a crocodile, are so inter-

Position 92. Map 10.

woven with the life and history of Venice that they are duplicated in almost every city over which the Republic ruled. St. Theodore wields a sword in his left hand and on his right arm he carries a shield, a symbol of the temper of the Republic, which was the strong arm for defense, her utmost strength being put forth in protecting herself and not in assailing others.

Now let us direct our attention to the column upholding the Lion. Did you ever see a grander pillar? Certainly there are not many. It came from Syria, and there is a legend that it once stood in Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. The winged lion is of bronze, a work of the fifteenth century. Spread out before him is an open Bible on which was carved "The Gospel according to St. Mark," but the French erased the scriptural quotation and inserted "Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen." On being told of this change, a gondolier standing in his rocking boat, athwart which fell the shadow of the column, remarked, that "St. Mark, like all the rest of the world, had been compelled to turn over a new leaf."

When Napoleon was here in 1805 he so admired this Lion that he took it with him to Paris and had it set up in the Hotel des Invalides, but it was subsequently returned.

When these columns were being landed from the vessel which brought them over the sea, one of them fell overboard and sank in the mud, and for a long time every effort to raise it proved unsuccessful. At last, the Doge Ziani offered the grant of any special privilege that might be requested by any one who succeeded in placing the column on shore; upon which, a certain Lombard, named Niccolo il Barattiere, volunteered his services and succeeded in rescuing the column, choosing as his reward that he might set up a gambling table

between the columns, a concession which resulted in disastrous consequences, for this was the heart of the city, and, although wealth poured into the coffers of the gambler, the business and social life of the Republic was fast becoming demoralized. But a concession once granted could not be repealed and, in order to keep the people from the place, it was enacted that all public executions should be inflicted between these columns and beside the gambling table; and so dreadful did the spot become in the minds of the populace that to step "between the columns" was thought to insure some terrible calamity.

To the right is seen the end of the Doge's Palace with its beautiful double colonnade presenting a richly embellished appearance toward the sea and the Piazzetta. From our present standpoint we get a closer view of the ornamentation of the structure. Observe how much larger are the arches and how much shorter and thicker the columns of the lower colonnade than are those of the ones above and how delicate and harmonious is the design of the entire structure. The lower arcade consists of thirty-six columns and the upper of seventy-one. Notice also the artistic arrangement of the small slabs of colored marble which face the upper portion of the building. In this palace is Tintoretto's *Paradise,* the largest oil painting in the world, measuring thirty by seventy-five feet.

On a line extending parallel with the side of the Palace facing the Piazzetta, and between this palace and the Column of the Lion, you will see a row of ornamental bronze candelabra. The building seen between the candelabra and the Ducal Palace is a portion of the side wall of the Cathedral of St. Mark, in the minds of some eminent art critics the most beautiful building in the world. From our present point of view we have the opportunity of leisurely

Position 93. Map 10.

examining its stately pillars and arches and its graceful spires into whose niches are set splendid statuary.

Observe that spire rising between the summits of the two upper arches of San Marco. You notice in its niche a statue of one of Italy's saints. The niche below this contains no statue, but under this again is a third niche containing a Byzantine Madonna (dimly seen), before which a lamp burns nightly to commemorate the remorse of the Council of Ten — generally supposed to be strangers to such a sentiment — for the unjust condemnation of Giovanni Grassi, executed in 1611, and pardoned ten years after his death!

Between the Pillar of the Lion of St. Mark and the front of the cathedral is seen the Clock Tower, which was erected in 1494. This dial is resplendent with azure and gold, the sun on the hands traveling round the zodiacal signs which decorate it, and marking the time of twice twelve hours. In the niche above this dial you perceive some pieces of statuary, gilt bronze figures representing the Virgin and Child. In the square above you may see a gigantic figure, a lion of S. Mark, upon an azure and stellated ground, while the whole structure is surmounted by two bronze Vulcans who strike the hours upon the bell. This Clock Tower was struck by lightning in 1750 and restored in 1755.

The buildings on either side of the Clock Tower were added at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Under the clock you may see a portion of the outlines of an arched doorway. It leads to the Merceria, the center of the commercial activity of the city, a district where there are many large shops and warehouses and where the paved streets are narrow and crooked. Formerly there used to stand in this Merceria a draped

female figure arrayed in the latest Parisian style, and the ladies of Venice used to stroll here and inspect the costumes with the same eagerness that modern ladies consult the fashion plates.

Contrary to the general idea, one may go on foot to almost every section of Venice, and I have strolled through the city for an entire day; for, in addition to old picturesque courts and the labyrinth of intricate lanes for the use of pedestrians, narrow walks occasionally separate the waters of the canals from the sides of the buildings.

To the left in our field of vision are the walls of the old Campanile; the windows by which they are pierced lighted the ascent to the summit of the tower. The massive arcade seen at the base of the Campanile, and between it and the column, is the Loggetta, or vestibule of the tower, to which we have already referred. It was erected after designs by Sansovino in 1540 and is ornamented with bronze statues of Pallas, Apollo, Mercury and Peace, and with beautiful bronze gates, all cast by the same artist. The structure has three arches divided by double columns. Within are statues in niches. At this end of the Loggetta there is a single arch which rests upon two pillars on either side of which is a passageway. Part of this structure was destroyed by the falling of the Campanile, and afterwards restored.

Once a week this Loggetta used to be the center of a very animated and ofttimes excited scene, for the public lottery was drawn here on Saturday afternoons. The numbers were drawn from a revolving glass cylinder containing ninety identical tubes, in each of which was a single number from one to ninety. The numbers were drawn by a little boy, who was

Position 93. Map 10.

blindfolded, a different boy being employed each week. The little fellow received a suit of clothes and five dollars for his trouble, and hence the position was much sought for; but here, as elsewhere, influence determined the choice.

The Italians hate work and dream of fabulous fortunes that may come with every turn of the wheel. There is a class of men who give "tips" on the lottery, as they do here in America on the races, and probably with about the same results. In selecting their lottery numbers, they are influenced by the most trivial matters. An Italian met a priest and asked him to give him the numbers that would be drawn at the next lottery.

"How should I know?" protested the clerical, "and to think I do, does little credit to your brains."

"No, no! do not say so, Padre mio! Give me a terno. Pray content me this once."

"My son, I will give you a rule for always being contented. Avoid sin, think often of death and behave so as to merit Paradise."

"Basta! basta! Thanks, a thousand thanks! God will reward you!" and off he runs and plays the numbers corresponding to sin, death and Paradise. Would you believe it? The three numbers are drawn and the fellow's joy knew no bounds. The news spread all over the city, and the poor priest, who was utterly innocent of trying to suggest a number, was besieged by multitudes of people for numbers for the next lottery, and the more he protested the more they clamored, and every word he spoke was turned into a number and played at the next lottery.

You have doubtless wondered why so many gondolas are moored here in this spot, and the reason is that this is the landing of the ferry or tragetto.

Observe that the gondolas seen at the base of the column have a "felze," or covering overspread with black cloth, which forms a small cabin and affords protection from the rain and wind. There is a door

Position 93. Map 10.

in front and a small sliding window on each side. This canopy is generally removed in summer and an awning put in its place.

The gondoliers are usually strong, active, civil fellows, who boast the distinction of having in their Guild the oldest trades union in the world. They generally own their own gondolas, the cost of one of these we are looking at being about two hundred dollars. In the season for tourists they sometimes make two dollars a day, but the balance of the year their earnings are much less. The number of gondolas in the city is limited by the city authorities, as is also that assigned to each of the hotels.

Nearby, in the narrow street called the Calle delle Razzle, is a restaurant frequented by sailors and gondoliers, where characteristic food is displayed in the windows, all of which is cooked. Here are shown loaves of Indian meal bread three or four feet in diameter, and fried fish of different kinds. A very good dinner can be gotten for two or three cents. Alongside the restaurant is a wine shop, and above a pyramid of casks is a cluster of crimson lamps hanging before a flaring Madonna. Two of these lamps are lighted by day, but in the evening, when the gondoliers crowd the shop to drink the money they have earned, she will have a whole chandelier ablaze in her honor.

That curious object perched on the post in front of us, and looking somewhat like a bird-cage with a pyramidal top, is the gondolier's shrine of the Virgin; and every night, in summer and winter, through storm and calm, for all the years, it is lighted. The fact that it lights the way to the landing steps, thus mingling the utilitarian with the devotional element, does

Position 93. Map 10.

not, in the minds of these swarthy boatmen, detract in any wise from the latter.

The Piazzetta which opens up so magnificently before us is called by the Venetians the Bocca di Piazzi (the Mouth of the Square). This is a spot from whence the fleets of Venice sailed and to which they returned laden with the spoil of empires; where emperors, kings and popes have landed in state, being met by the brilliant pomp of Venetian hospitality. We will advance along the smooth, spacious pavement of the Mouth of the Square, and, as we do so, there will open up to us such a wonderful vision of architectural grandeur and loveliness as can be seen nowhere else in all the world.

Passing through this stately doorway into the glories of Venice our eyes are dazzled and our enthusiasm is aroused by the sight of the famous Cathedral. The map shows our two positions and their relation to each other.

Position 94. San Marco, "an oriental poem in marble, mosaic and gold"

It does not seem possible for the mind of man to conceive anything more gloriously beautiful than the sight here presented to us. The flock of pigeons near us is a striking and unique feature of the grand Piazza. They have existed here so long that their origin is quite forgotten. They were formerly maintained by a provision of the Republic, but now subsist by means of a fund derived from a legacy left for the purpose by a rich Venetian lady, and by the gifts of grain and peas given them by strangers. They may be called the sacred birds of Venice, for they are pro-

tected by the almost superstitious care and affection of the people; and a handful of grain thrown upon the pavement by a visitor will always attract a great number of them, who settle down about their benefactor like a white and fluffy cloud. They never show any signs of fear, but run before you as you walk, and perch upon your outstretched hands and shoulders. At night they lodge under the eaves of the surrounding buildings.

This famous and beautiful piazza, considered by Ruskin to be the finest square in the world, is the center of the business and amusement of the city. In front rises the gorgeous cathedral, a very dream of splendor with its airy domes, graceful spires, delicate fluted columns, and magnificent façade ablaze with ruby and opal and gold. Observe that there are five vaulted porches, and while there are an equal number of domes, only four of them can be seen by us. There are one hundred and fifty noble columns built into the façade of the building, most of them having been brought from the East, and their Syrian and Armenian inscriptions show that they were taken from older buildings. For many years while the cathedral was being erected, the first question asked of the captain of any ship coming from eastern ports was, "What new treasure have you brought for the building of St. Mark?" and unless he had some contribution to offer to the structure, he was not allowed to land his cargo.

Over the central entrance of the church are four famous bronze horses brought by Augustus from Alexandria, and placed by him upon his triumphal arch at Rome. Afterward they were removed in succession by Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Septimius Severus and Constantine to their own arches, and finally car-

Position 94. Map 10.

ried by the last named emperor to his new capital at Constantinople, from which city they were brought to Venice. Napoleon took them to Paris to adorn the Arch of Triumph in the Place du Carrousel in 1797, but they were brought back here in 1815. If you stood beside the horses they would appear heavy and clumsy, but from the pavement of the piazza they are as light and graceful as Arabian steeds. Back of the horses is a vaulted space, a field of clearest blue shot through with countless stars.

The five outer doors are of bronze, bearing an inscription which says that they were executed in the year 1300 by Bertuccio, a Venetian goldsmith. In the vestibule of the church, near the central entrance, is a lozenge of red and white marble, marking the spot where Pope Alexander III and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa were reconciled on the 23d of July, 1117, through the intervention of the Venetian Republic. When the Emperor saw the Pope, he threw off his imperial robes and prostrated himself before him. Alexander with tears raised him up and gave him the kiss of peace. Thereupon, within the beautiful cathedral, swelled out the *Te Deum,* and the Emperor, hand in hand with the Pope, entered the building, where he received the Papal benediction.

The church was begun in 830, merely as a chapel attached to the Doge's Palace; and the walls of the present edifice were rebuilt after a disastrous fire in 975, but the façade was not completed until the fifteenth century. It is in the form of a Greek cross and is two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and sixty-eight feet wide. Within and without it is adorned with five hundred marble columns and forty-five thousand square feet of mosaics.

The Byzantine architect, who was brought from Constantinople to plan and direct the erection of the cathedral, was an ugly, bow-legged dwarf, who undertook to raise a building of unparalleled magnificence on the condition that his statue be placed in the most conspicuous position in the church. The agreement was reluctantly made, for his statue would not add to the beauty of the structure. But one day the Doge, who stood watching the uprearing of the building, overheard the architect say that owing to certain obstacles thrown in his way, he did not intend to execute the work in the manner planned. "In that case," exclaimed the Doge, "we are absolved from our promise!" and instead of giving it the most conspicuous place, they put it in a corner of the structure where the dwarfish statue of an old man on crutches, with his finger on his lips, represents the designer of St. Mark's.

"A multitude of pillars and white domes cluster into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, sealed with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it fades back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago."—RUSKIN.

Around the walls of the porches are pillars of variegated stones, marble, jasper, porphyry, and, above them, in the broad archivolts, are sculptured angels and the signs of heaven, and still above these a row of glittering pyramids, beneath which are placed statues of apostles, and over the center of the arches

Position 94. Map 10.

and between the pinnacles are yet other marble statues, to which Mr. Ruskin refers when he exclaims "until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

Observe in front of St. Mark's the three tall flag-staffs. They are made of larch wood, painted red, and rest upon beautiful bronze standards decorated with elaborate reliefs of sea-nymphs and tritons, and these in turn are supported by granite pedestals. The staffs are surmounted by winged lions, but so lofty is their elevation that you can scarcely make them out. From these masts once floated the three gonfalons of silk and gold, emblematical of the three dominions of the Republic, Candia, Cyprus and the Morea. These in recent years have been displaced by the flags of the city and of united Italy.

The north side of this piazza — the side on the left — is bordered by the Clock-tower and other stately buildings resting upon an arcade of fifty arches, within which are the finest and most expensive shops in the city. These structures were erected in 1517 for the dwellings of the Procurators of St. Mark's, the church wardens or trustees, very important personages in the ancient Republic. They were called the Procuratie Vecchie.

On the south or right side of the square — the side of the Campanile — stands another row of fine buildings, the Procuratie Nuove, once used as a library, and the side of which we saw from the Piazzetta.

The side of the square facing St. Mark's was built

in 1810 by Napoleon, and its ground floor contains the finest shops and most brilliant cafés.

This world-famed square, surrounded on all sides by magnificent buildings and paved most elaborately with marble, is an animated scene on winter afternoons and on summer evenings, at which times a military band plays here; and among the memories of a Venetian visit that linger longest through the years, as if loth to fade away, is that of a summer night spent in this piazza when the moon was full and the soft strains of ravishing music floated out through the silvery light over city and sea; and when the piazza, filled with a brilliant company of olive-skinned and gaily dressed Venetians among whom mingled tourists from every land, had as its background the great church glistening like a mountain of snow, and giving a touch of romantic and Oriental splendor to the scene.

We will now take a look within the Cathedral.

Position 95. The interior of St. Mark's

The sight before us is a revelation of almost celestial glory. This vaulted structure, rising up on all sides, glows with gold and purple and is penciled in sunlight, which streams down from the overarching domes; and the broad bands of changeful light, gleaming from precious marbles and falling upon the mosaic floor beneath our feet, make it a rival of the famous pavement of the Baths of Caracalla. It is the general impression, rather than the details of the structure, that makes the whole a dream of unearthly splendor. And yet the details do not suffer by the closest examination and comparison, as, for instance, the pavement

Position 94. Map 10.

of the church. It is not only rich and beautiful in its patterns, but the symbols and allegories it represents are curious and interesting; such as a powerful and well-fed lion, a very king of the jungle, standing on the sea; and a lean, emaciated lion standing on the land, denoting what would be the fate of Venice if she abandoned her profitable maritime commerce for territorial acquisitions. Again we see two cocks carrying off a fox, indicating the capture of the crafty Ludovico Sforza by two Gallic monarchs, Charles VII and Louis XII. This pavement is uneven and was long thought by some to be symbolical of the waves of the Adriatic, over which Venice was mistress, but it is probably due to the settling of the foundation of the building.

Direct your attention to the rich marble screen that separates the choir from the nave, which you see on our right. It is adorned, as you will observe, with bas-reliefs on the base, and with graceful Corinthian columns. It is surmounted by fourteen marble statues, executed in 1393, representing the Virgin, St. Mark and the twelve apostles. In the center is a silver crucifix, gilded, which is always covered by a curtain, as you see it now, except on great occasions. Over the figures nearest us you may discern the pipes of the great organ.

Two pulpits are seen here, one on either side of the screen. They are made of colored marble, the more distant one being of Byzantine design, adorned with a statue of an angel, and resting upon nine columns of variegated marble, while the nearer one rests upon eleven columns.

The high altar, farther to the right than we now see, stands beneath a canopy of verde antico, which

rests upon four columns bearing inscriptions, and thought to date from the eleventh century. The front of the altar is emblazoned with plates of silver and gold encrusted with jewels, and is perfectly dazzling in its splendor. It was made in Constantinople in 1105. This altar is always covered with a curtain, except at Easter, when it is temporarily removed upon the payment of a small fee (five cents) by each visitor.

Beneath this high altar are said to repose the remains of St. Mark, the bringing of whose body from Alexandria to Venice was the result of the grasping nature of the King of Alexandria, who plundered the church where the evangelist was interred in order to adorn his palace. Two Venetian sea captains, then in the port, begged the privilege of taking the body to Venice, and in this they were seconded by the priests, who were in constant fear lest the body should be desecrated. The legend goes that no sooner was the ship bearing the precious remains out of sight of land than a fearful storm arose and all that night it raged furiously. When it had reached a degree of severity that appalled even the most courageous of the sailors, St. Mark appeared to the captain and told him to reef all sail as rapidly as possible, as they were fast driving on toward a ledge of rock and no time was to be lost. He also directed him how to steer and informed him how long the storm would last. So the safety of the ship and of the body itself was due to this miracle. It would seem, however, as though all this trouble might have been avoided if the legend is true which relates that once in his lifetime, when the evangelist was on his way to Alexandria, his ship was driven to take refuge among these Venetian islands during a terrible storm, and that it was then revealed to him that one day his body would rest here, beneath a beautiful cathedral, set in the midst of a magical city rising out of a fair and iridescent sea.

Notice the great lamp to our extreme left which hangs suspended from the roof. It is cunningly

Position 95. Map 10.

wrought and is of an elaborate and curious design. Observe also the statue of the Angel, seen above the farther pulpit, and the frescoes and mosaics which adorn the walls.

So beautiful and imposing is this cathedral that it stands unrivaled in the richness and charm of its architecture among the churches of the world; we are not surprised that the building of the Italian Government at the Paris Exposition of 1900 was a model of this structure.

When looking from our first position in Venice (Position 92), we saw the bridge, Ponte della Paglia, just to the east of the Ducal Palace. We shall next take a position on the Ponte della Paglia, and view the Bridge of Sighs.

Position 96. Bridge of Sighs, between a palace and a prison

This famous bridge is called by the Italians the Ponte dei Sospiri, and is a covered double passageway between the Ducal Palace on our left and the Criminal Prison on our right. Prisoners when condemned were conducted across this gallery to receive their sentence, after which they were led away to execution. This bridge is, as you can readily see, a single arch of bold and artistic design, and is thirty-three feet above the water. It was erected in 1600.

The prison has accommodation for about four hundred prisoners, and the side toward the Ducal Palace has a stern and gloomy aspect well suited to the character of the structure. It was built in 1589.

From our present point of view we may see to good advantage the handsome side of the Ducal Palace

with its artistic windows and basement of facetted stone.

An old American lady when asked her impression of Venice, replied, that at the time of her visit there the spring freshet had flooded the streets to such an extent, that the citizens were compelled to use boats to get about the town, either for business or pleasure. It looks as we had struck a spring freshet ourselves and the boats are pretty thick in the flooded street, so much so that we wonder how they are going to pass one another.

There are now between three hundred and fifty and four hundred bridges in Venice, and the numbers of canals are variously estimated from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. The farther bridge seen under the Bridge of Sighs is built of marble and is very bright and attractive. We catch some of the charm of Venice here. The sunshine sparkling upon the dancing waters of the canal makes a broad pathway of light in front of the somewhat somber but picturesque gondolas; while the waters, lapping the walls of the old palaces and dwelling houses, fill the air with a murmur of soft and dreamful music.

Except in special places, like the Public Gardens, there are no trees to be seen, and tourists need not learn the Italian for "Keep off the grass under penalty of the law."

We have seen somewhat of the city, but as yet we have not taken our position upon any great elevation and obtained a bird's-eye view of Venice. We will therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity by enjoying the same view from the summit of the old Campanile that thousands upon thousands of travel-

Position 96. Map 10.

ers had enjoyed before its fall. The red lines on the map connected with the number 97, show that we are to look toward the southwest.

Position 97. "The Bride of the Sea"—a view from the Campanile

Nothing could be finer than this group of islands in the midst of this wide expanse of water; and no better place could be found in which to call to mind the early history of Venice than our present position. It will be well for us to bear constantly in mind that the name Venezia, or Venice, was originally the name, not of the city, but of the district of country lying between Verona and the sea; and a clear comprehension of much that you read in Venetian history and see in the modern city, depends upon a constant realization of this fact.

Several great rivers, of which the Po and the Adige are the chief, flow into the Gulf of Venice and bring down to the sea a mass of silt which forms deltas, or sand bars, inclosing vast lagoons of shallow water (one of them twenty-five miles long and nine miles wide), in which is the group of islands on which modern Venice now stands. Originally these islands bore the name of Rivo Alto or Rialto, which means the Deep Channel. They are situated two and a half miles from the mainland. In the beginning, the town founded here was called Rialto, and by this name it is known to its inhabitants at the present day, but gradually the name Venezia — Venice — became the name by which the city was known to the outer world.

Another fact must not be forgotten, and that is that the Venetian Republic down to the French

Revolution was never at any time a part of any Teutonic, Gothic, Lombard, Frank or Saxon dominion, but that it was long in intimate relation with, and continually under the influence of Byzantium, which gave an Oriental coloring to its early buildings and their adornments. The plan of St. Mark's was taken from St. Sophia at Constantinople, and its brilliant coloring is an imitation of Eastern magnificence. Venice also confiscated Greek treasures of architecture wherever she found them, so that its structures became Greek and Byzantine rather than Italian.

It has been well said that he who arrives by rail in Venice at the present time, enters the city at the back door. The front door is the one that opens so superbly before us here, and was designed for those who came by sea; and here Venice arrayed herself most gloriously, so as to receive these visitors with proper splendor. The ambassadors or merchants who approached the city across these placid waters saw first the noble domes of the churches, the lofty Campanile from which we are viewing this scene, and the two great columns in the Piazzetta. Then, as they drew still nearer, the imposing façade of the Doge's Palace and the snowy front of S. Giorgio Maggiore and of S. Maria della Salute appeared, and they landed at the Piazzetta dazzled and bewildered by the glories of the city.

Let us now direct our attention to the details in the scene before us. The handsome and spacious church, with its two unequal domes and its picturesque Campanile, seen to the right, is the church of S. Maria della Salute. It was erected in 1631 by Longhena, as a votive offering for the cessation of

Position 97. Map 10.

a fearful pestilence which had ravaged the city and the islands of the lagoons, in which almost one hundred and fifty thousand persons perished (forty-six thousand in the city, ninety-four thousand in the lagoons), and hence it was dedicated to Our Lady of Deliverance, and almost every object of art it contains, although many of them came from earlier structures, refers to pestilence. The situation of the church is superb, and its approach from the canal by means of a broad and gleaming flight of marble steps adds greatly to the impressiveness of the structure.

As you see, it is a domed octagonal church, out of which opens a deep recess forming the choir. Observe that the dome rests upon pillars, and has, as a further support, twisted buttresses, scroll-like, which are surmounted by figures representing prophets, evangelists and saints; and beneath this dome and clustered about these buttresses are eight chapels. Around the outside of the buttresses extends a passage way. You may see its encircling balustrade, and above, at the base of the dome, is a similar gallery. Over the dome is an open lantern, cupola-crowned, surmounted by a statue. At the apex of the pediment, above the principal entrance to the church, there is a statue of the Virgin, who thus takes the place of pre-eminence on the structure which was erected in her honor. The church is built in florid, classical style, and while, externally, it may be over-decorated, it is a singularly attractive structure whose excellencies, however, are not apt to be appreciated, since it has the misfortune of being overshadowed by the magnificence of the cathedral of St. Mark.

Position 97. Map 10.

The pillars of the church were brought from the amphitheater of Pola, and in front of the altar is a fine candelabrum by Brescia. Many of the female figures in this church have golden hair, the favorite color, not only in ancient Rome, but also here in medieval Venice. The city belles were in the habit of steeping their raven locks in a special preparation and then sitting for hours on the balconies which overhung the canals, wearing broad straw hats, and with a wealth of golden hair falling over their shoulders in order to dry it.

This church contains the heads of apostles and evangelists, the work of the immortal Titian, who painted himself as Matthew. Other fine works by the same great artist are St. Mark seated on a throne with SS. Cosima, Damiano and Sebastian; and the Descent of the Holy Ghost; besides fine ceiling paintings by other celebrated artists, among whom are Tintoretto, Fra Bartolommeo and Paolo Veronese.

"Here Titian, Tintoret and Giambellin,
And that strong master of a myriad hues,
The Veronese, like flowers with odors keen,
Shall smite your brain with splendors; they confuse
The soul that wandering in their world must lose
Count of our littleness, and cry that then
The gods we dream of walked the earth like men."

To the right of S. Maria della Salute, and extending down to the waters of the canal, rises a mass of somewhat somber-looking buildings which formerly belonged to the monastery of S. Gregorio, now secularized and let out in tenements. The church of the monastery has a fine Gothic choir which dates from the fourteenth century. The old courtyard is

Position 97. Map 10.

much dilapidated but is still the most picturesque courtyard in Venice, and its quaint gateway, facing the Grand Canal, is surmounted by a statue of St. Gregory.

The building seen to the left of the church of S. Maria della Salute is the Seminario Patriarcale, which is attached to the church and contains a small collection of pictures, also the property of the church.

The low, wedge-like structure to the left of the Seminary is the Dogana or Custom House. It was built in 1667. The small end of the wedge forms the front of the building, surmounted by a large gilded globe, which supports a figure of Navigation holding a sail and turning with the wind,— quite a unique kind of weather-vane.

The water seen between us and the Custom House is the entrance to the Grand Canal, and that beyond the Custom House and Seminary is the Giudecca with the Island of Giudecca beyond, so called because the Jews were permitted to settle there. The church seen on this island, over the roof of the Custom House, is the church of Il Redentore, built by the Republic in 1577 after the staying of the plague of the previous year. It has a splendid position, facing as it does the broad canal, and its dome and campaniles may be seen from afar. The façade of the church faces us, and you may see its flight of broad marble steps leading down to the water. The church presents a finer appearance when viewed from a distance than when seen at close range.

He who lingers long in Venice will come to the conclusion that it is one of the most religious cities in Italy. Prayer never ceases here, and out over its network of canals, that gleam like silver threads,

there is constantly floating the "muezzin" call of the chimes. In some one of its many churches (and it seems to have been the purpose of the Venetians that every shoal and island should have its mother church), the sacrament is continually exposed and the clergy succeed one another in offering prayer before it night and day.

The four great plague churches in the city bring to mind the fact that in Venice the difficulty had long been that of procuring good water. Drinking water was long brought from the mainland in water-boats, but this made it very expensive. Artesian wells were sunk in 1847 by the city authorities, but it was found that the water obtained in this way is by nature highly charged with inflammable gas, much like the natural gas in America, which forms bubbles upon the surface and which ignites on the application of a lighted match. Not finding these artesian wells altogether desirable, the authorities have been compelled to supply the city with drinking water from the mainland.

The fleet of schooners which you perceive moored the other side of the Custom House are loaded with firewood and lumber which they have brought from Trieste. The captains usually own their boats and sail them. Fuel here, as elsewhere in Italy, is very expensive, coal being scarce, gas but little used, and oil brings a high price. To the eyes of English and Americans, the shipping in the harbor of Venice is a novel and attractive sight, and even more interesting than the strangely shaped craft with their brilliantly colored sails are the Venetian sailors with their large earrings of filigree-work and their sun-

Position 97. Map 10.

blackened faces and chests, who, in their strolls on Sunday afternoons in the public gardens, form a striking contrast to the young dandies who resort hither carrying gaudy fans and gaily colored parasols.

About the church of the Redentore, on the Island of Giudecca, are large bonded warehouses, and on the island still further away you may discern similar structures; and beyond, in the soft, gray distance, the phantom outlines of other islands may be seen.

The garden directly below us on the right bank of the Grand Canal, and bordered by a marble parapet, is the Giardino Reale, or Royal Garden, now open to the public. The building at the right of the garden, with low spires at each corner of its roof and the dome-like structure in the middle, is the Pavilion, built by Napoleon in classical style and now used as a café. The structure beyond the Pavilion, the Citta di Monaco, is a hotel, while the irregular building still farther to the right is the Hotel Europa (originally the Palazzo Giustiniani).

The large, square building seen between us and the steps of the church of S. Maria della Salute is the Palazzo Emo-Treves, a structure of the seventeenth century and now an art gallery containing some excellent works, the most noted of which are two colossal statues by Canova (Hector and Ajax), and of unusual merit.

The long, tiled roof, which you observe between us and the Royal Garden, belongs to the Procuratie Nuove, now a part of the Royal Palace (bordering the south side of the Piazza and already described), out from which extend wings with cement roofs surrounded by high walls.

Position 97. Map 10.

We shall now take our stand on the Grand Canal, some distance farther to the right than we can see, and as we shall look back to the entrance to the canal we will recognize some of the buildings we now see before us. The map shows that we shall be looking slightly south of east.

Position 98. The Grand Canal, Venice

Before us opens up the Grand Canal, a sight having once seen you can never forget. On either side stretch away long rows of balconied and columned palaces with many a black boat moored to the gaudy posts about the entrances, their images undulating in the musical ripple of the waters that stretch away in an ever narrowing vista through scenes of bewildering splendor.

First of all, because most conspicuous, our eyes instinctively rest upon the domes and two campaniles of the church of S. Maria della Salute, seen a little to the right. From our position on the Campanile of St. Mark we could see but one of these bell-towers, but from this point on the Grand Canal they are both visible, and, in connection with the domes, present a beautiful appearance. To the left of this church is the Custom House with its tower and globe.

Following the right bank of the canal, notice to the right of the Custom House a section of the dark, low walls of the monastery. The three-story palace, seen next and to the right of the monastery and beneath the dome of S. Maria della Salute, is the Palazzo Genovese erected in 1898. It is an imitation of the earlier Gothic palaces, but lacks their grace and finish. Some distance this side of the

Position 98. Map 10.

Genovese Palace, you see the Mula Palace, a three-story building having three side windows facing us; the windows on the first and second floors are Gothic. It seems to stand immediately beyond a low, two-storied building. Between the palace nearest the church and the Mula Palace stands the Palazzo Semitocolo; also the Palazzo Volkoff, inhabited by Duse, the famous actress. Still nearer is the Palazzo Dario, a building in the early Renaissance style. Back of the Mula Palace is seen the line of a narrow street, and on this side of the structure and beneath the three side windows to which we have already referred, is a small open square called the Campo S. Vitale, on which is the English church. Apartments are let to students and tourists in many of the palaces. The four-story palace, seen under the campanile of S. Maria della Salute, with the arcaded and gaily painted front, is the Loredan Palace, once inhabited by the late Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender. It is decorated with Bourbon lilies. The building at the extreme right in our field of vision is the mosaic factory of Salviati.

Now direct your attention to objects near us. Those bow-shaped gondolas look exceedingly light and airy for their size, and the gondoliers, with their blue or white blouses open at the neck, present a pleasing appearance. While as a class these gondoliers are quite intelligent, they have certain superstitions to which they cling most tenaciously, and which exercise a remarkable influence over their lives. One of these is their belief in the Jettatura, or evil eye. "If a lawyer accepts a case against a Jettatura he will die," they say; and they tell of such an one who was on trial for some crime.

The case was clearly against him, but the judge, knowing that the man had the reputation of possessing the evil eye, was not pleased at the prospect of pronouncing sentence against him. The magistrate wore spectacles which he was in the habit of pushing up on his forehead and leaving them there when not needed. In his nervousness he forgot about the spectacles, and having occasion to read a paragraph from a law book found, to his great amazement, that he could not see the printed page. "I am blind!" he cried out, throwing up his hands and causing a great commotion in the courtroom. His action jarred the spectacles so that they slipped down upon his nose, and he cried out, joyfully, "Oh, I can see!" but while laughter greeted his words, fear fell upon all, especially as, soon after, the judge sickened and died. Again they tell of a nobleman who had the Jettatura. One day, upon his entering one of the palaces on the Grand Canal, the great crystal chandelier of the palace fell to the floor, shivered to atoms; and, after that, no gondolier could be found who would allow him to enter his boat, no matter what price he might offer.

The painted posts, which you see projecting out of the water about the entrances of the palaces, are adorned with the heraldic colors of their proprietors, and resemble nothing so much as barber poles. They are not only used as hitching-posts for gondolas, but also serve as a sort of fencing to keep passing boats and steamers away from the buildings and in the center of the waterway, and they are the more essential, right here, because of the slight bend in the canal.

This beautiful palace — a most ornate structure

Position 98. Map 10.

of the Ducal Palace type — is the Palazzo Cavalli. On either side, and above the entrance, is seen a family crest in which the head of a horse is prominent, thus revealing the name of the original owner. Could anything be more superb than those noble Gothic windows? Observe the painted panels on the walls of the palace between the windows. Some of the designs can be distinguished. This beautiful structure was built in the fifteenth century by a descendant of Giacomo Cavalli, who came from Verona and defended Venice against the Genoese in 1380. With its freshly painted walls and gleaming marble the palace must have appeared even more glorious than it does now. The interior decorations, and especially the grand staircase, are most gorgeous. This beautiful structure is now the residence of Baron Franchetti, a brother-in-law of Baron Rothschild, and the father of the musical composer, Albert Franchetti, who composed the Christopher Columbus opera. This house was once the residence of the Duke of Chambord.

The structure seen beyond this palace is the Palazzo Tron, whose ingeniously carved balcony and Gothic windows are most interesting. If it were not for those "barber poles" we could get a sight of the quaint capitals to the first-story windows and of the heads placed above the center of the architraves. One of these heads may be seen over the first-story window nearest us. That palace is now converted into high-priced flats which are rented to visitors making a prolonged stay in the city.

On our right hand, a little back of our present position, but outside the limits of our vision, is the Academy of Fine Arts, between which and the Canal

is the Campo della Carita, or Field of Charity, so-called because in this spot the proud Alexander III, took refuge during his exile. The Academy abounds in works of the great Venetian artists and is one of the attractions of the city. Canova received his first instruction in art in a private academy established in an adjoining palace.

By consulting the map you will readily see that the Grand Canal divides the city into two parts, that its course is winding like the inverted letter S, and that it is about two miles long. It is the main thoroughfare of Venice, like the Corso in Rome, the Strada di Roma (Toledo) in Naples, Fifth avenue in New York and the Champs Elysées in Paris. It is the street of the ancient aristocracy of Venice, and is at all times, an animated and picturesque scene, being constantly traversed by gondolas, and by steam launches which leave the pier of the public garden every ten or fifteen minutes, going as far as the island of St. Chiara, opposite the railway station, which is on the left bank of the canal at a considerable distance (possibly a mile and a half) back of our present location. On a week day the fare on the steam launches is two cents for any distance and three cents on Sunday. The landing places are quite close together. The trip along the canal, when taken in a gondola, requires more time, an hour being consumed in going from the Piazzetta of San Marco to the railway station, but this mode of conveyance has the advantage of being far more enjoyable. The cost also is greater by gondola, being one franc for the trip. A gondola with one gondolier for an entire day costs five and a half francs, a little over a

Position 98. Map 10.

dollar, except in the height of the season, when the charges are somewhat greater.

The Grand Canal is intersected in all directions by one hundred and forty-six small canals and is crossed by three large bridges, two of which are iron, the third, the famous Rialto, being of stone. We shall have the pleasure of looking upon the Rialto Bridge, which, as you can ascertain by consulting the map, is directly to the north or left of our present position, the site of the bridge being made possible by the winding nature of the canal. We shall be looking somewhat north of east at that point.

Position 99. The Rialto, on the Grand Canal, Venice

We have not often had the privilege of seeing a nobler bridge than this. Notice how artistic and substantial it looks standing there in the sunlight, throwing its colossal yet graceful curve over the quivering waters. Anciently, a bridge of boats stood here, but this was succeeded in the twelfth century by a wooden structure which was destroyed in the Quirini-Tiepolo conspiracy in 1310. It was rebuilt but broke down in 1450 on the occasion of a great festival, resulting in considerable loss of life. This bridge was succeeded by another wooden bridge on which were double rows of booths. But the structure was not considered safe, and was replaced in 1592 by the present bridge of stone. All the great artists of that period, including Michelangelo, contended for the honor of designing the new bridge, but Antonio de Ponte won the prize, and from his plans the present structure was built. At first the

bridge was severely criticized, but this was soon succeeded by universal approval and admiration, and it became known as Il Famoso Ponte, the famous bridge. It is but just to its designer to state that in the original plan the bridge was intended to be more adorned than we see it now. It is built of Istrian marble and is one hundred and fifty-eight feet long and fifty feet wide, with a span of ninety feet, and at its highest point it is thirty feet above the water, dimensions which, at first sight, seem somewhat exaggerated on account of the graceful symmetry of the proportions of the structure; but if you will compare it with the gondola and its rower, seen beneath the bridge, you will readily accept the statement. This arch rests upon twelve thousand elm piles, each forty feet in length, driven down into the banks of the canal. Marble balustrades run along the outer edge of the bridge, the one nearer us being plainly seen. The structure is divided longitudinally into three passage ways, one running along each side of the bridge next the balustrades — you may see people crossing the bridge on the footway nearest us — and one in the center between two rows of shops. There are twelve shops on each side, or twenty-four in all. These shops are roofed over, and each arch, except the center, contains one.

Look closely into that central arch and you will see the center footway which is open to the sky. If you will look into the upper portion of the arches, on the side of the bridge toward us, you will perceive small windows set in the upper part of the inner wall to give light and ventilation to the shops. At either end of the bridge notice the broad marble

Position 99. Map 10.

steps leading down to the level of the streets bordering the canal at this point.

All the land on the right belongs to the island of St. Mark, that on the left to the island of the Rialto, the latter being the site of the ancient city. Even as late as the sixteenth century, the district on our left alone was considered in all legal documents the city, as distinguished from the State of Venice.

Close to the left-hand entrance of the Rialto Bridge is the site of the first church ever built in Venice, erected in 420, where now stands the church of S. Giacomo di Rialto. The present church is closed, the building being considered unsafe, and its curious works of art have been removed. Between the front of this church and the bridge is what is known as the Campo di Rialto. There is only one Piazza in Venice, that of St. Mark. All other open places are called "Campo," or field. In this campo is an old broken statue of a crouching figure, called Il Gobbo del Rialto, and near it a red granite column from which the laws of the Republic were promulgated.

After the town extended, this section was still the center of trade and finance, with vast warehouses rising out from narrow canals. It is to this district, and not to the bridge, that Shakespeare alludes when, in the *Merchant of Venice,* he makes Shylock say,

> "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my moneys."

This was once the scene of busy life, long since frequented daily by Florentine, Genoese and Milanese merchants, as well as by those from Spain,

Germany and Turkey; for this spot was the financial center of the whole world. Here all the Guilds of foreign merchants congregated.

Cast your eye over the right-hand portion of the bridge and you will see a large, dull-colored building with a pointed cornice. That is one of the most interesting structures in Venice. It is the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, built by Girolamo Tedesco in 1507 for the German merchants, in obedience to a decree of the Senate. This structure is connected with the commercial supremacy of Venice, and is a warehouse and headquarters for German merchants. The front of the building, which faces the canal, was decorated by Giorgione, and originally it was brilliant with rich and glowing colors. The side of the structure facing us (only one end of which we see), was painted by Titian, whose efforts were so far superior to those of his fellow artists as to excite the jealousy of the latter and resulted in breaking an old friendship that had lasted for many years. Time has obliterated these masterly paintings, and nothing of them is left. Did I say nothing? That is not quite correct, for if you will direct your glance above the two windows nearest us in the top row, on the side facing the canal, and look just under the cornice, you will see all that remains of Giorgione's splendid work; and that little darkened spot, that bit of colored wall, that fragment of all that once was so fair, speaks eloquently and pathetically of how the old Venetians coupled the highest artistic genius with business enterprise, and mingled the commonplaces of trade with the glories of art. And the result was not to lower or vulgarize the noble productions of immortal genius, the fascinating and

Position 99. Map 10.

rapturous glow of brilliant color and exquisite form, but rather to transfuse with their own bright radiance the dull neutral tints that pervade the office and the shop, and that fall so thickly into the everyday experiences of business life; for, remember that these "fondachi" were factories or warehouses of different nations, very similar in object to those still possessed by the French in the Levant and by Europeans in China; buildings in which merchants had offices, where their goods could be stored, and apartments in which they could dwell together in case they were so disposed. Over these factories the merchants had jurisdiction among themselves, being allowed to make their own laws when these did not conflict with those of the Republic. Many of these warehouses have fallen into decay, or have been converted into public offices for the transaction of municipal business. This present structure stands on the site of an earlier one which was built here in the thirteenth century.

Farther up the canal, and on its left bank, is still standing the Fondaco dè Turchi, a magnificent palace of the twelfth century, which the Senate rented to the Turkish merchants at the rate of two hundred dollars a day.

In the old days of her commercial glory, whenever Venice subjected a city or a province, she always reserved for herself the monopoly of its salt mines, a precedent followed by the present Italian Government, which levies a heavy duty upon salt so that the poorest people in Italy are forced to do without it to such a degree that, by many, the increase of insanity in Italy is attributed to this cause.

All this calls vividly to mind the fact that Venice

was a nation of exchangers, not producers. Surrounded on all sides by water, she sought to do, and partially succeeded in doing, what England has more recently attempted on a larger scale, to acquire territorial power through her merchant marine and commerce; and so steadily and victoriously did she sweep onward in this path, that she planted the Lion of St. Mark as far distant as Constantinople and, for a time, her galleys were victorious on every sea. Here she had an arsenal which employed twenty thousand men and turned out a complete ship of war every day. Venice very largely supplied the sinews of war for the Crusades and gave long and desperate battles to the Turks. Exhausted at length by her conflict with the Turks, who menaced her trade in the Levant, and the discovery of the shorter route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope having diverted commerce to Genoa, her power steadily declined, and even the opening up of the Suez Canal did not give her back her commercial supremacy. Yet she is still a prosperous city with a population of one hundred and fifty-four thousand (at the close of the fifteenth century it was one hundred and eighty thousand), and her manufactures amount to more than a million dollars annually. They consist of jewelry, gold and silver chains, lace and velvet; but the principal productions of Venice are articles made of glass, Venetian glass having been famous for centuries. Anciently a flexible glass was made here, but the secret of its manufacture is one of the lost arts. A visit to one of these glass factories is exceedingly interesting. The process was very accurately represented at the Venetian glass-blowing furnace at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. It is

Position 99. Map 10.

curious to stand and watch them spin glass, drawing out the heated material into a thread of silver upon a spinning-wheel, from which they weave it into unbreakable mats, girdles and ornamental work of various kinds. A great number of the inhabitants depend upon fishing for their living, and the trade is carried on by a fleet of vessels owned here, whose capacity amounts to forty thousand tons.

The Campo, or open space on the right-hand side of the bridge, contains the house in which the artist Vincenzo Catena lived. The building is the low one this side of the Fondaco dè Tedeschi the eaves of whose roof may be seen just over the right-hand extremity of the bridge (those eaves appear like a slight projection from the wall of the Fondaco dè Tedeschi). You may see a part of one of its ancient Venetian windows, with a balcony in front, just to the right of the upper portion of the bridge and between it and the row of buildings.

To the left of the Rialto Bridge is seen, standing in the shadow, a heavy but handsome structure. It is the Palazzo dei Camerlenghi, or Palace of the Treasurers, erected by Bergamasco in 1525, in the early Renaissance style of architecture. This palace was built by the Senate when the Republic began to be anxious about her accounts, and here dwelt three of its Chamberlains, or Treasurers.

In this square, to the left of the bridge, is a fruit and vegetable market in which one may see the market women from Mestre with their huge baskets running over with "an appetizing luxuriance of luscious fruit and fresh vegetables."

Over the left-hand portion of the bridge is seen a spacious structure, with round-topped windows, pro-

jecting out to the edge of the canal. That building is a modern restoration of an earlier structure by Sansovino. Between that building and the Palace of the Treasurers extends a narrow street, famed for its Venetian jewelry and called the Frezzeria. Tourists generally are not aware of the fact that articles bought in the Piazza of St. Mark cost double what they do here and are not any better.

To the right of the double row of posts seen near us, notice those four marble steps leading down into the water. "Nothing very remarkable about them," you say. Possibly not, but they belong to the Palazzo Manin (built in 1560 by Sansovino), which is celebrated for two things, both of the greatest importance. This was the residence of the last Doge of Venice, the shadows of whose unhappy life always seemed to me to hover about the building. Subsequently the palace became the headquarters of the Bank of Venice, which had long been established near this spot, and which claims the distinction of being the first bank in the world corresponding at all to our modern banking institutions. It carried on a banking business for nearly a thousand years, and in all that time never went into bankruptcy nor suspended payment, and none of its numerous cashiers were ever known to take a trip across the border. This institution also deserves the honor of having issued the first bill of exchange. It is now the Banca d' Italia — (Bank of Italy). Moreover, near this bank was started the first insurance company in the world; all of which impresses us with the fact that the Venetians had the same remarkable genius for finance that the Romans had for law and government.

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Just a word about that gondola. Notice on the front part of the boat, forward of the little cabin and on the side toward us near the gunwale, a little white card in a frame which is fastened to the boat. On this card is printed the tariff or rates of fare, such as cabs are compelled to carry in other cities. It is out there in plain sight so that there need not be any controversy as to the proper amount to be paid. The little white shed-like structure, seen over the empty gondola tied at the first row of posts and on this side of the bridge, is a landing place and waiting-room for passengers who patronize the little steamers plying on the canals.

A little to the left of the Rialto steps, where you see that crowd of people, is a letter-writer's stand. The Venetian dialect is sweet and rhythmical, but it is not reduced to writing, hence, when the people have occasion to send written communications to their friends they must have recourse to the public letter-writers (who write in the literary language of the country), and who sit at their little tables and transcribe the sentiments of their confiding customers, while a crowd of people gather about and listen with unbridled curiosity. It is a common sight to see a young girl standing beside one of these small tables pouring out the secrets of her heart as spontaneously and, apparently, as unconsciously, as if she were in the midst of utter solitude; or to witness a strapping young fellow dictating a letter to his sweetheart which the bystanders interrupt every little while with practical suggestions as to the most effective expressions and those best calculated to win the maiden's affection and regard.

The following was the result of the combined ef-

forts of the anxious suitor, the fertile letter-writer and the sympathetic bystanders. I give but a portion of the epistle:

"Adored star! You amuse yourself much? But I live for you alone. A thousand kisses — small, medium-sized and great (bacini, baci, e bacioni). At least write. This long delay is reducing me to a powerful state of weakness. It makes me fear bad news. Heavens, what fears, what agony! I have doubts about an officer ——. I have fearful premonitions!"

Scenes on the Grand Canal are especially picturesque and striking wherever a campo, or a narrow street (callè), approaches its edge. Here are always seen the "facchini" flirting with the gondoliers, and here too are always a set of hangers-on who pretend to draw your gondola to the bank and assist you to land, which you could generally accomplish to better advantage if they kept their hands off and left you to yourself. The gondoliers call these fellows "gransicri," or crab catchers. Yet even these are not vicious, like the lazzaroni of Naples. In fact, all classes in Venice are mirthful and vivacious, so different from the proud and lordly Romans, seeming as they do to reflect in their dispositions the laughing, dancing play of the rippled surface of their liquid highways.

This part of the Grand Canal is now the favorite quarter for curiosity shops, once confined to the Ghetto or Jewish section of the city. The entrance to one of these shops may be seen on the ground floor of the first house on our right, the one with balconies. Were you to enter that shop you would find, heaped together, marvelous collections of rare and curious treasures, jewelry, bric-a-brac and costly fabrics, which

Position 99. Map 10.

they bring out from dark and mysterious corners, all aglow with brilliant colors and wonderful designs. These dealers regard the authenticity of their wares as indisputable, and resent any insinuation to the contrary. A story is told by Mr. W. D. Howells of a lady who entered one of these bazaars on the Grand Canal. Pausing before a painting attributed to Titian, which pleased her greatly, she asked, "Is it original?"

"Si signora, originalissima!" (*most* original).

On this Grand Canal is an interesting shop, that of a wood-carver, and called The Atelier. It is only in Italy that you find the highest type of wood-carving, for though many of the artists in this line are uneducated, they possess unerring taste and, in the case of most of them, their ancestors for centuries have been wood-carvers, and their art is the sole object of their otherwise prosaic life. Much of this sort of work is done in Switzerland, but the Swiss are not naturally artistic and their efforts in this direction are of inferior merit.

This Rialto Bridge, as you may see by consulting the map, is situated half way between the Custom House and the railway station, so we are at present near the middle of the canal. Beyond the bridge the canal makes a turn to the left, and along this upper half of the celebrated thoroughfare are some of the most beautiful palaces in the city. We shall take our position a short distance beyond the Ponte dè Rialto and view one of these splendid structures.

Position 99. Map 10.

Position 100. Palazzo Ca d' Oro, the mediæval home of a merchant of Venice

This is the most remarkable of all the renowned palaces of the fifteenth century here in Venice. Other cities are made illustrious by the possession of a few structures that incite the wonder and admiration of men, but here on the Grand Canal there are a hundred of such structures, and the one we are now viewing is the crown and glory of them all. It was built by Giovanni and Bartolomeo Buon in 1425, the same architects that built the Piazzetta in front of the Doge's Palace. The name of the structure came from the fact that originally the ornamentation of the façade was gilded. Notice that it is a Gothic building, but all the severity of that noble and stately style of architecture is softened and beautified in the amazing wealth of artistic loveliness which makes up the front of the palace. To one who loves the beautiful, what a joy and inspiration is the sight here afforded us. Study it little by little, as though you put it bit by bit under a microscope, and you will find that its artistic perfection reaches down to the minutest details.

Observe the noble columns on the first floor with their finely carved capitals. Notice also the rounded arches of the lower story — that the central arch is larger than the others and that all of them are splendidly carved and have medallions over the columns. Also examine the superb Gothic windows, and the slender and graceful balustrades of their balconies. The columns of the second story you perceive are equally distant from each other and are smaller and more numerous than those below. The ornamentation above them is exquisite. That cornice under the roof

Position 100. Map 10.

will repay our closest attention, as will the string-course just above it, and the curiously pointed parapet extending along the edge of the roof. Notice, too, how the sharp angles of the corners of the structure are softened and rounded by three twisted columns of most delicate workmanship. The flat spaces about the grated windows were originally covered with rich paintings, all aflame with colors and gold, but these have disappeared. It seems a pity that they did not use mosaics instead — those stone pictures that never fade and never wear away.

By looking through the lower arches you may see ladders and scaffolding, which show that repairs are going on in the palace. The interior is being extensively restored by Count Monzini, the present owner.

No doubt you have already cast a glance at that gondola which lies so gracefully between us and the palace, and, if so, you have seen that it is no ordinary craft. If we look at it carefully we shall be struck by its decorations, especially by those of the sides and top of the felze, or covering for seats, which forms a little cabin whose quaint door stands open. There is the small white card, such as we saw on the gondola near the Rialto, and, what we did not see there, the number of the gondola upon it. The "felze" is painted black in conformity to a law passed in the fifteenth century. The place in the stern where the rower stands is called the "poppa," and from this the rower himself is called "Poppe."

To the right of the Palazzo Cà d'Oro is a little garden, a Naboth's Vineyard that a king might covet here in Venice. Observe how luxuriantly the vines overflow the walls. In front of this garden is a steamboat landing-place or station, with its little wait-

ing shed, in front of which is an awning on a roller which may be let down to exclude the rays of the sun and to protect the passengers in rainy weather.

The structure to the right of the garden is the Sagredo, a palace of the fourteenth century, whose variegated slabs of marble and forked battlements, while not exactly similar, suggest a resemblance to the Doge's Palace.

To the left of the Palazzo Cà d'Oro — only a small part of which structure we see, is the palace of Fontana, constructed in the Renaissance style. There, in 1759, Pope Clement XIII was born. The building is now used as a business college.

When the owner of one of these palaces dies, if he has several children, he often wills each of them a floor or flat in the palace, which becomes their own property, as distinct from the rest of the house as if it were a separate building. The Navarro flats in New York City are owned on the same principle.

As we turn our attention once more to the beautiful façades of these ancient and splendid structures, we are reminded of how the Venetians say that the ghosts of the palaces of this Grand Canal rise at night out of the dark waters at their base and stand in the deep shadows of their portals. We may not accept their belief, but certainly about any habitation of man that has endured through the centuries, there can but gather clouds as well as sunshine.

Perhaps the saddest of these memories cling about the old palace of the Foscari, in which at one time lived the Doge Foscari, whose son, Giacopo, was accused to the Council of Ten by a nobleman named Loredano of having received presents from foreign princes (a crime against the State in those days). This nobleman suspected that the death of two of his relatives was due to the influence of the Doge, and he

Position 100. Map 10.

wrote in his book of accounts "Francesco Foscari, debtor for the deaths of my father and uncle." The young man, thus accused, was put to fearful torture on the rack, after which he was condemned by the Council of Ten, and his father was forced to pronounce the sentence of banishment upon him. For five years he languished in exile at Treviso, at the end of which time he was further accused of having caused the death of Donato, a Venetian Senator, and the only proof offered was that his servant was seen near the scene of the murder. He was brought to Venice in chains, again stretched on the rack and his arms and limbs nearly torn from his body, after which he was banished for life to Candia. In his desperation, Giacopo wrote entreating the help of the Duke of Milan, who sent the letter immediately to the Council of Ten in order to ingratiate himself with them. Once more the poor fellow was dragged back to Venice in chains and publicly flogged and tortured; yet he rejoiced, even in his agony, that he was permitted once more to breathe the same air with his father, wife and children. Again he was condemned to banishment, this time to solitary confinement. One farewell interview was allowed him with his father and mother, his wife Marina and his children. "Ah, my lord, plead for me," he cried, throwing himself upon his knees and holding out his hands entreatingly to his father, who replied, grim old patriarch that he was, "O Giacopo, obey what thy country demands and seek nothing else." But when his son was led away the aged father burst into tears. On reaching his prison Giacopo died of a broken heart, crying in wild delirium for his wife and children and calling piteously for his father's help and presence. Soon afterwards his innocence was established by the confession of Erizzo, a Venetian nobleman, who had killed Donato with his own hands. But even all this suffering and sorrow did not satisfy the hatred of Loredano, and so he proceeded to accuse the Doge of mental incapacity, since sometimes the tears were seen trickling down the old man's cheeks when he thought of his broken-hearted boy. An order deposing the Doge was issued by the Council of Ten, and Loredano had the pleasure of carrying it to him, who, upon reading it, said, sadly, but quietly, "I little thought that my old age would be injurious to the State I have loved too well, but I yield

to the decree." Laying aside his robes of office, he walked out of the Ducal Palace, where for thirty-five years he had been the head of the State. On the very day when his successor was elected, just as the sound of the great bell announcing the fact crashed on the air, he burst a blood vessel and died almost instantaneously; and the dark, terrible shadows that long ago fell athwart the Foscari Palace have not yet lifted, and the boatmen on the Canal affirm that sometimes at night two white faces, one that of a young and handsome man and the other benevolent and aged, appear on the tessellated surface of the Canal at the foot of the marble steps of the palace.

On our left, not far from where we now are, is the Palace Vendramin Calergi, the property of the Duke of Bordeaux. On this palace is the motto "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis" (Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us). There Wagner, the great musical composer, lived, and here he died in 1883.

Some distance to our right is the Palace Mocenigo, once the residence of Canova. Here also Byron lived, and many curious stories are told of his life in this palace. It was his habit every evening to attend the receptions of a certain countess who had a palace on the Grand Canal, a most beautiful woman, and the original of "La Biondina in Gondoletta," where he arrived at midnight and stayed two hours. Punctually at two o'clock in the morning, his servant would arrive with a lantern and a board. Then Byron would come down stairs, undress, give his clothes to the servant and, placing the lighted lantern on the board (which he used as a rest), he would swim home with it, affirming that the exercise and the cold water bath cleared his mind and refreshed him more than hours of sleep would have done. In this palace Byron wrote some of his most celebrated poems, and his writing desk is still shown.

Position 100. Map 10.

A more glorious picture than that which images itself in the mind at this point on the Grand Canal cannot be imagined. The domes and towers of the city stand out in the brilliant sunlight and repeat themselves in the clear waters. It is still, as Byron called it, "The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy," the masque in England being a dramatic entertainment, a sort of compromise between a pageant and a play. "It combined dancing and music with lyric poetry and declamation in a spectacle characterized by magnificence of presentation."

A moonlight ride on this far-famed canal is one of the supernal experiences of life, a sort of strange and silent rapture into which the soul glides almost unconsciously as, beneath the measured sweep of the long oars, you are borne over the liquid pathway all agleam with twinkling stars and tremulous palace-fronts, the thrilling silence broken only by the cry of the gondolier as he answers that of an approaching comrade, and the splash and wash of countless ripples as they lap the marble walls of the splendid structures on either hand, and the gurgle of the returning waters as they swirl about the wake of your swiftly moving boat; except that, now and then, there is wafted over the tranquil waters, like far-off music from some celestial sphere, the soft and melodious voices of a boatload of singers, tourists invariably, who cannot resist the temptation to give way to the fervor of their emotions by singing the songs of the homeland, which never seems so far away as on such a night in this city of marble paved with emerald.

> "How light we move, how softly; Ah,
> Were life but as the gondola!"

Position 100. Map 10.

It was in the Palace Mocenigo that Lord Byron received his friend, the sweet singer of Ireland, Tom Moore, whose poems express so much of the emotion and philosophy of life. At the close of the visit, which Moore affirmed to contain "the jeweled days" of his existence, he was taking his departure in the gondola and gliding down the Grand Canal between the lines of beautiful palaces, upon which he gazed admiringly for the last time. Turning to his friend Byron, who was seated beside him — with that outflashing of poetic genius which he frequently exhibited — he repeated in his deep, musical voice, eloquent with farewell, the words: —

"Let's take the world as some wide scene
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,
'Neath skies now dark and now serene,
Together you and I must float;
Beholding oft on either shore
Bright spots where we would love to stay,
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And we must away, away, away!"

Thirty years ago a tourist went to Venice to stay there over night. He is there yet, and when the Campanile fell he wrote, "I am thankful that Venice still subsists." We too may be thankful, for though her sins and much of her pre-eminence have departed, her charm endures. In and about the Grand Canal and the still lagoons, there are ghosts and enchantments, colors and silences, which through the long years cannot fail to fascinate and enthrall the hearts of men.

We have seen fair Italy, you and I together, but in the days fast coming we may return and look upon its delightful scenes again and again. And when we

Position 100. Map 10.

do, it will be but natural if we linger most and longest where the splendor shines the brightest and deepest, upon this Grand Canal with its broad pathway of quivering gold framed by palaces of alabaster whose traceried windows and pillared façades gleam with rosy light; and after every such visit we shall come back again to the work-a-day world of paved streets and ceaseless clatter, stronger, calmer, better, as though a bit of Heaven's glory had broken off and fallen in lustrous fragments at our feet.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invincible; and from the land we went
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues range along an azure sky;
By many a pile, in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, tho' Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

Position 100. Map 10.

THE STORY OF ROME

The chief advantage that comes to us in seeing Rome, or any historical place, is the greater power it gives us to make real to ourselves the history that has transpired there. When the very hill or building where the events occurred stands out before us, our minds get a stimulus that enables us to think our way back into the past and look at people of those days as they lived and toiled, in the same way as we consider people of flesh and blood about us to-day. Therefore it has seemed best that this story of Roman history should be told right in connection with a certain part of the city as we are brought before it in one of the stereographs upon which this tour of Italy is based. Accordingly we will run the risk of repetition and use here enough of what appears in the body of this book to give us a fairly good idea of our position in relation to a definite part of Rome, as we see it in one of these stereographs; then we will call up the history by periods.

Turn with me to the large general map of modern Rome in the back of this book. Spreading this map out before us we are able to get, in a sense, a bird's-eye view of the old city. Almost every street is laid out before us. We see the limits of the city wall which does not extend beyond the map margin at any point. The Tiber River flows in the form of an S from north to south down through the city. In the upper left-hand portion of the map, we find St. Peter's (called there Basilica di San Pietro in Vaticano). In the second bend of the Tiber toward the right, or toward the east, as it flows from the north, is the Island of the Tiber. Directly east from this island, only a few inches on the map but really over half a mile away, we find the Roman Forum (Forum Romanum), with the Colosseum to the southeast, the Capitoline Hill (Mons Capitolinus) to the northwest; and the Palatine Hill (Mons Palatinus) to the south. This was the ruling center of Rome, and of the world, for so many centu-

ries. The other five of the "Seven Hills" (Mons Quirinalis, Mons Viminalis, Mons Esquilinus, Mons Caelius, and the Mons Aventinus) are seen grouped in a great half circle from north to south to the east of the Forum. Look now on the map a few inches to the left or west of the Island of the Tiber. There you find on the Janiculum Hill the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, and near this church the numbers 2 and 3 enclosed in circles, both in red. From a point in front of this church four lines in red are seen to branch out toward the right or east. Following the upper one of these four lines and the second one below it, we find in the margin of the map at the end of each the number 2 without a circle. Position 2 of the Roman tour is taken at the point at which these two lines start, and will show to us as much of Rome as the lines enclose. Evidently in this stereograph we should be looking over the Tiber and its Island, the Palatine and Capitoline Hills and the Forum.

Let us take Position 2, "*Capitoline, Palatine and Cælian Hills — once the world's center, from the Janiculum.*"

This mass of many-styled buildings before us now is Rome. Let us try to get a definite sense of our location here. From the map we know we are standing on the Janiculum Hill on the west side of the Tiber River while we are looking almost directly east. From the map we might have supposed we should be able to see the Tiber and its Island very clearly, but they are hidden from our view by the mass of buildings before us. We can, however, locate the river itself. Notice that stretch of white embankment in the middle distance on our left, and to the left of that nearest tower. That is the east bank of the Tiber and the Island is only a few rods further down. But beyond that strip of embankment, and ranging from one side of our field of view to the other, are six of Rome's seven hills. Most people are surprised, at first, at the smallness of these hills, but the more we look at them, their small size makes their great importance to the world seem all the more striking. Let us try to locate each one in the scene before us. Far to the left beyond the embankment we see a blunt, burly tower jutting up above the sky line. That is the so-called Tower of Nero, and it may be said to mark, in a way, the southern extremity of the Quirinal Hill as well as the western extremity of the Viminal Hill. The Quirinal, or northernmost of the seven hills, extends from

that point toward the north, beyond the limit of our vision, while the Viminal Hill lies directly away from us beyond the tower. The map should be consulted always to get exact locations. To the right, directly over the tower of the church situated between us and the embankment, is the Capitoline Hill. The dark foliage of trees shows its outline pretty well and the tower of the Capitol rises clearly above it. Farther to the right, practically in the center of our field of vision, is another tree-covered elevation, directly back of a nearer tower with a pyramidal roof. That is the Palatine Hill, the world-renowned home of the Cæsars. Just over the cypresses on this hill, dimly outlined against the horizon, we discover the massive walls of the Colosseum. Between and just beyond these two latter hills, the Capitoline and the Palatine, lies the Roman Forum, extending from the building, the Tabularium, beneath that tower of the Capitol on the Capitoline Hill, off toward the right and back of the Palatine Hill in the direction of the Colosseum. Directly between these two hills and a little beyond them we can see the gigantic arches of the Basilica of Constantine. Those arches stand on the farther side of the Forum. Beyond the arches of the Basilica of Constantine, covered with buildings which make up part of the skyline, is all that is left of the Esquiline Hill. To the right of the Palatine Hill and scarcely separated from it, is another wooded mound which extends beyond our limit of vision on the right. That is the Caelian Hill. Standing up on that hill, back of the dark cypresses nearer us, we see, dimly outlined against the sky, the great Church of St. John Lateran. Only one of the Seven Hills, the Aventine, situated a short distance further to the right, is entirely hidden from us here.

But, beyond all that comes within our present range of vision, is the land of Italy stretching away on all sides. Off to the left and in front of us, beyond Nero's tower, not over twenty miles away, are the Sabine Mountains, the foot hills of the Apennines; not more than fifteen miles toward the southeast, on our right are the Alban Hills, and directly on our right, only fifteen miles away, is the sea. Back of us, or rather more over our left shoulder, are the hills of Tuscany; still farther away in that direction are Florence and Milan; and still farther, three to four hundred miles away, is Switzerland, a part of the Gaul of Cæsar's day.

Greece, Asia Minor and the East, whither so many armies went from Italy, lie far away before us; while Carthage, toward which the Romans on these hills turned their thoughts in determined hatred for so many centuries, lies only three hundred and fifty miles to our right.

We are then, as we stand here, not only in the midst of Rome, but in the midst of the Roman world. But no other part of all that world can be compared in importance with this city immediately before us. Grecian history centers in Sparta, Athens, Thebes, and Macedon successively. Roman history, however, is the story of the rise and development of this one city for hundreds of years, of the acts and achievements of the people who lived on these hillsides. We are looking here upon the stage of a theater on which for nearly three thousand years has been played the most thrilling and stupendous drama of human history, and which, even to-day, claims the attention and consideration of all thoughtful men. No matter how much we may have read and studied Roman history in libraries and class rooms, we know it is profitable to review it again in the sight of these hills and amid these surroundings. So now let us try to go back in thought to the main scenes, at least, of the great drama of Roman history *while in the presence of the very place where it was played.*

First of all it is evident that we must not think of these buildings, upon which our eyes are now resting, as permanent structures. They are simply the setting for the last of the great acts we are to think of. We are to remember continually that other edifices, vastly different from those we now behold, have, in other periods, crowned the heights which flank the skyline of this landscape, and filled the plain below us which is now occupied by modern buildings. Other people, with different religion, government, customs and dress, once walked the narrow streets of this immortal city and lived in houses which have long since passed away.

But people have lived here continuously since nearly one thousand years before Christ, and a multitude of events have followed each other in the long past. In the short time we can spend now it would be utterly impossible for us to follow these events in full. We shall therefore classify the events of this past in five great dramatic scenes, the main features of which we shall call up again out among these

hills before us. We shall designate these different scenes or periods to which we have referred as follows:

First Scene

The Kings, 753–509 B. C.,—244 years

Second Scene

The Republic, 509–31 B. C.,—478 years

Third Scene

The Empire, 31 B. C.,–476 A. D.,—507 years

Fourth Scene

The Papacy, 476–1806 A. D.,—1,330 years

Fifth Scene

Rise and Consummation of United Italy,—1806——

FIRST SCENE

Rome under the Kings, 753–509 B. C.,—244 years

If we had stood here at the beginning of Rome, nearly three thousand years ago, probably (753 B. C.), we should have seen nothing but an expanse of country whose surface was broken by a number of hills and traversed by the River Tiber. These hills were somewhat higher then than now, although they still possess the same general outlines as in the early days. The origin of that early city is veiled in mystery, but legendary tales give us glimpses of fact.

The story is, you remember, that when Troy, in Asia Minor, was destroyed by the Greeks, Æneas, the son of the Trojan king, Anchises, escaped with his father on his back, and, finally, after much wandering, reached the Italian coast not far from where we stand, landing in Latium, a district about the lower Tiber. Here the Trojans lived with the natives, calling themselves and their new friends Latins after their King Latinus, who was followed by Æneas. Ascanius, the son of Æneas, founded Alba Longa, the mother city, on the Alban Hills some twelve miles in front of us and to our right. The nearest neighbors, on the northwest in the hill country behind us and to our left, were the Etruscans, an older and more highly civilized people; on the east, directly in front of us, were the Samnites and Sabines. In time, a Vestal Virgin, daughter of King Numitor, who had been ex-

pelled from his throne, bore to Mars, the god of war, twin sons. According to law, she was buried alive, and the twins were thrown into the Tiber, which graciously cast them ashore at the foot of the Palatine Hill, that we see just before us. Here they were cared for by a she-wolf until they were found by a shepherd, who took them home to his wife by whom they were reared. They became known as Romulus and Remus, and followed the occupation of shepherds. After restoring their grandfather, Numitor, to his kingdom, they determined to build a city somewhere near the spot where they were cast up by the Tiber. In order to decide which of the brothers should have the honor of founding the new city and by whose name it should be called, they appealed to augury. Romulus stood on the Palatine Hill and Remus on the Aventine, which is about a half a mile farther to the right than we can now see. Remus saw six vultures, but Romulus, not to be outwitted, managed to espy twelve, and thus won the coveted honor. So he began building his city where he had taken his stand out there on the Palatine, first enclosing the level area on its summit by a wall. While it was in process of construction Remus leaped over it to show how easily such a feat could be accomplished by an enemy. Romulus resented this act by killing his brother, saying as he struck the fatal blow, "Thus perish all who leap over my wall." The town thus started was called Roma Quadrata, from the square shape of the enclosure and from the name of its founder. Romulus soon founded a refuge on the neighboring Capitoline Hill for the oppressed people and runaway slaves of the surrounding country. In order to get wives for these newcomers, he held a public festival at the foot of the Palatine on the side facing us, and on the spot which afterwards became the Circus Maximus, and invited the Sabines, a tribe who had previously settled on the nearby Quirinal Hill, to come with their wives and witness it. Then Romulus and his men seized the women and carried them off as wives. Of course war with the Sabines followed, but finally peace was restored and a union of the settlements followed. Romulus ruled jointly with Tatius, the Sabine, and both communities met for business and worship in that valley in which we see the arches of the Basilica of Constantine,—the Roman Forum, as it was afterwards called. Romulus became king of both tribes and when, at length, he

died, he was carried to heaven in the chariot of his father Mars. So much for the legend.

What really did take place in this period seems to be that the Latins, whose chief city was Alba Longa, established a settlement on the Palatine as a fortified outpost against the Etruscans, who were the greatest people in the peninsula at that time. Then Rome was only a small cluster of huts on the Palatine hilltop with a low wall of volcanic stone surrounding them, but, as the town increased in population, other hills were occupied and the wall was extended around them also, until finally by the close of the seventh century B. C. all these seven hills were enclosed by a wall five miles in extent. So Rome came to be called the City of the Seven Hills.

The time when men first came to build a town here has been generally given at 753 B. C., and recent investigations indicate that it took place in the early part of the eighth century B. C. According to the story, after the founder, Romulus, came the good king, Numa Pompilius, who instructed the people in morals and religion. He was followed by warlike kings. It was at this time that Rome's great struggles began. The Temple of Janus, built by Numa on the Capitoline Hill, whose gates were to be closed in time of peace and opened in time of war, remained open, except for a brief period, from this time on through all the time of the Kings and the Republic, from the death of Numa Pompilius down to the reign of the Emperor Augustus. The people at first were given to agriculture and the raising of herds. But gradually the town changed and was no longer a mere agricultural center and border fortress, but became of commercial importance as well. The last of the kings was Lucius Tarquinius, called Superbus (the Proud), on account of his tyrannical disposition. When the people could endure him no longer they rose up and drove him out with his whole family, vowing that they would have no more kings; this was in 509 B. C. At that time the city probably did not possess more than a small strip of land along the Tiber reaching down to the sea. She had conquered Alba Longa, and so her influence reached somewhat beyond her boundaries, but she had only taken the first steps toward getting the mastery of the adjacent tribes.

It was in this early period, during the reign of one of

the Tarquins, that the Circus Maximus was erected between the Palatine and Aventine Hills and the Forum was drained by means of the great sewer, the Cloaca Maxima, which is still in use to-day.

The **government** in this early community under the Kings was very simple. A number of families, each of which was ruled by its father, composed the political state. These families were undoubtedly descended from the first settlers and were known as patricians. Side by side with these there existed the dependents, termed plebs or plebeians, the commons who formed the second Roman order. As the city grew, other residents came here, some for commercial advantages, some for safety, some because their own cities had been conquered by Rome. These newcomers were given no place in the old families, and therefore no part in the government, for they were classed with the plebeians. While these two classes lived side by side there was an absolute gulf between them in all social and political matters. Any intermarriage was illegal and the plebeians had no political rights whatsoever. The patricians, or citizen body, met in an assembly called the Comitia Curiata, but the real business of the State was carried on by the Senate, made up of the elders of the patricians, who numbered at the close of the regal period one hundred and thirty-six members. The leader of the patricians was the King who was at the head of the State religion, the commander of the army and absolute in his power in every way excepting that he could not hand down his authority to another. He held office for life, but the people chose his successor and the senate approved of the selection. These patricians not only held jealousy all their political rights, but by insolence and arrogance in every way made the lot of the plebeians a hard one. So it followed, you remember, that the main feature of the internal affairs of the city for centuries was the struggle on the part of the plebeians for equal rights in political and social matters.

But what about the **religious life** of the people here in Rome in that earliest period? We can never understand the history of these people unless we come into touch with them in their religious life and thought, and thus reach the deepest and most fundamental part of their being. Of course, we readily understand in a general way that they did not think

of God or worship Him as we do. As the men and women and children of this city rose each morning in those early days and looked out on the world, the mountains, the fields, and the river, they always thought of many gods existing about them. The ancestors of these Romans, like those of the Greeks of similar origin, had in early days conceived of the idea of Deity from nature herself. They seemed to gain this idea of Deity from the wide expanse of the heavens, in which they believed they saw the abode and to a certain extent the form of the great Power that ruled the world. They conceived of heaven as the father and of earth as the mother of being. This symbolic recognition of the objects of nature and even of acts in human life gave the Greeks and Romans their world of gods, some of which they may have had in common before they separated, as for example Zeus or Diovispater (Jupiter), the light-distributing god of the heavens.

Among other deities the Romans had Vesta, the goddess of the hearth and home, the very center and embodiment of their family religion. Mars, the god of creative power, was regarded as the father of the people, and it was but natural that they should dedicate to him the first month of the Italian springtime (March) and offer to him the first fruits of the earth. He was the god of agriculture and, finally, through association with the Greek Ares, the god of war. Then we hear of Hercules, the god of the homestead, whose name came from the Greek Heracles, and whose attributes as an Italian deity made him the god of business agreements like the Latin *Deus Fidius.*

They also believed in Juno, the type of queenly womanhood; in Minerva, the embodiment of wisdom; in the two-faced Janus, the god of opening and shutting, the sun-god, who brings the opening day and whose departure shuts up the world in darkness; and in his sister Diana, the moon-goddess and queen of the night. Besides these, the Romans, during this period of the Kings, worshiped many other deities.

The explanation of this remarkable multiplication of gods lies in the tendency of the Romans to see a special influence in everything in nature and human life. So all things in the sky overhead and in the earth beneath their feet, they worshiped as being manifestations of innumerable gods; and

every action in life, from the most important down to the most insignificant, had its own protecting spirit. There was Vagitanus, who prompted the child's first cry, and Fabulinus, who taught him his earliest speech. There was Edusa, who taught him to eat, and Potina, who taught him to drink; Abeona or Adeona, through whose help he learned to walk; Iterduca, with whom he left the house, and Domiduca, who led him home.

Another great difference between their religion and our own rests in the fact that they had little notion that what the gods required was always right. Morality was not associated with religion in their minds. Religion was a contract between gods and men for certain earthly blessings, which were given in return for certain sacrifices and honors, and in carrying out this contract it was the letter and not the spirit that was regarded. For example, if a man offered wine to Jupiter and did not state very plainly that it was the cupful held in his hand that he gave, the god might claim the entire vintage of the year. On the other hand, if a man vowed to sacrifice so many heads to the gods, by the letter of the agreement he might pay in lettuce heads or heads made out of wax or dough. But in this early religion there was, however, nothing gloomy or forbidding; it was a bright, business-like affair, so much for so much, and when the bargain was explicit the payment was always rendered gladly.

As we stand here looking over these hills we are to remember also that these people had a different form of worship from our own. They did not go to church as we do, indeed they had no churches which they could attend. Their temples or houses of worship were built simply to hold an image of the god to whom it was dedicated, and the priests who offered sacrifices before it. When temples were first erected out there on the Palatine and Capitoline Hills and in the Roman Forum, they were small and crude affairs, but subsequently they were adorned with all the embellishments of the highest art.

Now what about the dwellings of the people in the first period? Of course there were no structures of any kind on the level space between us and the river, but across the river and on the hilltops lay the city of those early days; and if we had viewed that city from our present position, we should have seen no massive walls nor lofty towers, but simply a

collection of low buildings, hut-like and uninviting. They differed from our modern houses in that they consisted of but one room, which resembled in some respects the wigwam of the American Indian, for that room had an opening in the center of its roof through which the smoke escaped as it rose from the fire, which was always built in the middle of the earthen floor. As might well be imagined, the interior of the room was cheerless and repelling, the floor being strewn with ashes, and the walls black and sooty. This chamber was appropriately called the *atrium,* from *ater,* black. Afterwards other rooms were added,— bed-rooms and store-rooms, but the atrium still remained the living room of the dwelling.

Associated with Vesta, the goddess of the hearth, were the other **household divinities,** the Lares and the Penates. The former, representing the spirits of dead ancestors who were thought to be very near when the dead were buried in the dwelling, were the kindly guardians of the members of the family. The latter, the Penates (*penus* — provisions), were the spirits providing the bread and food for the family. On certain occasions honors were paid to these deities of the home, the head of the family acting in the capacity of priest. When a family died out, leaving no descendants to pay these honors, the neglected spirits became evil, mischievous ghosts, *larvae.* Therefore, it was imperative that every Roman of good family should marry. Marriage was a religious act, a sacred institution, because it admitted a stranger into participation in the family sacrifices.

Then, if we could have gone into one of these early Roman homes, we should have found their family life different from what we know to-day, in another important particular, namely, in the absolute power which the father wielded over the members of his own household. Under the full form of marriage, when a son took a wife, he brought her under his father's control if he was still a member of his father's family, and all their children were included in the same arrangement. The daughter when married might still remain under her father's control, but under the full bond of marriage became free from her father and passed into the membership of her husband's family. The relatives thus acquired and her own children were not considered as related to her father's family. This condition of things vir-

tually made every member of a family here a slave to the father of the family. He could sell or kill them and all they had was his. The state was conducted upon the same principle — that of a large family of which the King was the head.

Differing then, so widely from us in their religion, dwellings, and family life, it would be but natural that their dress should differ also. We should not expect the men to wear coats and trousers. As a matter of fact, we know that the men in this place in those old days wore but two principal garments, one for the home and the other for the street, except that, in cold weather, one or more under-garments might be added. The house garment was called the *tunica,* and was made of coarse woolen cloth in the form of a shirt, which was drawn over the head and bound with a girdle. At first it had no sleeves, but these were added later. This house garment was adorned with the wearer's badge of rank, broad purple stripes down the front indicating senatorial rank and two narrower stripes, equestrian. The street garment was called the *toga,* and consisted of an oblong piece of cloth, in length three times the height of wearer but of a width varying according to the fashion and quality of cloth. When it was put on it was folded lengthwise, but not quite in the middle of the cloth. One end was then cast over the left shoulder, falling in front as low as the feet, while the other end was drawn over the back below the right arm, and thrown back again over the left shoulder. In this way the whole person was enveloped and the right arm could be either covered or left free at pleasure. The folds of the toga were arranged with great care, so as to cover the right side as completely as possible and to hang gracefully in the form of a pouch, *sinus,* across the breast. This *sinus* answered the purposes of a pocket. The whole arrangement presented an imposing appearance, and gave a touch of dignity and grace to the form of the wearer.

The dress of the women was much the same as that of the men, only it was called by different names. As dressed for the house, they usually wore two garments resembling tunics, one the *tunica intima,* reaching to the knees, the other the *stola,* reaching to the feet. As a street costume they wore the *palla,* corresponding to the *toga.* The Romans used both

sandals (*soleæ*), and shoes (*calcei*), the former for domestic use, *i. e.*, in the house, the latter for general use in public.

Now by way of giving this first great historical scene, and bringing it clearly to our minds, let us try to recreate its essential features out there in the landscape before us.

First the founding of the city on the Palatine, when a handful of shepherds' huts were built there; then the union of the Palatine and other hill settlements; then the growth and conquests of this united city; then the erection of the dwellings of the people and the temples of the gods; then their religious life, which centered about these temples; and finally, their peculiar dress in which they discharged the duties of their stern and earnest lives. I cannot doubt that, as this ancient people and their institutions and customs gather shape and substance out there on the hills beyond the Tiber, we can realize, as we never have before and never can elsewhere, how near and real and full of vitalizing energy is this first period of that old Roman life, whose influence over men can never altogether pass away.

SECOND SCENE

The Republic, 509–31 B. C.,—478 years

Now let us observe a new scene which, like a dissolving view, takes the place of the old. It represents the second period in the life of Rome, that of the Republic. This scene is grander in its setting, more tragic in its character, and more majestic because of the greater number of actors engaged and the far reaching consequences of their acts.

When the kings were driven out, the senators meeting out there on the Capitoline Hill arranged for two magistrates, termed Consuls, whose term of office was for one year and who were elected by the assembly of the people. In times of great crises in the national history, one of the Consuls nominated a Dictator, who ruled for six months with absolute power. The Consuls were the chief magistrates of these people in ordinary times, whose duty it was to preside over the Senate and lead the Roman armies in battle. So, with these great changes in government the city started out as a Republic in the second epoch of its existence.

For the first two hundred years the principal feature of

the city's life was the bitter **struggle of the plebeians against the patricians** and the gradual rise of the plebeians. It was not merely the lust of power and the insolence of pride that induced the patricians to so stubbornly refuse to allow the plebeians a share in the government. The plebeians did not belong to the old families, and hence they had no family standing at all in the eyes of the ruling class. If the religion believed in here forbade one, not a member of the family, to participate in the family rights and ceremonies, much more did it forbid an alien to share in the control of the State, which was simply a collection of these families, since here no official business was transacted without an appeal to the gods, and all public functions were religious. At last, however, the plebeians struggled so hard that in order to save the State a compromise was made.

Though not admitted at once to any of the existing offices, the plebeians were given magistrates of their own — Tribunes of the People — whose number was first two and later ten. These officers could champion the rights of the plebeians in all places except the army. They could veto the acts of all the magistrates and were legally free from all prosecution themselves while holding office. In this compromise between the two orders the plebeians gradually acquired the right to hold the various magistracies and thus became members of the Senate, which was composed of ex-magistrates of high rank. The Comitia Centuriata, an assembly of the people, arranged originally on a military classification, according to property qualifications, was open to both orders. The Comitia Tributa, or Assembly of the Tribes, was composed of plebeians only, and gradually acquired power until it became equal to the Comitia Centuriata. It was in this assembly that the Tribunes were elected. It was permitted to hold its meetings in the Roman Forum while the Comitia Centuriata had to meet outside the city walls, generally on the broad plain beyond the range of our vision to the left, the Campus Martius. Besides the officers already alluded to, they had Censors, two patrician magistrates chosen by the Comitia Centuriata every five years for a term of eighteen months to make a census of the people and of their property and to draw up registers of the citizens. Furthermore, they had the power of punishing a bad citizen by assigning him to a lower class or by taking away his suffrage altogether. Then

there were the Ædiles, who had charge of the police, streets, public buildings, public charities and games; the Quæstors, who kept the public accounts, collected the taxes and paid officials. After the time of the Kings the supervision of the State religion passed to the Pontifex Maximus, who was elected by the College of Pontiffs to preside over their body. All of these officers were often reëlected, except the Pontifex Maximus, who held office for life.

The long struggle between the patricians and the plebeians which resulted in this form of government was very remarkable, for, although both classes lived in the city before us and had constant intercourse with each other, yet there was little of riot or bloodshed. For the most part each side kept its temper, and sought by peaceful agitation to establish the condition of things they most desired.

It seems that, while these internal difficulties were going on, the city's **struggle for the control of Italy** was greatly retarded. Nevertheless the patricians and plebeians fought side by side against their common enemies and were successful in conquering the neighboring peoples, and finally the whole of Italy. In accomplishing this end, however, Rome had to fight a war with Pyrrhus, who had come to help the Tarentines, a people of southern Italy, in their fight against Rome. At first the armies sent from here against this new foe were defeated, but finally they conquered, and there was great joy in this city, because all Italy was in submission.

Eight years later, the people of Republican Rome set out to take Sicily, a large island about two hundred and fifty miles from here, lying close to the southern extremity of Italy and between it and Africa. There they encountered the Carthaginians, and the three great Punic wars followed. This we remember was the beginning of the **Roman struggle for foreign conquest.** The famous generals, Hamilcar and his two sons, Hasdrubal and Hannibal the Great, arose to carry on these first foreign wars against Rome. The war between the Romans and Hannibal was one of the greatest the world has ever seen. The result of these wars was to make the people of Rome a great naval power and give them dominion over Sicily, Spain and Carthage.

When Hannibal had been conquered, the proud old Romans felt that Philip, King of Macedonia, was becoming too

powerful, and therefore, when Athens asked for help against him, they gladly responded, and started their soldiers from here for a series of wars in which they conquered the Kings of Macedonia and Syria, depriving them of Greece and Asia Minor. Hence the Republic, besides ruling over all of Italy, now counted among her possessions Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Spain and Africa, in a word, all the civilized countries of the world, for the only people who at this time lived in cities and made and obeyed laws were grouped about this great inland sea. From this time (133 B. C.) Rome, when she went to war, had to fight against uncivilized tribes, and in doing so became a great civilizing power, giving the people she conquered her laws and institutions. This is why the history of the nations of northern Europe begins with the account of their conquest by Rome.

The remaining years of this Republican period, 133–31 B. C., were mainly years of **civil discord and strife.** The people did not show themselves able to endure the strain of such a great increase of wealth and such vast responsibilities. Many evil influences had been introduced into the old sober life of the city. The Senate had become corrupt, a great body of the citizens had become impoverished by a smaller rich class, and then a very large number of people not admitted to citizenship were struggling for recognition. Different reformers now arose here, such as the Gracchi and Sulla, but they all failed to create any stable government. As long as the leaders and the mass of the people were frugal, energetic and patriotic, the Republic was able to extend its power, but, with a general decay in morals and the weakening force of a great slave system, everything was ready for a powerful man, a general and statesman, to sweep away the old Republican government and make himself monarch of the Roman world. This several men tried to do, but Cæsar alone was successful.

If we could have stood here in the time of those far-sweeping and magnificent conquests of the Republic, we should have seen the **character of the conquerors,** the **Romans** themselves, undergoing a radical change. Their leading men were no longer farmers who left the plow in the fields about the city to deliberate in the Senate, or to give battle for their country, and then returned again to their fields and flocks, but they were men of vast wealth enriched

by the spoils of war, and profound statesmen and great generals who had been produced by the demands made upon the people when conquering and governing. Then the character of the people, being accustomed to the brutalities of war, became more stern and cruel, and this severity was naturally directed towards the vast hordes of captives taken in war and held as slaves, and it even extended to the inhabitants of the provinces. On the other hand, the culture that began to make its appearance here in this period of the Republic was also the result of these wars, for, in conquering Greece, the Romans saw for the first time the splendor and possibilities of the noblest art and felt the charm of Greek philosophy. Moreover, they brought back with them art treasures to adorn this Capital, and they brought here also as slaves the most intelligent and most clever of the Greek nation, who became their teachers in many things besides art.

It was under this instruction at this time, we are to remember, that the Romans began to degenerate in their religious thought and life. They began to think less of their own gods and to place alongside of them and even above many of them, the gods of the Greeks, such as Dionysus or Bacchus, the god of wine, and, as often occurs in such a flood of new ideas, the people at large seemed oblivious to the highest and purest elements of the new civilization and absorbed the worst, the very dregs of Greek philosophy; even the best and most cultured Romans under the influence of Hellenic teaching became imbued with philosophic doubt and pronounced skepticism. Yet this higher class realized that religion was necessary for the life of the State, so they went on to embellish their temples all the more elaborately with the spoils of Greek art until, instead of the homely and simple structures of early days, these edifices became rich in their splendor and bewildering in the variety and elegance of their ornamentation. Along with this architectural transition from simplicity to grandeur they increased the gorgeousness of their religious ceremonies, a change that very generally goes with declining faith. Religion became to a great extent the tool of the State, patronized simply for political purposes.

A beneficial effect of the marvelous expansion of this city during the time of the Republic is found in the fact that a

system of education was introduced here; for they had teachers in abundance, but most of them were Greek slaves. Boys in those times attended three grades of schools, the Elementary school and those of the Grammarians and the Rhetoricians. Primary education was given at home or in an elementary school. The Grammarians had charge of the secondary education, and their schoolrooms were small and unpretentious. In these dingy and stuffy rooms they taught what were considered the rudiments of education. Their lot was a hard one, for it was their duty to teach from sunrise, the time of the opening of the school, until near sunset, when it closed. And, without doubt, the life of a Roman school boy was arduous, for he had to start for school before light and buy his meager breakfast and eat it on the way. The streets were not lighted, the advantages of lighting the streets of the city never having occurred to the Romans, even in the period of their greatest glory. Julius Cæsar, returning from a great banquet one night, found it necessary to light his way home attended by four elephants, from each of which hung forty lights. School boys carried little terra cotta lamps with wicks, which they used in the school room, so that the smoke soiled the various articles in the room. The instruction in these schools of the *grammaticus* was entirely of a literary and grammatical character.

The higher schools founded here during the Republican period and presided over by the Rhetoricians had as their chief subject, eloquence, considered in its broadest sense. Oratory was a sort of natural gift in this city and it flourished here long before Greek influence made itself felt. So important was the possession of this faculty that a man lacking it could hardly occupy a great office. The Rhetorician claimed a great advantage over the Grammarian, in that he was not tied down to a class-room, but could teach his scholars everywhere, beneath the open sky or the bending branches of a sequestered grove or in the marble peristyle of the bath or on the shady steps of a temple in the Roman Forum. His was the wide outlook, the free, limitless air of heaven, and his subject, eloquence, was considered the best gift of the gods.

One of the most important results of the world-conquering march of the Romans in this period, you remember, was that the **armies became larger,** and since they were the source of the wealth and glory of the State, the generals who com-

manded them were the most powerful of all the citizens, whom even the government itself did not dare finally to oppose. Thus it came to pass that the man who controlled the army directed the State. In 70 B. C., Pompey and Crassus, successful soldiers, became Consuls, and subsequently a coalition was formed between Cæsar, Pompey and Crassus, the two latter becoming Consuls in 55 B. C., and Cæsar taking Gaul as his province. Cæsar had now the opportunity of showing the people that he was a great general and also of training up a formidable army, which should be loyal to him and do his bidding. In the closing and troublous days of the Republic he set out from here on campaigns, which extended as far north as Britain, and as far east as Egypt. His story of these campaigns reads like the romance of all the ages. In 49 B. C., ten years after he started away, Pompey (who had been the power here) and the Senate, passed laws hostile to Cæsar, and ordered him to disband the army. Cæsar's reply was to cross the Rubicon, the northern boundary of the Republic, one hundred and fifty miles on our left, at the head of his troops and to march upon Rome. Pompey and the Senate fled to Greece, leaving Cæsar the master of the situation, and the day he entered the city with his soldiers the Roman Republic came to an end.

What, then, were the essential features of the second great scene in the drama of Roman history as it was played out there on that spacious stage before us? Why, first, the battle of the classes, which resulted in establishing on those hills and in the region round about here, a Republic not only in name but in fact. Then the acquisition of vast outlying territories, not only of the Italian peninsula but also all the civilized countries around the Mediterranean Sea, and the barbarian territory to the north as far as Britain. With these conquests there came the adornment of the temples and the enlargement and beautifying of people's dwellings as a result of the greatly increased wealth. Many new ideas were gained by contact with foreign nations in war and from the great number of foreigners introduced into the city as slaves, which greatly affected the religious, educational, social and industrial life. Last of all, the absolute power of the army was felt, by means of whose life Julius Cæsar attained the summit of his ambition and the Roman Republic became a thing of the past.

THIRD SCENE

The Roman Empire, 31 B. C.-476 A. D.,— 507 years

More than seven hundred years after the opening events of the first scene were enacted upon this stage before us, the third scene, that of the Empire began. We shall consider first the **political features** of this scene. In its beginning we see one figure occupying the center of the stage — that of Julius Cæsar — who, through rivalry and discord, through blood and strategy, finally became the absolute master of Rome. In 49 B. C. the Senate made him Dictator for life, but he wished to be made King and establish a dynasty here, thus turning the government from that of a republic into a popular monarchy. But just beyond the Tiber, scarcely a half mile from where we are standing, he paid the penalty for this ambition, when he was murdered on the 15th of March, 44 B. C., by a band of men among whom were Brutus and Cassius. The eminent historian, Mommsen, says of this greatest man in history, whose life centered here, "Cæsar ruled as king of Rome for five years and a half, not half as long as Alexander; in the intervals of seven great campaigns, which allowed him to stay not more than fifteen months altogether in the capital of the empire, he regulated the destinies of the world for the present and future. . . . Precisely, because the building was an endless one, the master, as long as he lived, restlessly added stone to stone with the same dexterity and always the same elasticity, busy at his work, without ever overturning or postponing, just as if there were for him merely a to-day and no to-morrow. Thus he worked and created as never did any mortal before or after him; and as a worker and creator he still, after well-nigh two thousand years, lives in the memory of the nations — the first, and withal unique, Cæsar Imperator."

After the murder of Cæsar, there were thirteen years of confusion here. Marc Antony, the friend and deputy of Cæsar, aroused the people to fierce hatred against his murderers. These in their fright left Rome, and two of them, Marcus and Decimus Brutus, tried to gain power in Macedonia and Cisalpine Gaul so as to restore the old Republican form of government. But Antony had determined to succeed

to Cæsar's place and so marched against Decimus Brutus in northern Italy. At this time young Octavianus, nineteen years old, the adopted son and heir of Cæsar, returned to this city from Greece with his friend Agrippa. His ambition also was to succeed to Julius Cæsar's power. Through the action of the Senate the second or true triumvirate was established in 43 B. C. and Octavianus was thus associated with Antony and Lepidus. Later on, Lepidus, the weakest of the three, was crowded aside, and Antony became careless through his infatuation for Cleopatra, so that finally Octavianus was able to make himself the supreme master. In 27 B. C. he was recognized as the ruler of the Roman world. He made himself Consul as often as he liked, Tribune for life, as well as Censor, then Pontifex Maximus; and, having selected a large band of the boldest and most trusty soldiers, he formed them into a Prætorian Guard with barracks at the foot of the Palatine, and, without any opposition from the citizens, who were weary of civil strife, he proclaimed himself Emperor.

The Roman world was now at peace after centuries of foreign and domestic wars. Only twice before had the Temple of Janus, which was kept open in time of war, been closed. After a great triumph Octavianus, now entitled Augustus, set to work with the help of such men as Agrippa and Mæcenas, to organize a better system of government for the vast territories which he controlled. In this he was very successful, so that all outlying provinces soon came to look to the great city here as their capital. He also determined to make the city worthy to be the capital of so great an empire. He built over a large part of it. With a stable government trade was extended and wealth increased so that the people were able to beautify their own dwellings. Then he encouraged literary effort. During these days such men as Vergil (70–19 B. C.); Horace (65–8 B. C.); Ovid (45 B. C. 17 A. D.), and Livy (59 B. C. 17 A. D.), gave to the world their immortal writings. But the most important event of the time, which occurred in one of the distant provinces, passing all unnoticed here, was the birth of Jesus Christ.

The emperors who followed Augustus for nearly five centuries on these Capitoline and Palatine hills were, with rare exceptions, absolute despots. Of the forty-four emperors from Julius Cæsar to the first division of the Empire under

Diocletian (i.e., from 44 B. C. to 293 A. D.) twenty-seven were murdered, two committed suicide, two were killed in battle and one died a captive. Only twelve died natural deaths, and of these only seven reigned more than two years. The more fortunate periods in this long stretch of misrule were the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, extending over eighty-two years.

During all these years of misrule, the Roman Empire passed through many perilous times. As the years went on the army came to be the main source of power, and thus the military strength of the nation was demoralized. It is easy to see that soldiers who could make and unmake emperors and behave as they pleased were not such as could win glorious victories. While they were quarreling about which of their generals should be emperor, vast tribes of Germans and Goths were attacking the frontiers on the Danube and the Rhine, and the Franks were ravaging Gaul. Then Aurelian arose and drove the barbarians back, giving the empire a new lease of life, and was called the "Restorer of the Universe." After more disorders a great general and reformer appeared in Diocletian. Seeing the dangers into which the other emperors had fallen, he determined, if possible, to avoid them. In order to be successful in his attempt he felt the necessity of doing two things: first, to defend the frontier from the barbarians; and second, to defend the emperor from the soldiers. The solution of both these problems was, to him, the division of his honors as Augustus with another. Accordingly, he chose a brave general, Maximian, with whom he shared the throne, and who received the title of Augustus as well as himself. Afterwards, he appointed two generals, Galerius and Constantius, who had the title Cæsar, and were heirs to the rank of Augustus. The plan succeeded for a time, because the rulers all worked together and were loyal to one another. But it was not destined to last, for Constantine the Great, son of Constantius, becoming Cæsar on the death of his father, defeated his rivals Maxentius and Licinius and made himself sole Emperor, 323 A. D.

Two great acts of Constantine have made his name memorable; one was the recognition of Christianity, the other was the removal of the seat of government to Constantinople in 330 A. D. We are now particularly concerned with this political act. Constantine wanted to establish an absolute

despotism, and so he left the old Senate and the Consuls here at Rome with only the affairs of the city in their hands, while he ruled the whole Empire as he pleased from Constantinople. After his death in 337 A. D. his nephew, Julian, came to the throne. He attempted to revive the old heathen worship and so won the name of the "Apostate." Finally, the Emperor Theodosius, at his death, 395 A. D., divided the empire between his two sons, Honorius in the West and Arcadius in the East. Thus this old city of Rome had an Emperor again.

But this western part of the empire was now being pressed harder than ever by the barbarians of the north. To drive them back most of the western provinces, Britain, Gaul and Spain, were stripped of their defenders, and as a result, these provinces were lost. At another attack of the Goths the Emperor Honorius withdrew to his fortress in Ravenna. Soon Rome was plundered by the Goths and later by the Vandals. Africa was lost, and thus all the provinces of the Western Empire were snatched away. Whatever political authority now remained was not centered in this city of Rome, but at Ravenna. We shall show in tracing the next historical period how the power of the Christian bishop began to rise here at Rome as the prestige of the heathen emperors declined. The line of the Roman emperors came to an end in 476 A. D., when a German chief, Odoacer, removed the boy emperor Romulus Augustulus from the throne. This fall of the Western Empire is regarded as the end not only of the Empire, but of the history of ancient Rome.

The Eastern Empire at Constantinople continued to exist for 977 years longer, until it was overthrown by the Ottoman Turks in 1453 A. D. So much for the political features of this great scene of the Empire.

During this period the **material aspect of this city** was remarkably changed. The Palaces of the Cæsars, whose ruins can be faintly seen on the Palatine, were built at this time. As the land became more valuable, in order to accommodate the great influx of strangers, it became necessary to build houses in the form of lofty flats, some of them one hundred feet high. Probably twenty-four out of every twenty-five houses in the city during this time of Rome's greatest luxury and glory were built according to this plan, and Augustus found it necessary to pass a law prohibiting the building

of houses over seventy feet high. So spacious and magnificent were the private residences of the great Romans at this period, that Clodius, the Tribune, paid half a million dollars for one he purchased. These mansions were built of white stone and adorned with marble columns brought at great cost from Greece, and over their pillared porches, in large letters, it was customary to have the legend "Welcome"; while rich frescoes and gorgeous tapestries made their interior a dream of beauty and delight.

Had we stood here at that time we should have seen a city that for splendor and extent was not equalled anywhere in the world, and one which in the number, richness and massiveness of its principal structures no modern city can approach. The cost of land out there about the Capitoline Hill was worth as much as it would be in the choicest parts of London or New York to-day. Yet, as the public were entitled to but little consideration and level spaces were rare, the streets were narrow and crooked — at least until after Nero's fire, when they were greatly enlarged. This crowded condition of the streets was partly relieved by the great park situated farther to our left than we can see, the Campus Martius, which had been extensively beautified, first by Pompey and afterwards by the Emperors.

What now of the **religious features** of this period? During this period the old religion of the Romans ceased to have any real influence over their lives, and the influx of paganism, which poured in like a flood when Rome had laid the whole world under tribute, destroyed whatever spark of vitality it still possessed. Corrupt as their religion had certainly become, that was not the reason for its losing its hold on the minds and hearts of the people. They had simply outgrown it, and it fell into decay, a lifeless thing, as naturally as the brown and shrivelled leaf falls from the swaying branch in the fury of a November storm.

It is almost impossible for us to-day to picture to ourselves the confusion of the religious ideas of these people during the time of the Empire. As faith in the old gods waned, the great mass of the people turned to all the extravagances and license of the heathen creeds of the time. The more intellectual classes turned to philosophy, trying to find satisfaction there.

The best minds elaborated the Stoic philosophy, out of which

were developed such noble characters as Marcus Aurelius. The more sensually inclined favored the Epicurean philosophy, which never justified its existence by a single great name. It was during this time of terrible religious darkness under the Emperors that a new faith began to enter this nation, the "good news" of the Christian religion from Palestine. If not entirely unnoticed it was certainly not considered important for a considerable time, and yet no invasion from Carthage or Gaul was to mean so much to Rome in the end. This was not to be an invasion by well ordered legions from without, but it was an invasion to come in through the agency of many a soldier, and book and letter, and change the heart of the nation. It was a silent conquest that was in the end to obtain political control of the land and make kings tremble, setting them up or deposing them at will. We cannot recall to mind here even the chief events connected with the coming of Christianity to this Eternal City. But we remember that one great persecution followed another before Constantine gave forth his edict which granted equal rights to the Christians about three hundred and twenty-five years after Christ's birth. There was one great attempt to revive the old faiths, as we have said, under Julian the Apostate; but after his death, in 363 B. C., Christianity returned to stay. A long struggle followed between the old and new creeds, but gradually the heathen temples were deserted and left to decay and Christian churches rose not only here in Rome, but in all the cities of the Empire. During the latter part of the Empire, the Gospel was carried not alone through the provinces of Gaul and Britain and Spain, but also beyond the nation's borders to the barbarian tribes. The Goths and the Germans were given the Bible and accepted Christianity before they pushed into the Empire. In this movement, then, we see the preparation for the greatest change in Rome's history, the change from a political to a religious leadership of the world.

This brings us to the period of the Papacy.

FOURTH SCENE

The Papacy, 476 A. D.–1806 A. D.,—1,330 years

To find the beginning of the papal power we need to go back to the time of the Empire. The early Christians for

their own protection formed themselves into secret societies, which were of the nature of independent self-governing republics, and the spirit of the old political life, which the tyranny of the Emperors had crushed out, began to revive within these Christian communities. The dangers by which the pioneer Christians were surrounded drew these congregations together for mutual encouragement and support, and eventually led to the election of a presiding officer or Bishop, who had the oversight of an entire district. So here we find the forerunner of the long line of popes. The institution of Christianity as the state religion of Constantine, and the subsequent abandonment of this city for his new capital, Constantinople, gave the Christian Bishop who remained here at the ancient seat of authority, a recognized position as an official of the State as well as of the Church. Gradually, the bishop in this city triumphed over all his rivals in the Church, coming to be spoken of as the "Pope" (papa), and then, gradually, he began to rise in temporal or political power, building on the ruins of the Empire.

As we have seen, for fifty-eight years after the death of Constantine, his successors ruled at Constantinople over the whole Empire, but when Theodosius died in 395 A. D. the Empire was divided between his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius. Arcadius ruled in the East and Honorius came here to Rome to rule in the West. But fifteen years after the division, when the Goths under their King Alaric pushed their way up to the very walls of this old city, the Emperor Honorius showed himself a coward and fled to Ravenna. The Pope, Innocent V, thereupon came forward and acted as the representative of the city in the negotiations which ended in the Goth's acceptance of tribute. Again in 451, the remonstance of Leo I saved Rome from Attila, the Hun, and his mediation four years after made more advantageous terms with Genseric the Vandal. Thus we can see how the Romans came to regard the Pope as their leader not only in religious but also in political matters, a conception of his position that was greatly strengthened when the last Emperor of this Western Empire was dethroned in 476. For some three hundred years after 476, until the time of Charlemagne (768–814 A. D.), there was constant turmoil and change in all this territory formerly ruled by the Western Emperors. Most of the provinces set up independent governments of

their own, forming the republics and the monarchies of Western Europe somewhat as they exist to-day. Italy first itself came into the power of the East Goths under Theodoric, then it yielded to Belisarius, the general of Justinian, the Emperor of the East. Finally the Lombards came down from the German forests. The Pope, Stephen III, called upon the Frankish king Pippin for help. Pippin defeated the Lombards and then gave the Pope a part of Lombardy. Here we have the first of the States of the Church, ruled over entirely by the Pope. In return, Pope Leo III, in St. Peter's Church, on Christmas Day, 800, crowned Pippin's son, Charlemagne, King of the Franks, Emperor of the Romans, and Augustus. This marked the beginning of the "Holy Roman Empire," which lasted until 1806.

After the death of Charlemagne troublous times followed which disturbed the fortunes of the Papacy. In 1083 Pope Hildebrand declared that no layman, not even an Emperor, should have the power to make an ecclesiastical appointment, and because Emperor Henry IV of Germany broke this rule, he was compelled by the Pope to plead for absolution, barefoot and clad only in a haircloth shirt for three cold days in January, before the Castle of Canossa. Afterwards Henry had his revenge by imprisoning the Pope, who died in exile, but eventually this struggle ended in favor of the Papacy. After Jerusalem was taken by the Turks, the Crusades, which lasted for two hundred years, brought all of the Christian world under the power of the Pope. Thus, under Innocent III (1198–1216), the Papacy became the greatest power in Europe. After the Crusades the Pope began to lose in the extent of his political power. An effort to regain the old power made by Boniface VIII led to the Pope's imprisonment by Emperor Philip IV of France. Later the reigning Pope, Clement V, fled from here to Avignon, where he obtained the protection of France. The discontent awakened among the Italians by this absence of the Pope led at length to an open rupture between them and the French party. In 1378 the faction of the church in France and the Italian faction here in Rome both elected a Pope, and thus there were two heads of the Church at the same time; the rivalry thus engendered greatly weakened the power of the Papacy. The Reformation in the sixteenth century, led by Luther, still further lessened the Pope's power.

Finally came the overthrow of both the Pope and the Princes of the various small states into which Italy was divided as a later result of the French Revolution. During this period of the Papacy there had been no one central government here at Rome either for this city or Italy as a whole. This district of the city we are looking over was divided into a number of distinct fortified quarters with castellated houses and was successively governed by Guelfs (the Papal party) and Ghibellines (the party of the Emperors) and by the great Italian families of Orsini and Colonna who were their respective advocates. It was in the midst of all this internal war and bloodshed, you remember, that a republic was established here by Cola di Rienzi (1313–1354), though it lasted only for a short time. This reign of terror reduced the population of the city to less than twenty thousand souls. It is to these stern and sullen days of internecine strife that the lofty red brick towers, notably the tower of Nero, seen to the left of the Capitoline Hill, belong. These grim towers of watch and ward are silent witnesses to the fact that the Papacy was full heir to the spirit as well as the prestige of the Cæsars, in reaching out for temporal power. The Emperors had made a tool of religion in their government of the State, but the tables had been turned and the Church was able to make a tool of the State. But, as we have said, the French Revolution overthrew both the Pope and the Princes of Italy. In 1796 Napoleon Bonaparte was appointed by the French Directory chief of the army in Italy. He carried everything before him, and declared the Papacy abolished. Then in 1801 he changed his plans and restored Rome to Pius VII and was crowned Emperor by the Pope in Paris. In 1805 Napoleon was crowned King of Italy at Milan. The Holy Roman Empire which had existed up to this time, holding some territory in Italy, now came to an end in 1806 by the resignation of Francis II, the Austrian. We shall consider this date the end of the Papacy as a temporal power, although the Pope and the Papal States still appeared in the struggle for United Italy which we shall consider in the next and last scene of our historical drama.

As is very evident from the scene before us, modern Rome is distinctively and overshadowingly the City of Churches, and it is to this period of the Papacy, which we have just

been considering, that most of the churches which we see in the present landscape belong. In the early centuries of the Christian era the Christians here in Italy had to hold their worship in secret. This was done mainly in the Catacombs without the city. Then came the time when they could worship openly, but the adherents of the old faiths would not allow them to build churches within the city walls. With the adoption of Christianity as the state religion in the fourth century, the first great movement of Christian church building began. That magnificent church of St. John Lateran superbly located to the right in our field of vision, seen to the left of that tall chimney, was built by Constantine, and is the oldest church in the city. All these three hundred churches, and more, speak forth as with a mighty voice the fact that when Rome ceased to be the political capital of the old world-wide Pagan Empire, she became the religious head of the new Christian Empire of the world.

FIFTH SCENE

The Rise and Consummation of United Italy,— 1806—

Now let us think of the fifth and last scene in the history of Rome. In various places in the scene spread before us there are portions of structures belonging to all of the preceding scenes, for they all contributed to making the city as we see it to-day. But, after all, the Rome of to-day belongs to the period of United Italy. We saw that Napoleon was crowned King of Italy in 1805. At his fall in 1815 the Congress of Vienna divided Italy among the conquerors. Austrian princes received the north of Italy with the exception of Genoa, which went to Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia. Ferdinand of France obtained Naples and Sicily, and the Pope regained the Papal states and Rome. But the spirit of independence began to assert itself through the country. Efforts were made by the ruling princes to crush this ever increasing movement. In 1848 they had to make concessions however, and a Republic was proclaimed in 1849. The Pope was divested of all temporal power; then France interfered and restored the Pope. In 1859, after the defeat of the Austrians by French and Sardinian troops at the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and after the treaty known as that of Villafranca or Zürich, Tuscany, Modena and Parma fell

to Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia. In 1860 the Papal States, excepting Rome, were annexed by Victor Emmanuel, while in the south of Italy the victories of Garibaldi gave Umbria and the Sicilies to Sardinia also. In 1861, Victor Emmanuel was crowned King of Italy, and in 1870, when the French troops were withdrawn from Rome to fight the Prussians, he marched against the city, and after a bombardment of five hours entered its gates and established his government. Thus Rome became once more the political capital of Italy.

Two palaces were retained by the Pope the Vatican, behind us to our left, and the Lateran, in front of us to the right. He was voted also from the Imperial Treasury the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, which, however, he has never accepted. From the day that Victor Emmanuel entered Rome at the head of his troops, the Pope has never left the Vatican, and from that hour, as fiercely perhaps as ever, has been waged the old battle between the Popes and the Emperors. But whatever our view of statecraft or religion may be, we should not be blind to the unquestioned fact that the world, in its art and culture, owes much to one of the greatest and most wonderful of all institutions on this earth, the historic and universal Roman Catholic Church, at whose head is the "Prisoner of the Vatican." In 1878 Victor Emmanuel died and was succeeded by his son, Humbert. A few days after, Pope Pius IX died and was succeeded by Leo XIII. Pope Pius X was elected in 1903, on the death of Pope Leo. King Humbert was assassinated in 1900 and Victor Emmanuel III succeeded him.

Let us keep distinctly in mind the main outlines, at least, of those five great scenes of Rome's long past:

First Scene

The Kings, 753–509 B. C.,— 244 years

Second Scene

The Republic, 509–31 B. C.,— 478 years

Third Scene

The Empire, 31 B. C.–476 A. D.,— 507 years

Fourth Scene

The Papacy, 476–1806 A. D.,— 1,330 years

Fifth Scene

The Rise and Consummation of United Italy,— 1806—

REMARKABLE RESULTS FROM STEREOGRAPHS

This book, with the ten maps of a patented map system, which it contains, is intended to accompany one hundred stereographs of Italy. The whole plan of the book, and of the maps, is adapted to the special nature of stereographs and the special results to be gained from them, hence to use the book to the best advantage a person should understand what a stereograph is, and what are the experiences one may have in connection with it.

The purpose of these pages is to call attention, first of all, to the essential respects in which a stereograph differs from all other photographs or pictures. The prime quality that puts the stereograph in a class by itself is its *depth* or perspective. All other pictures *suggest* depth, but the sterograph has the far and near of the real landscape. The marble pillar looks round and solid, "the branches of the trees," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "run out at us as if they would scratch our eyes out." Moreover, this individual characteristic is a necessary requirement to the end that it may be possible for the stereograph to appear *life-size,* a remarkable effect that will be explained below. Again, the stereoscopic representation differs from all others in the conditions under which we look at it. By the peculiar construction of the stereoscope, the observer is shut away entirely from this country, from the room in which he is sitting.

The *second* object of these pages is to consider some of the distinctive results to be gained by the use of stereographs, particularly to point out the most remarkable fact that, as a result of the special nature of the stereograph and the special conditions under which it is seen, it is possible for the observer to

obtain the same mental experiences, with certain limitations to be spoken of later, that he would have if he were looking at the scene itself. Certainly the real end sought by a traveler to Italy is his mental experiences, his states of consciousness there; all he brings home with him, of course, are the results of these mental experiences; he does not bring home St. Peter's, or the Tiber; and the mental experiences given by the stereograph are of precisely the same kind or quality as those received by the "man on the spot." The testimony given below by the man who visited Venice after looking at stereographs of certain parts of that city throws interesting light on this point.

But to get these experiences a person must look at the stereoscopic scene with attention and with the same knowledge of it that the traveler has in visiting the actual place. So the *third* and final object of this article will be to discuss the helps required for the proper use of stereographs. Under this head we shall describe a system of maps which enables the person to understand exactly what part of the earth he is seeing in the stereoscope, and what his surroundings must be; we shall describe, further, the nature of the information to be given in connection with the stereograph, and lastly the means necessary to induce the desired states of mind.

THE DISTINCTIVE NATURE OF STEREOGRAPHS

Coming back to the characteristics of stereographs that make them individual, all people with normal eyes who have looked at properly made stereoscopic photographs through a good stereoscope, must have noticed a striking sense of *depth* in them. The objects represented appear to "stand out" as "solid objects." It is true that any picture in which light and shade are properly managed has more or less of the effect or *appearance* of solidity; but in the stereoscope there is added an entirely different kind of perspective which gives, to our eyes, *perfect* depth, *perfect* solidity, *perfect* space.

This difference between the appearance of objects

in the stereoscope, and in all other pictures, corresponds to the difference between one-eye and two-eye vision. The ordinary photograph is taken by a camera with a single lens opening, and consequently shows us objects exactly as we should see the same objects with one eye closed. The two pictures that make up a stereograph, on the other hand, are made by a camera with two lenses, set as far apart as our two eyes, and thus we get in the stereoscope the effect of seeing objects with both eyes open.

The way in which vision with two eyes differs from vision with one eye is thus stated by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "We see something with the second eye that we do not see with the first, in other words, the two eyes see different pictures of the same thing, for the obvious reason that they look from points two or three inches apart. By means of these two different views of an object, the mind, as it were, *feels round it* and gets an idea of its solidity. We clasp an object with our eyes as with our arms, or with our hands, or with our thumb and finger, and then we know it to be something more than a surface. Though, as we have seen, the two eyes look on two different pictures, we perceive but one picture. The two have run together and become blended in a third, which shows us everything we see in each. But, in order that they should run together, both the eyes and the brain must be in a normal state. Push one eye a little inward with the forefinger, and the image is doubled, or at least confused; only certain parts of the two retinæ work harmoniously together, and you have disturbed their natural relations. Again, take two or three glasses more than temperance permits, and you see double; the eyes are right enough, probably, but the brain is in trouble, and does not report their telegraphic messages correctly. These exceptions illustrate the every-day truth that, when we are in right condition, our two eyes see two somewhat different pictures, which our perception combines to form one picture, representing objects in all their dimensions, and not merely as surfaces."

Passing on to the possibility of utilizing this principle of two-eye vision in making photographs, he says:

"Now, if we can get two artificial pictures of any given object, one as we should see it with the right eye, the other as we should see it with the left eye, and then, looking at the right picture, and that only with the right eye, and at the left picture, and that only with the left eye, contrive some way of making these pictures run together, as we have seen our two views of natural objects do, we shall get the sense of solidity that natural objects give us."

How can we attain these two ends? As we have suggested, we obtain the two pictures of any given object or place by means of a camera having two lenses, set between two and three inches apart, the normal distance between our eyes. Thus it is that we get the two photographs seen on the stereoscopic card. Many have supposed that these two photographs were exact duplicates of each other, but since they are taken from different standpoints (nearly three inches apart), it is obvious that they must differ. By a careful comparison of the two parts of any particular stereograph in which some object in the foreground is outlined against some object in the background, we can partially discover the differences corresponding to the differences between the observations of the two eyes, one seeing a little farther around on the right side of things, the other seeing farther around their left side.

We can obtain the required double pictures then. But the pictures are two and we need to run them together so that we may see them as one, as in natural vision. "How shall we make one picture out of two, the corresponding parts of which are separated by a distance of two or three inches?" We are enabled to do this by looking through the two prisms in the stereoscope. These two pieces of glass, thick at one edge and thin at the other, and with their thin edges turned toward each other, have the power when we look through them of throwing the two pictures inward, so that we can run them together into one repre-

sentation, in which we get once more the effect of all three dimensions in space — height, width, thickness or *depth.*

Speaking of this resulting effect, Dr. Holmes says: "The first effect of looking at a good photograph through the stereoscope is a surprise such as no painting ever produced. The mind feels its way into the very depth of the picture. The scraggy branches of a tree in the foreground run out at us as if they would scratch our eyes out. The elbow of a figure stands forth so as to make us almost uncomfortable." It must be evident to anyone that in the stereoscope we do not look merely upon the flat surface of a photograph, but we see every object back of the photographic card as actually as we see everything back of a window pane. Though the space thus placed before us in the stereoscope is not a space in the sense that we can stretch our hand out in it, still it is an actual space for the mind through our eyes.

Furthermore, the stereograph becomes not only an actual space to the eyes in the stereoscope, but when the focal length of the camera, the distance from the lenses to the plate, and the focal length of the stereoscope, the distance from the lenses to the stereograph, correspond, the stereograph may be seen as a *life-size* space, a *life-size* representation, the object or landscape being shown in natural size and at natural distance. That is, the two small, flat, photographic prints, nearly three by three inches in size, about six inches from the eyes, can serve as two windows *through* which we look and *beyond* which we see the representation of the object or place standing out as large as the original object or place would appear to the eyes of one looking from the place where the camera stood.

The possibility under such conditions of getting, from a small image near us, the impression of a large object or scene in the distance, is made clear by a little thinking. Suppose a man stands thirty feet from the camera when the photographer makes the exposure. The man will appear on the photograph as only a tiny image. But when we look out through the

lenses of the stereoscope, this small image only a few inches from us delivers the same message to our eyes as would the full-size man thirty feet away. The simple experiment of seeing how a small piece of paper held six inches from our eye will completely hide a man thirty feet from us, demonstrates this perfectly. The same piece of paper would hide an immense building farther away. It is in accordance with this fact that when we look through the lenses of the stereoscope we are enabled practically to look also through the stereograph as if it were a transparent screen or window, and see the real objects, full size again, as far distant from us as they were from the camera when the stereograph was taken.

There are those to whom it appears at first that they see only *miniature* spaces in the stereoscope. It is true that not all the conditions of actual vision are so fulfilled in the stereoscope as to make it necessary for a person to see things in their natural proportions; nevertheless, it is found that enough of these conditions are fulfilled to make it entirely possible for anyone to acquire rapidly the power of such interpretation. In fact, this miniature effect to some people is due mainly to their constant remembrance of the small card a few inches from their eyes. They modify what they might see by what they think they ought to see. If such people will take note of the fact that none of the objects seen in the stereoscope are located on the surface of the photographic prints so close to their eyes, but that they see every object back of these prints as actually as if they were looking through transparent screens or windows, then they soon get impressions of objects or places in the stereoscope as large as they would if looking at the original object or place through windows of the same size and at the same distance from their eyes. "We must grasp and hold fast to this fact as to the size of these representations when seen in the stereoscope, and as a necessary help to this, their location entirely separate from and back of the stereoscopic card, if we are to be in a position to begin to judge of their usefulness." So much for the remarkable nature of a stereoscopic representation

and the way in which it differs from all other representations.

With regard to the special conditions under which we look at the stereoscopic scene, a word only is required; that is, that we look with our eyes shut-in by the hood of the stereoscope, so that all our immediate physical surroundings are shut away from us.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES GAINED FROM THE USE OF STEREOGRAPHS

We come now to the consideration of the practical significance of these differences between stereoscopic and all other illustrations. We pass over the obvious advantages of the more accurate visual impressions of things gained in the stereoscope and come at once to the fact, that, because of the special nature of stereoscopic photographs and the peculiar conditions under which we look at them, it is possible for people to get an essentially and fundamentally different experience from them than can be obtained from any other illustrations. Dr. Hervey, of the New York City Board of School Examiners, in writing of some stereographs of Palestine, put the matter as follows: "When one looks at an ordinary picture of Palestine with the naked eye, one feels himself to be still in America, or wherever he may be at the time. Through the stereoscope, with the outer world shut off by the hood, one feels himself to be looking right at the scene itself."

The full meaning and the great importance of the fact alluded to in this statement are not easily realized. In trying to bring out its significance more specifically, we shall begin by saying that with the proper attention and the proper helps, maps, etc., a person can obtain in the stereoscope a definite sense or experience of geographical location in that part of the earth he sees represented before him. The general impression has been that there is no possible way by which a person can get an experience of location in a distant country except by going there in body. It is now being found that it is possible to obtain a definite experience of location geographically in a definite place, in a distant

part of the earth, while sitting at home in connection with a stereoscopic photograph of that place.

To guard against misunderstanding, let us state at this point what is not affirmed. It is not affirmed that the traveler's experiences of movement can be obtained in connection with the stereoscope. But who would not consider it a great privilege to stand in one hundred definite places in Italy and look with a definite field of vision? The claim is that genuine experiences of this character, with certain limitations to be spoken of later, can be obtained in the stereoscope. It is to be recognized also that all the individual differences between people would hold in one case as in the other. One person gains more than another from an actual visit to a place, and of course one person will gain more than another from the stereographs of the place.

Before anyone says that it is impossible to get even such experiences in the stereoscope as we have alluded to, let us consider an important and relevant fact about our nature, the fact that our sense of location is determined in nearly all cases not from what we hear or feel, but from what we *see*. When we look at ordinary photographs in our hands or on the wall, or when we look at paintings in a gallery, we always see the book or frame or part of the room about us, as well as the pictured scene, and consequently we continue to have a distinct sense of our location in the place where the picture is. In using the stereoscope, however, the hood about our eyes shuts our room away from us, shuts out the America or England that may be about us, and shuts us in with the hill or city or the people standing out beyond the stereoscopic card. If now, we know *by the use of maps* exactly where on the earth's surface this hill or city or group of people is located, then it is in accordance with the law of our nature that we may have a distinct sense or experience of our location there. Other conditions are that we shall look intently, and look with clear thought, not only of the location of what we see before us, but also of what we know (from the study of the maps) must be on our left or right or behind us.

The best evidence, and indeed a sufficient proof,

that we do get such an experience when we look at stereoscopic photographs properly, is the fact that, ever afterwards, we find ourselves going back in memory over mountains and seas to the place in the distant country where the real spot is located, rather than to the room in America or England where we saw the stereoscopic scene. We find that our memory acts in a decidedly different way when we recall our experiences in connection with other pictures, which not only lack actual depth for the eyes, but which we have looked upon while our immediate surroundings were not shut out. Here is an illustration. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York there is a beautiful painting of a place in Holland. It is a haying scene, and the field, with its mounds of hay, stretches away to the distant hill with a fine effect of space and reality. I have lingered before this scene many times until it stands out with great vividness in my memory. I think I know about where the real place is located in Holland. Nevertheless, whenever I think of this scene my memory goes back directly and definitely, not to Holland, but to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and afterwards, if at all, to Holland. Though it might have *seemed* sometimes that I became entirely oblivious to my immediate surroundings, while gazing at the splendid picture, and that I was in the very presence of the real scene in Holland, still the record my memory has of my experience shows that I really did have a definite sense of location in New York all the while. This we see is in decided contrast to what I found to be the behavior of my memory in regard to my experiences when I have looked at scenes in the stereoscope intelligently. The place where I was while looking at the stereoscopic scene is entirely or almost entirely ignored. My thought goes back directly and unerringly to the distant part of the earth where the actual scene is located. This is the best proof as to what was the state of my consciousness at the time.

Now, whenever we do get this sense of location in a certain place, Italy, for instance, in the stereoscope, it means that we have gained not merely the same

visual impressions in all essential respects of certain places in Rome that we should get if we were there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we should experience there. It means that we are pervaded with entirely different emotions — that we are in a state of emotion appropriate to a place in Italy and its surroundings, rather than the state of emotion that would result from being in our every-day home surroundings before a picture of Rome. The only difference in the feelings experienced in the presence of Rome itself and in the presence of Rome as shown in the stereoscope is a difference in quantity or intensity, not a difference in kind. So this sense or experience of geographical location means a definite state of a person's consciousness, which has all the three aspects of intellect, feeling and desire, that make up the traveler's state of consciousness on the spot. We have room for only a word about the vital importance of thus getting the emotions that a place can inspire. Says Professor Ladd: "The emotions furnish the springs of action for man in his rational activities," which but echoes what was said long ago, that "Out of the heart," not out of the intellect, "are the issues of life." We must ever remember, then, with Professor Sully, that "the objects of the external world only acquire value for us in so far as they touch our feelings."

It is evident, of course, as we have said above, that we cannot get in the stereoscope the traveler's experiences of movement; we are limited to such experiences as the traveler might get while standing in certain places with definite fields of vision. Neither do we get color. Other limitations we shall have to consider in connection with the stereoscope are that the experience of location in the place represented will be limited in duration, often lasting with some people only a few seconds at a time, and further, as mentioned above, there will be a difference in the quantity or intensity, but not a difference in the kind of feelings. It is found, however, that none of these limitations affect the reality or genuineness of one's experiences in connection with the stereoscope.

But probably some one is insisting now that "after all these cannot be the *genuine results,* the *genuine experiences of travel,* these cannot be *real experiences* of being in certain places in Italy, which people get in the stereoscope, because it is not the real Italy they are looking at."

At first thought such a statement is absolutely conclusive and final. The absence of the real Italy in the stereoscope would seem to make anything but a make-believe experience of being in Italy impossible. But let us wait a moment. What is the end sought in going as a traveler to Italy? What would be the results to us of such a trip? As travelers, we would not go to possess ourselves of the buildings or lands of Italy. We certainly would not attempt to bring the material fields and cities back with us. Such an idea would never enter our minds. Our purpose in making that long and arduous journey would be to gain certain *experiences of being in Italy.* What we would bring back with us would not be the *material Italy,* but the effect of these experiences in our lives and the power to go back to them in memory.

Now if the end sought in taking such a trip is not Italy, the material land, but experiences of being in the land, let us be sure to understand what we mean by our *experiences of being in the land,* in distinction from the land itself. To develop this more clearly let us think of a traveler standing in Rome near the Arch of Titus, looking out over the Roman Forum. As he stands there, with the ancient Forum stretching away before him, he is concerned with two kinds of realities, each essentially different from the other. First, he is concerned with the material soil and broken marble, realities of the physical world; second, he is concerned with the realities of his inner mental states — his *states of consciousness,* his thoughts, emotions, desires. The realities of the physical world have weight and material substance, the realities of his inner mental states are without weight and material substance. Yet it cannot be emphasized too strongly that these states of consciousness are actual realities, though so different from the realities of stone and

earth, that while the broken column is a reality, the thought and emotion it stirs in a man are realities also. On the one hand we have the *facts* of the physical world, and on the other the *facts* of consciousness, the facts of conscious life.

Thus we are able to see clearly that all the pleasure and profit for this traveler are found not in the extent of the material ruins of Italy, but in the extent of the states of his consciousness, which are called into existence by these material ruins of Italy. No matter how many physical objects there may be in the Forum, no matter how many thoughts and emotions they are capable of stirring in the human soul, nevertheless a certain traveler gets, as a result of *his* presence there, only so much as *he* becomes aware of, only so much as comes to have existence in his own consciousness. The Forum is the same in its physical make-up, whoever goes to see it, or whether anybody goes to see it, but the states of consciousness, that different people experience in connection with it, or that a certain person experiences at different times, will vary greatly according as such people notice more or are capable, because of greater knowledge or experience, of thinking and feeling more.

We see then that when we speak of a man's experiences in a place, we do not mean at all the objective place, made up of material things, the realities of the physical world, but we do mean specifically the man's subjective states, the realities of his inner life, which are called into existence by the place. There are two kinds of realities involved, the former serving as a cause, the latter being the effect; the physical reality serves simply as a means to produce a certain state of consciousness, the mental reality, the end sought.

Now we can return to the stereoscope and understand how it is that proving one of these realities to be absent does not necessarily prove that the other is. The two are not identical. To prove that there is no real Italy before one in the stereoscope does not prove there are no real states of his conscious self within him, no genuine experiences of being in Italy. That would be going on the assumption that nothing but the ma-

terial Italy can induce such states of consciousness. That is illogical and has been disproved by experience. Men are finding that these marvelous representations are capable, when used with the proper helps, of prompting a genuine experience of being in the place represented. Unquestionably, we can, with the help of maps, obtain in the stereoscope a clear, definite consciousness of location in the place there shown. It necessarily follows that we must then be pervaded with a state of emotion appropriate to the place, differing in quantity, but not in kind, from that felt by the traveler. We do feel, as Dr. Hervey says, "that we are looking right at the place itself."

But it is important for us to know that generally people who have passed through such an experience in the stereoscope do not recognize it. Here is a case that exactly illustrates what I mean. I was talking with a man who had just returned from Venice. Before going he had prepared himself very carefully, he said, for his visit. Among other things, he made a study of some stereoscopic photographs of Venice. By the help of maps, he had found the points from which he was looking in the several stereographs and the location of those parts of Venice which were represented before him, and then he gave himself to a thoughtful and sympathetic contemplation of what he saw. Finally he reached Venice. He left the train eagerly and expectantly. But, as he told me, he was soon surprised and disappointed in that he seemed to have no new experience, no new taste of feeling. It seemed as though he was returning to places he had visited before. As he thought it over, his mind went back to the time when he saw the stereographs. He recognized that he had gained from them not only wonderfully accurate ideas of the appearance of many places in Venice, but distinct experiences of location in Venice, experiences which had brought with them part of the very same feelings that came to him on the ground in Venice. He experienced more emotion when in the place itself, but he recognized it was more of the same kind that had come to him while shut in with the stereographs at home.

Thousands have made this same mistake. Though they have gained from stereographs the genuine experience of the traveler, still they have gone on longing for an actual visit with the idea that it would mean something entirely different from anything they had yet known. It is only natural, though, for us to make such mistakes about our inner experiences. Says one psychologist: "Facts of consciousness may be just now *observed,* though they have been *experienced* millions of times." At first thought, many would be inclined to say that they know what had been their experiences while using the stereoscope, but only the most careful thinking could make them really sure after all.

So we cannot say too strongly, we cannot see too clearly, that in the stereoscope *we are dealing with realities,* but they are the realities of mental states, not the realities of outward physical things. The object or place represented does not actually exist in space before the person, but the person's state of consciousness, made up of thoughts, emotions, desires, does exist in reality and will ever have its influence as such in his mental and moral life.

The more we consider stereographs, therefore, the more clear it becomes that their main purpose is not simply to communicate information as to the appearance of places, but to do this in such manner that the information or visual impressions conveyed may be the means or occasion of a vigorous and varied exertion of the faculties of the person looking, of inciting in him certain states of mind with relation to the place itself, rather than the picture. Evidently, if this sort of experience can be obtained from stereographs, we should be satisfied with nothing less.

HOW TO USE STEREOGRAPHS,— HELPS NEEDED, MAPS, BOOKS, ETC.

But this means entirely different methods of using stereographs. For as soon as we take up the stereograph with the idea of gaining an experience of location in the place represented, we find, unless we have already visited the place, we need much in addition to

the stereograph itself. Accordingly careful attention is being given to the question of what is required to enable people to gain the fullest, richest experiences from stereographs, experiences nearest to those of the traveler. Primarily, it is found that we must treat the stereograph as we treat the place. This means, first, exact knowledge of where on the earth's surface the place which we see in the stereoscope is located, and of our relation to this place with regard to the points of the compass. To give people this knowledge in connection with stereographs, a map system has been devised and patented. On these maps we find indicated the point from which each scene is photographed, and by two red lines which diverge from each point the territory included in each particular stereograph is shown. Thus a person looking at a scene in the stereoscope is enabled to know precisely where on the earth's surface he is standing, over precisely what part of the earth he is looking, and hence he can know also from the maps what his surroundings must be. This knowledge is of absolutely first importance if we wish to gain the experiences in the stereoscope we have been talking about. We certainly could not expect to gain a definite sense or consciousness of location in any place, and of our surroundings there, unless we know where that place is. It is easily seen that without such maps all series of photographs or illustrations that have been or can be published must show a country or city to our minds in disconnected, unrelated fragments. It is utterly impossible for a person, not already familiar with the ground by an actual visit, to get from such unrelated sections an experience in any part of the country such as the traveler gets. The mind cannot place such disconnected sections in their proper relation to each other or the world. Such a map system as the above is, then, absolutely necessary if we are to treat stereoscopic photographs as we treat the place itself.

Again, if we are to obtain an experience from the stereograph as from the place, we must obtain the same knowledge of the different buildings and objects shown in the stereograph, of what they stand for,

their history, etc., that we would get on the ground.

Accordingly, books are being issued in connection with the stereographs of a city or country. In these books the author or guide takes up the stereoscopic scenes in order and calls attention to the objects of interest in each one, and gives some of the history connected with it. Of course, it is as impossible to give all the history associated with these places as it would be for the traveler to go over it all on his visit. Ten thousand books could not exhaust the past in a place like Rome. But the plan is to call attention to all that is especially important in each scene and give something of its past, as would be done if talking to a party of tourists on the spot. After such familiar acquaintance with these historic sites and buildings, it will require a lifetime to follow up all the lines of interest that are started within us.

Work along this line should be recognized as work on what is practically a new problem. Many books have been written to aid the tourist in his walks in the actual Italy. Probably the question of how to get the most out of an actual visit to Italy is pretty well solved. But the question of how to get the most out of Italy as it can be seen through the stereoscope has never been solved. In fact, in the past, because of the fragmentary and unrelated character of photographs, it has been impossible to make them the foundation of any systematic and intelligent study of a city or country. With the invention of this new map system it has been made possible for the first time to gain information of distant places in as intelligent and systematic a way as by actual travel. The opportunities now opened up in this field are hardly dreamed of as yet.

But there are definite limitations which make it wise to follow a different course in studying a place through the stereoscope than the tourist would on his actual visit. For instance, a guide book for a tourist is written on the assumption that he will move from one object to another as he views them. The series of stereographs upon a certain city like Rome, however, must be limited. A person is able to stand in forty-six

definite places in Rome, no more, no less. Obviously, under these conditions, it is wise to remain for a much longer time than the tourist would in each one of these definite positions, in order that we may take note of as many objects of interest as possible from a single standpoint.

The whole aim of these maps and books, then, is to make an intelligent "visit" to distant places through the stereoscope possible, to gather and furnish information for use right in connection with the object in the stereoscope, just as information has heretofore been gathered and furnished for the use of the tourist in connection with the thing itself.

We should recognize further that, in providing maps which give us exact knowledge of the location of the places we see in the stereoscope and in furnishing historical and other information, it is evident we are doing for these representations no more than we should have to do for the places themselves when traveling. But since these stereographs are not the places, but only representations of them, and since our object is to forget that they are representations, and to have prompted within us while we look at them the consciousness of the real place and its surroundings, we find we are helped in obtaining this result if we do some things in connection with the representations that we would not do in connection with the place. Generally, it can be said that we shall need to make some effort on our own part at first to get into the proper state of mind. The reason for this can be easily shown. Not a little of the benefit of actual travel is due to the stimulus that comes from being among new and strange scenes. We can't help but be all alive. We take the trouble to go here and there, to get our bearings with relation to our surroundings, to read historical notes and sketches, to think back into the past. But we come to a stereograph immediately from our home surroundings and home atmosphere. Sitting in our chair and holding a stereoscope are indeed commonplace, every-day activities, as far as our bodies are concerned. And so, though the representation of Rome does stretch away in infinite per-

fection before our eyes, we look at it languidly. Coming in an instant from our every-day life, and without the excitements of actual travel, it is often impossible for the representation of itself at once to chain our careless and indifferent attention and force upon us the proper states of consciousness. In coming to a stereoscopic scene in this way, it should be expected that at first we would not be drawn with the same intense interest. We must recognize, if we are to have anything like the experiences that it is possible for us to have in connection with stereoscopic photographs, and for that matter in connection with any picture, that generally we must give our minds an initial "push" from within. If we do understand what the trouble is when interest lags at first, and go ahead treating the representation as we would the place, getting our location from the maps, and information about objects before us, then we find that the attitude of mind which we assumed in the beginning by sheer will power continues of itself.

It is to give aid at this point that the author of a book to accompany stereographs assumes the rôle of personal guide. According to this plan, he assumes in the case of each stereograph that he is standing with his fellow-travelers in the presence of the actual scene, and calls attention to the points of interest in these famous places in the first person, as he would in conversation. By this fresh and vivid way of putting things he can constantly suggest the desired state of mind.

Noticing small details is another important means of securing the proper state of mind. Nothing is more effective in fixing a person's attention, of making him entirely oblivious to his bodily surroundings, and giving him a vivid sense or consciousness of being in the very presence of the place itself. Often, therefore, it is wise to turn aside to notice blades of grass, grain in a stone, tiles, chimneys, a ragged coat or hat, not because of the particular importance these details might have in themselves, but for their effect in directing attention and calling out the desired states of consciousness. So it can be said that the endeavor

should be to put what is written in the form of such "exercises" as would, if followed in the right spirit, according to directions, induce the most definite states of consciousness, genuine experiences of location in those parts of the earth represented in the stereoscope.

Finally, if it is possible for human beings to get, in connection with the stereoscopic representations of places, the genuine experiences (differing in the quantity, but not in the kind of feeling), that a person would get in the presence of the places themselves, what a far-reaching significance this fact has. What a liberation of our real thinking and feeling selves from the conditions imposed on our material bodies! How many people are chained down to one spot of earth by the hard necessities of their lives! How many people look out to the material hills which bound their horizon and long for the experience of standing in the great places of the world of which they have heard. But to hundreds and thousands it has always seemed that such longings could never be satisfied, such dreams never fulfilled, because there was no way of knowing these experiences excepting at the great expense of actual travel in body. But this is not necessary. Such people may know for themselves the experience of standing in those places. No matter if their bodies do remain in the old accustomed scenes, their states of consciousness may be in accordance with, may be dominated by, what is far beyond their narrow horizon. They may learn not only absolutely final facts as to the way a distant place looks, but they may experience part, at least, of the very same emotions the place can stir. They may receive into their souls the peculiar messages which certain places in Italy can give. They may have the inner experience of location not only here and there in Italy, that most fascinating and instructive country, but anywhere on the earth's surface.

ALBERT E. OSBORNE

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THE UNDERWOOD STEREOGRAPHS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Millions of dollars have been spent in the last decade for photographs and illustrations of one kind or another, and yet only recently has the importance of the one great fundamental difference in illustrations been realized—that is, the difference between photographs based on the principle of two-eye vision and photographs based on the principle of one-eye vision, or the difference between stereoscopic and all other kinds of photographs. Not many years ago Professor LeConte wrote in his book on *Sight*, "the field of binocular (two-eye) phenomena is *a closed world*, to most, even intelligent, people." In the last few years, however, fuller knowledge has come and educators concede that in the stereograph we have the climax of all illustrations.

And then, the use of the stereoscope was for many years limited to that of amusement and entertainment. As one paper recently said: "It seems to be the fate of every great scientific discovery to serve a kind of apprenticeship to the almost childish wonder and curiosity of the general public. For many years the stereoscope was regarded as a toy. The use that was made of it, except by a limited number of thinking people, was unworthy of the great discovery of Sir Charles Wheatstone."

In recent years all this has changed. With a wider knowledge of the true nature of stereographs there has sprung up among educators generally a recognition of tremendous fields of usefulness for the stereoscope, in the public school, the Sunday-school, and in the home. Great progress has already been made. In response to these demands, not only have Underwood & Underwood sent stereoscopic photographers through all the more important parts of the earth, and under the supervision of the best authorities, but an entirely new and unique map system has been invented and systematic tours through many countries have been arranged and written up by such men as Dr. James H. Breasted, of Chicago University, on Egypt; Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut, on Palestine; Dr. D. J. Ellison and Dr. James C. Egbert, Jr., of Columbia University, on Italy; Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, Ph.D., on Greece; Mr. Charles Johnston, on Ireland; Rev. John Talbot Smith, Ph.D., etc. This new movement is already world-wide. A leader in the Philippines writes:

"Your views are beyond praise; but that is not as significant to me as the fact that, for the first time, you have grasped the possibilities of the invention as a cultural factor in our modern life."

Rev. Richard Burgess, General Secretary India S. S. Union, says:

"The lantern slide, map, object, curio, etc., have their special advantages as educators, but these stereographs, combined with the unique system of patent maps, giving the sense of location and direction looking together with the well-written guide-books, are capable, in my judgment, of becoming, to one who uses them thoughtfully, not a substitute for travel merely, but travel itself in the highest sense of the term."

In this country and England hundreds of educators urge the use of the stereoscope. Dr. Winship, Editor of *The Journal of Education*, declares:

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